

Comments on

The poetry of
Allison Grayhurst

(from 2011 to 2023)

Allison Grayhurst

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Edge Unlimited Publishing

**Comments on
The poetry of Allison Grayhurst (from 2011 to 2023)
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First addition
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Comments on The poetry of Allison Grayhurst (from
2011 to 2023)**

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**Comments on The poetry of Allison Grayhurst (from
2011 to 2023)**

This book is in appreciation for all the incredible comments made on my work. Most have been from other poets. Many comments are poetic, insightful, and articulate. I would like to thank every person who took the time and energy to let me know how my work affected them. Not one comment has gone unnoticed, even though they are not all included in this book. These comments have moved me deeply, giving me incentive to keep writing.

Allison Grayhurst

Updated in 2026

Comments made on poems shared on All Poetry

<https://allpoetry.com/AllisonGrayhurst>

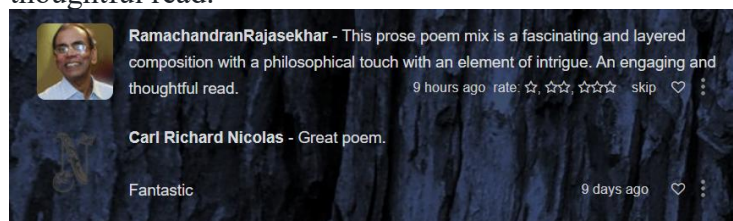
2024/2025/2026

Open

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18914705-Open-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/02/01/open-3/>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

RamachandranRajasekhar - This prose poem mix is a fascinating and layered composition with a philosophical touch with an element of intrigue. An engaging and thoughtful read.



Touch

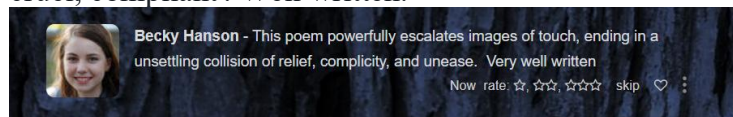
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18912814-Touch-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

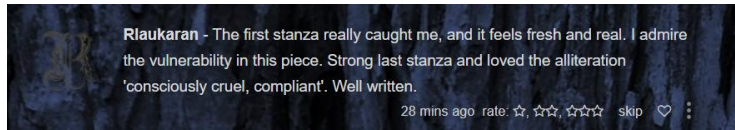
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/31/touch/>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sliding-through-the-sewage-tunnel-gleam-poem-in-seven-parts/>

Becky Hanson - This poem powerfully escalates images of touch, ending in a unsettling collision of relief, complicity, and unease. Very well written

Rlaukaran - The first stanza really caught me, and it feels fresh and real. I admire the vulnerability in this piece.

Strong last stanza and loved the alliteration 'consciously cruel, compliant'. Well written.





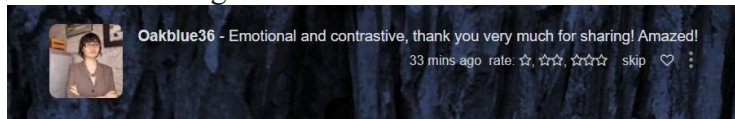
Talk

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18906826-Talk-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/28/talk/>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Oakblue36 - Emotional and contrastive, thank you very much for sharing! Amazed!

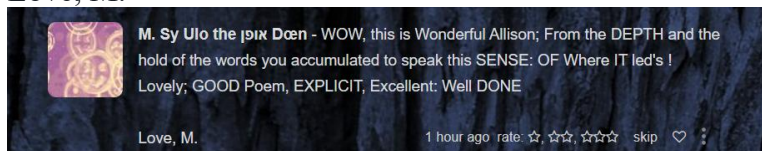


A Love Like No Other

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18904827-A-Love-Like-No-Other-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/27/a-love-like-no-other/>

M. Sy Ulo the אופן דען - WOW, this is Wonderful Allison; From the DEPTH and the hold of the words you accumulated to speak this SENSE: OF Where IT led's ! Lovely; GOOD Poem, EXPLICIT, Excellent: Well DONE Love, M.



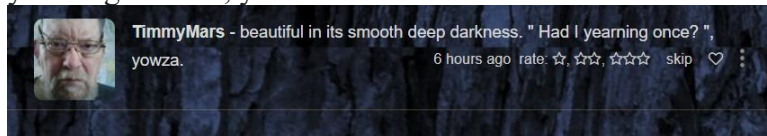
Over

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18902901-Over-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/26/over-2/>

TimmyMars - beautiful in its smooth deep darkness. " Had I yearning once? ", yowza.

TimmyMars - beautiful in its smooth deep darkness. " Had I yearning once? ", yowza.

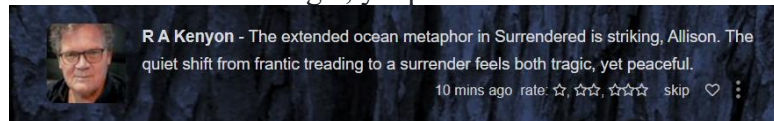


Surrendered

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18901021-Surrendered-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/25/surrendered/>

R A Kenyon - The extended ocean metaphor in Surrendered is striking, Allison. The quiet shift from frantic treading to a surrender feels both tragic, yet peaceful.



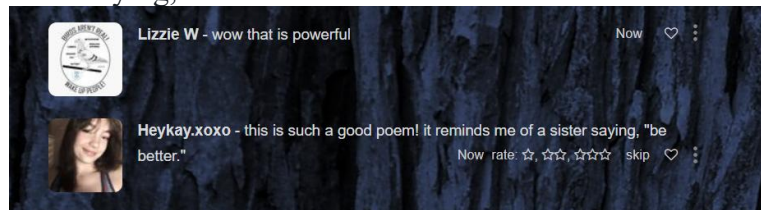
You were born

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18897231-You-were-born-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/23/you-were-born/>

Lizzie W - wow that is powerful

Heykay.xoxo - this is such a good poem! it reminds me of a sister saying, "be better."

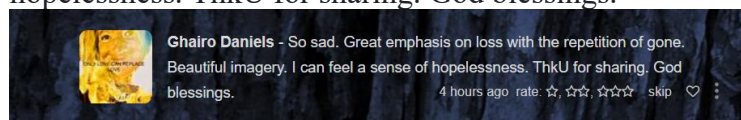


Ghost

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18895310-Ghost-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/22/ghost/>

Ghairo Daniels - So sad. Great emphasis on loss with the repetition of gone. Beautiful imagery. I can feel a sense of hopelessness. ThkU for sharing. God blessings.

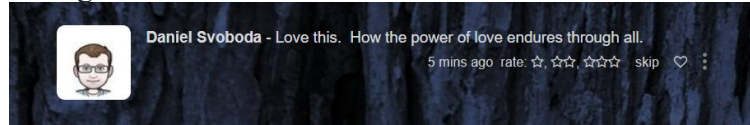


Molasses-dream

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18893448-Molasses-dream-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/21/molasses-dream/>

Daniel Svoboda - Love this. How the power of love endures through all.



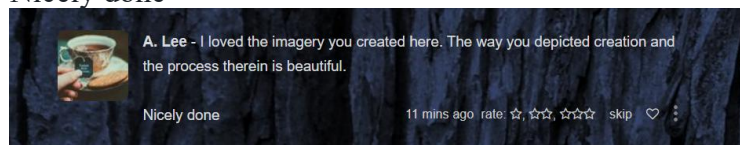
Slowly the builder builds

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18891519-Slowly-the-builder-builds-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/20/slowly-the-builder-builds/>

Victoria T. - I loved the imagery you created here. The way you depicted creation and the process therein is beautiful.

Nicely done

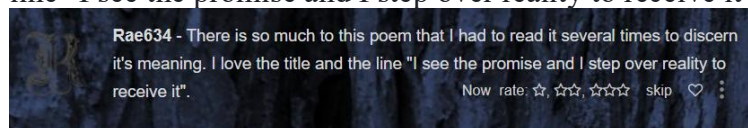


Much Much and Many

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18885951-Much-Much-and-Many-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/17/much-much-and-many/>

Rae634 - There is so much to this poem that I had to read it several times to discern it's meaning. I love the title and the line "I see the promise and I step over reality to receive it".



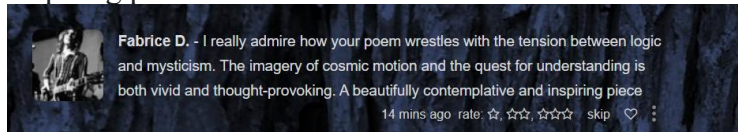
Hubris

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18882426-Hubris-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2026/01/15/hubris/>

Fabrice D. - I really admire how your poem wrestles with the tension between logic and mysticism. The imagery of cosmic motion and the quest for understanding is both vivid and

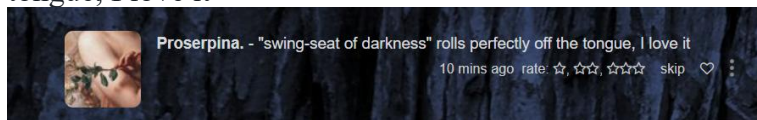
thought-provoking. A beautifully contemplative and inspiring piece



Sliding through the sewage tunnel gleam (poem in seven parts) - part 5 of 7

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18834940-Sliding-through-the-sewage-tunnel-gleam---poem-in-seven-parts-----by-AllisonGrayhurst>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sliding-through-the-sewage-tunnel-gleam-poem-in-seven-parts/>

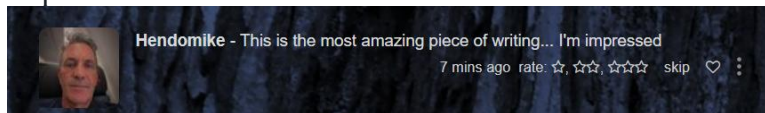
Proserpina. - "swing-seat of darkness" rolls perfectly off the tongue, I love it



Sliding through the sewage tunnel gleam (poem in seven parts) - part 3 of 7

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18831223-Sliding-through-the-sewage-tunnel-gleam---poem-in-seven-parts-----by-AllisonGrayhurst>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sliding-through-the-sewage-tunnel-gleam-poem-in-seven-parts/>

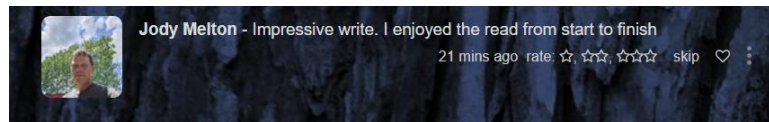
Hendomike - This is the most amazing piece of writing... I'm impressed



Sliding through the sewage tunnel gleam (poem in seven parts)

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18681212-Sliding-through-the-sewage-tunnel-gleam---poem-in-seven-parts--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sliding-through-the-sewage-tunnel-gleam-poem-in-seven-parts/>

Jody Melton - Impressive write. I enjoyed the read from start to finish

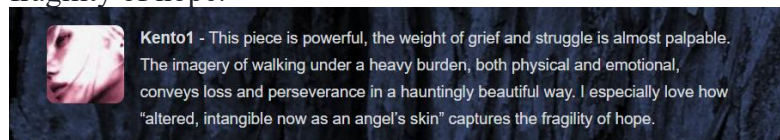


Sparrow Wars - part 16 of 17

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18821594-Sparrow-Wars---part-16-of-17-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Kento1 - This piece is powerful—the weight of grief and struggle is almost palpable. The imagery of walking under a heavy burden, both physical and emotional, conveys loss and perseverance in a hauntingly beautiful way. I especially love how “altered, intangible now as an angel’s skin” captures the fragility of hope.



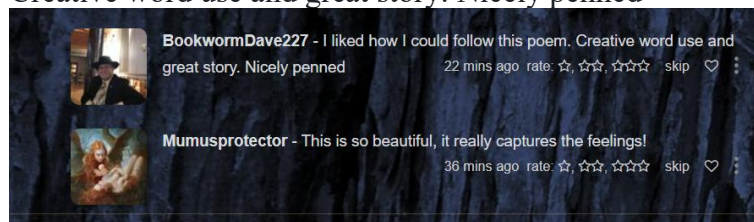
Sparrow Wars - part 13 of 17

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18815604-Sparrow-Wars---part-13-of-17-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Mumusprotector - This is so beautiful, it really captures the feelings!

BookwormDave227 - I liked how I could follow this poem. Creative word use and great story. Nicely penned

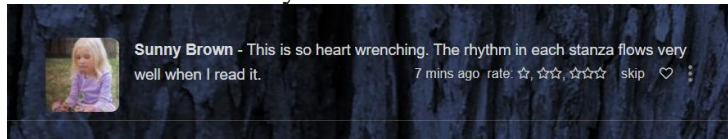


Sparrow Wars - part 11 of 17

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18811880-Sparrow-Wars---part-11-of-17-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Sunny Brown - This is so heart wrenching. The rhythm in each stanza flows very well when I read it.

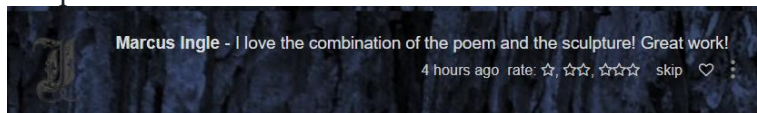


Sparrow Wars - part 7 of 17

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18804144-Sparrow-Wars---part-7-of-17-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Marcus Ingle - I love the combination of the poem and the sculpture! Great work!

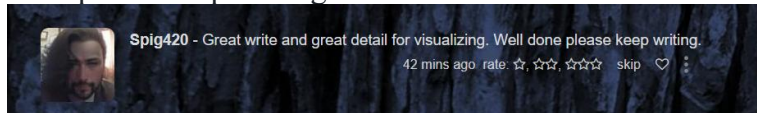


Sparrow Wars - part 6 of 17

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18802095-Sparrow-Wars---part-6-of-17-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Spig420 - Great write and great detail for visualizing. Well done please keep writing.

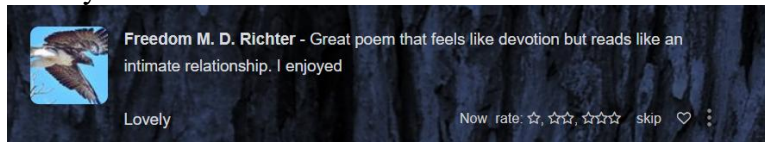


Sparrow Wars - part 5 of 17

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18800097-Sparrow-Wars---part-5-of-17-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Freedom M. D. Richter - Great poem that feels like devotion but reads like an intimate relationship. I enjoyed
Lovely

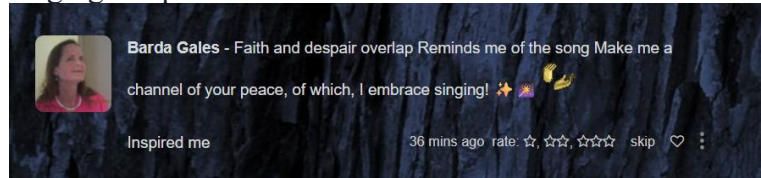


Sparrow Wars - part 4 of 17

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18798103-Sparrow-Wars---part-4-of-17-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Barda Gales - Faith and despair overlap Reminds me of the song Make me a channel of your peace, of which, I embrace singing! Inspired me

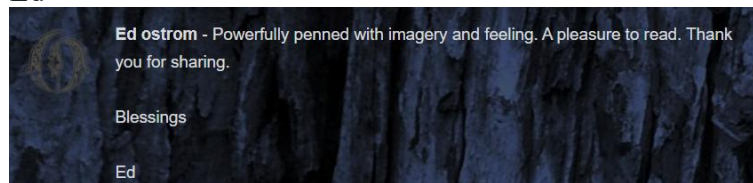


Sparrow Wars

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18790705-Sparrow-Wars-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sparrow-wars/>

Ed ostrom - Powerfully penned with imagery and feeling. A pleasure to read. Thank you for sharing. Blessings
Ed



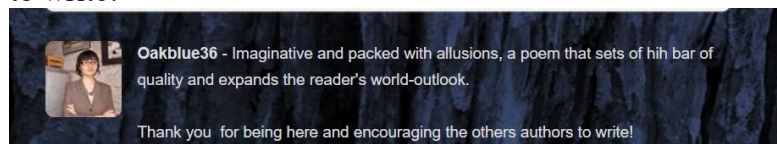
Walkways - part 15 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18767686-Walkways---part-15-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

Oakblue36 - Imaginative and packed with allusions, a poem that sets of high bar of quality and expands the reader's world-outlook.

Thank you for being here and encouraging the others authors to write!

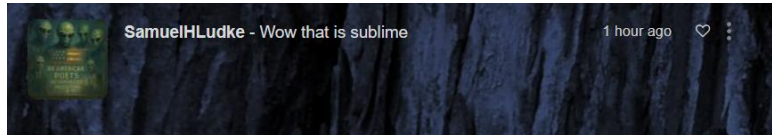


Walkways - part 13 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18753568-Walkways---part-13-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

SamuelHLudke - Wow that is sublime

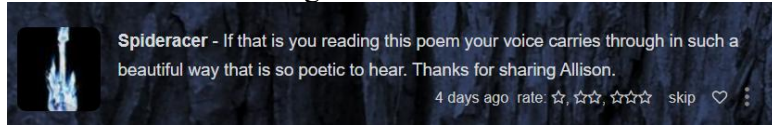


Walkways - part 10 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18730640-Walkways---part-10-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

Spideracer - If that is you reading this poem your voice carries through in such a beautiful way that is so poetic to hear. Thanks for sharing Allison.

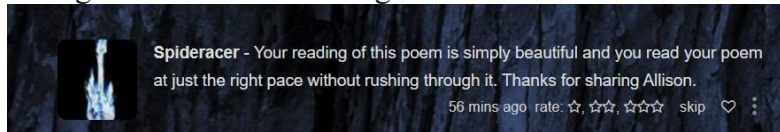


Walkways - part 12 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18745233-Walkways---part-12-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

Spideracer - Your reading of this poem is simply beautiful and you read your poem at just the right pace without rushing through it. Thanks for sharing Allison.



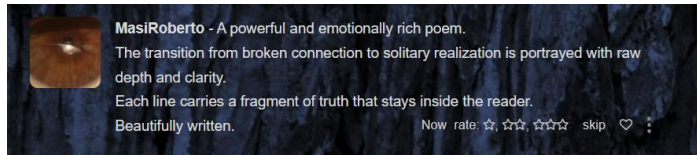
Walkways - part 12 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18745233-Walkways---part-12-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

MasiRoberto - A powerful and emotionally rich poem. The transition from broken connection to solitary realization is portrayed with raw depth and clarity. Each line carries a

fragment of truth that stays inside the reader. Beautifully written.

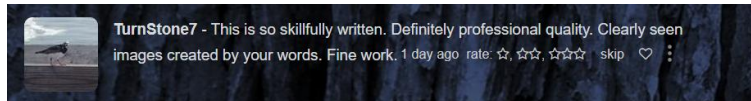


Walkways - part 9 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18713022-Walkways---part-9-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

TurnStone7 - This is so skillfully written. Definitely professional quality. Clearly seen images created by your words. Fine work.

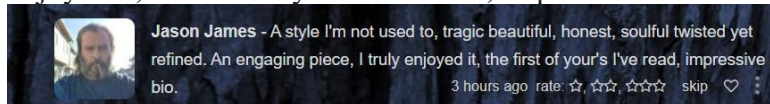


Walkways - part 7 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18699102-Walkways---part-7-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

Jason James - A style I'm not used to, tragic beautiful, honest, soulful twisted yet refined. An engaging piece, I truly enjoyed it, the first of your's I've read, impressive bio.

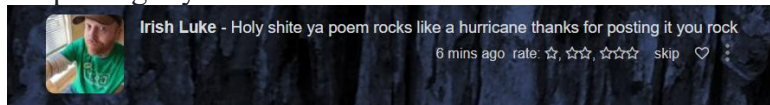


Walkways - part 5 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18671733-Walkways---part-5-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

Irish Luke - Holy shite ya poem rocks like a hurricane thanks for posting it you rock

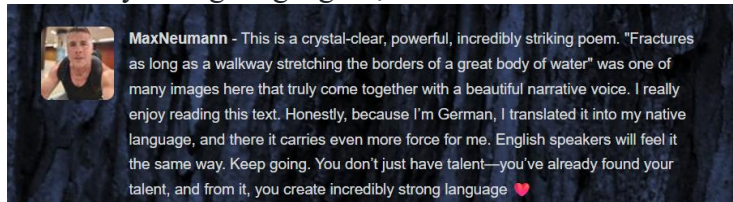


Walkways - part 4 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18663860-Walkways---part-4-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

MaxNeumann - This is a crystal-clear, powerful, incredibly striking poem. "Fractures as long as a walkway stretching the borders of a great body of water" was one of many images here that truly come together with a beautiful narrative voice. I really enjoy reading this text. Honestly, because I'm German, I translated it into my native language, and there it carries even more force for me. English speakers will feel it the same way. Keep going. You don't just have talent—you've already found your talent, and from it, you create incredibly strong language ♥

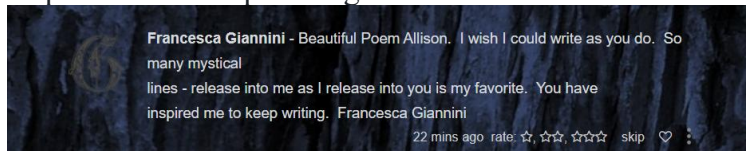


Walkways - part 3 of 16

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18656138-Walkways---part-3-of-16-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

Francesca Giannini - Beautiful Poem Allison. I wish I could write as you do. So many mystical lines - release into me as I release into you is my favorite. You have inspired me to keep writing. Francesca Giannini

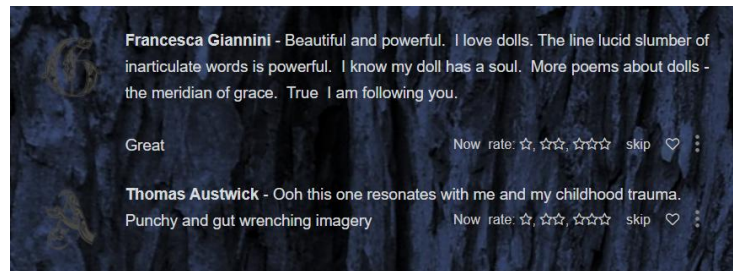


Childhood Cracked

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18611104-Childhood-cracked-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/30/childhood-cracked-2/>

Thomas Austwick - Ooh this one resonates with me and my childhood trauma. Punchy and gut wrenching imagery
 Francesca Giannini - Beautiful and powerful. I love dolls. The line lucid slumber of inarticulate words is powerful. I know my doll has a soul. More poems about dolls - the meridian of grace. True I am following you.
 Great

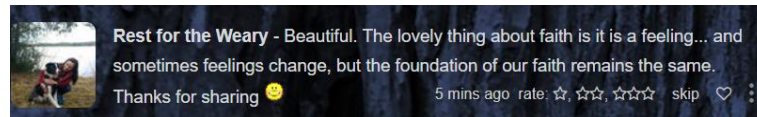


I Know That

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18588643-I-Know-That-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/06/i-know-that/>

Rest for the Weary - Beautiful. The lovely thing about faith is it is a feeling... and sometimes feelings change, but the foundation of our faith remains the same. Thanks for sharing

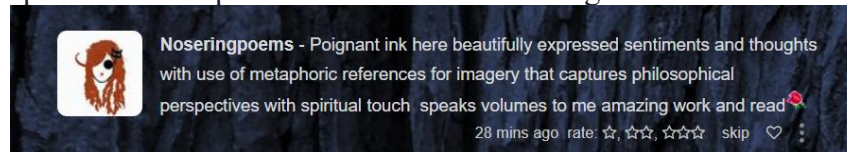


If it is empty then it is empty

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18551756-If-it-is-empty-then-it-is-empty-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/08/if-it-is-empty-then-it-is-empty/>

Noseringpoems - Poignant ink here beautifully expressed sentiments and thoughts with use of metaphoric references for imagery that captures philosophical perspectives with spiritual touch speaks volumes to me amazing work and read

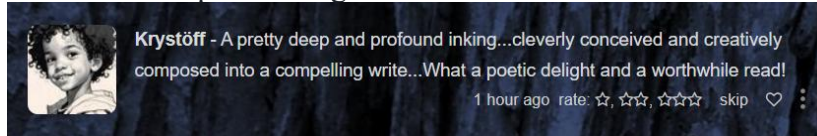


Edified

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18534642-Edified-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/23/edified/>

Krystöff - A pretty deep and profound inking...cleverly conceived and creatively composed into a compelling write...What a poetic delight and a worthwhile read!

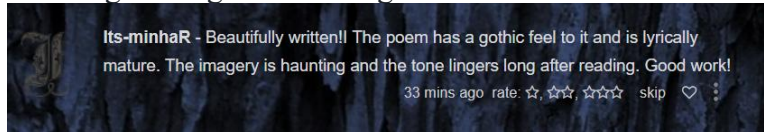


Interlude

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18516622-Interlude-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/11/interlude-2/>

Its-minhaR - Beautifully written!! The poem has a gothic feel to it and is lyrically mature. The imagery is haunting and the tone lingers long after reading. Good work!



You are wrong

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18509625-You-are-wrong-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/11/22/you-are-wrong/>

Terry Collett - A real written poem I can read again and again

Amazing

Lucan 1 - It takes real strength to put feelings like these into words, especially when they're about such a deep and hurtful experience... You've done an amazing job of showing the path from caring so much to feeling completely disconnected... You wonderfully describe the loss of what was once so important, and how it feels to finally walk away... So good!

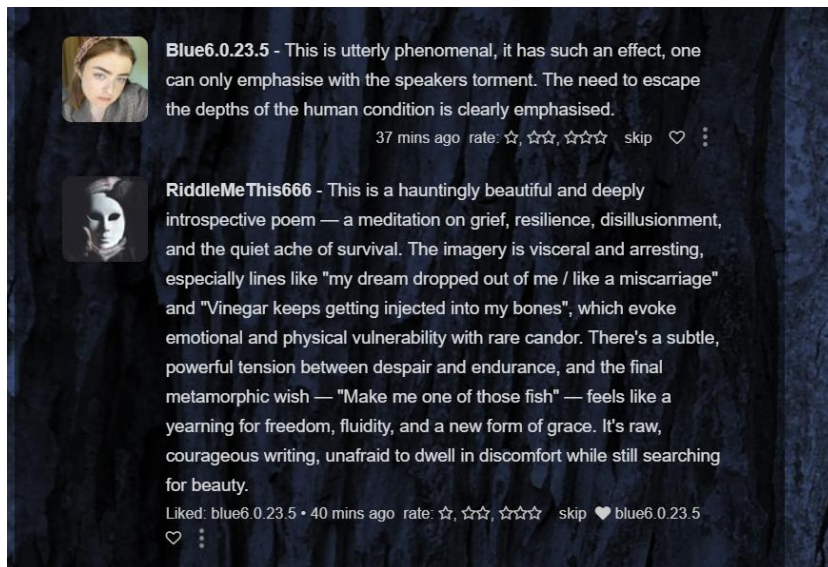


Surrogate Dharma

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18504336-Surrogate-Dharma-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/06/surrogate-dharma-2/>
 RiddleMeThis666 - This is a hauntingly beautiful and deeply introspective poem — a meditation on grief, resilience, disillusionment, and the quiet ache of survival. The imagery is visceral and arresting, especially lines like "my dream dropped out of me / like a miscarriage" and "Vinegar keeps getting injected into my bones", which evoke emotional and physical vulnerability with rare candor. There's a subtle, powerful tension between despair and endurance, and the final metamorphic wish — "Make me one of those fish" — feels like a yearning for freedom, fluidity, and a new form of grace. It's raw, courageous writing, unafraid to dwell in discomfort while still searching for beauty.

Blue6.0.23.5 - This is utterly phenomenal, it has such an effect, one can only emphasise with the speakers torment. The need to escape the depths of the human condition is clearly emphasised.



Riverstones

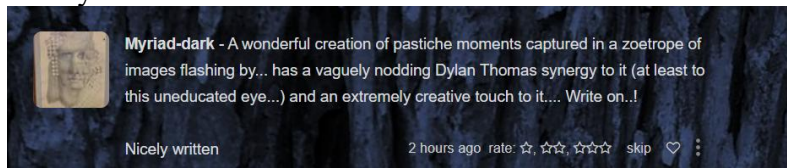
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18488675-Riverstones-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/11/riverstones/>

Myriad-dark - A wonderful creation of pastiche moments captured in a zoetrope of images flashing by... has a vaguely nodding Dylan Thomas synergy to it (at least to this uneducated eye...) and an extremely creative touch to it....

Write on..!

Nicely written

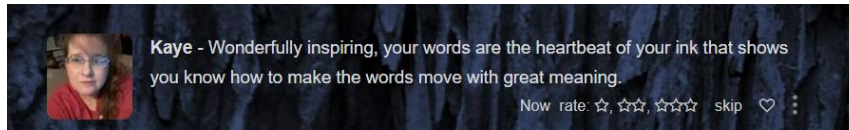


On this Dock

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18483188-On-this-Dock-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/01/on-this-dock/>

Kaye - Wonderfully inspiring, your words are the heartbeat of your ink that shows you know how to make the words move with great meaning.



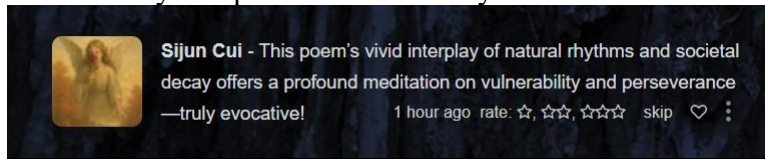
Crystal dark

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/18470180-Crystal-dark-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/18470180-Crystal-dark-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

[AllisonGrayhurst](https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/04/crystal-dark/)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/04/crystal-dark/>

Sijun Cui - This poem's vivid interplay of natural rhythms and societal decay offers a profound meditation on vulnerability and perseverance—truly evocative!



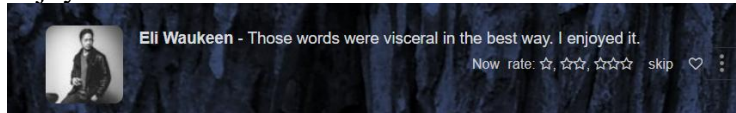
Surrender

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/18459188-Surrender-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/18459188-Surrender-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

[AllisonGrayhurst](https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/02/surrender/)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/02/surrender/>

Eli Waukeen - Those words were visceral in the best way. I enjoyed it.



With the purity of a single intention

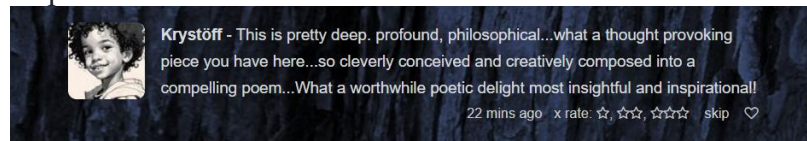
[https://allpoetry.com/poem/18447954-With-the-purity-of-a-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/18447954-With-the-purity-of-a-single-intention-by-AllisonGrayhurst)
single-intention-by-AllisonGrayhurst

[https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/24/with-the-purity-of-a-](https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/24/with-the-purity-of-a-single-intention/)
single-intention/

Krystöff - This is pretty deep. profound, philosophical...
what a thought provoking piece you have here...so cleverly

conceived and creatively composed into a compelling poem...

What a worthwhile poetic delight most insightful and inspirational



Snowy

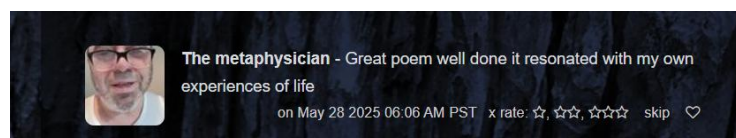
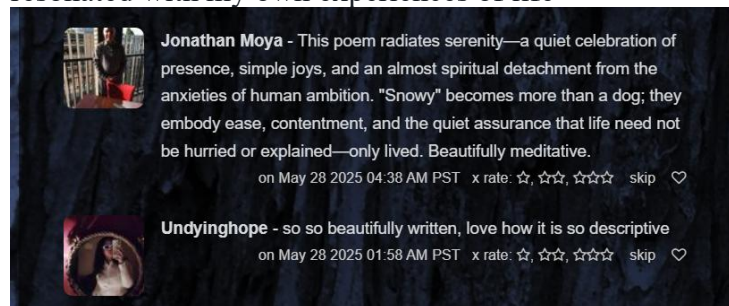
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18385173-Snowy-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/09/snowy/>

Jonathan Moya - This poem radiates serenity - a quiet celebration of presence, simple joys, and an almost spiritual detachment from the anxieties of human ambition. "Snowy" becomes more than a dog; they embody ease, contentment, and the quiet assurance that life need not be hurried or explained – only lived. Beautifully meditative.

Undyinghope - so so beautifully written, love how it is so descriptive

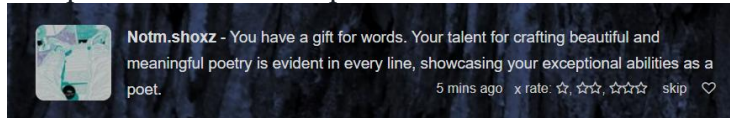
The metaphysician - Great poem well done it resonated with my own experiences of life



New Wheel – The Passage of Arnik

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18419166-New-Wheel---The-Passage-of-Arn timer-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/new-wheel-the-passage-of-arnik/>
Notm.shoxz - You have a gift for words.
Your talent for crafting beautiful and meaningful
poetry is evident in every line, showcasing your
exceptional abilities as a poet.

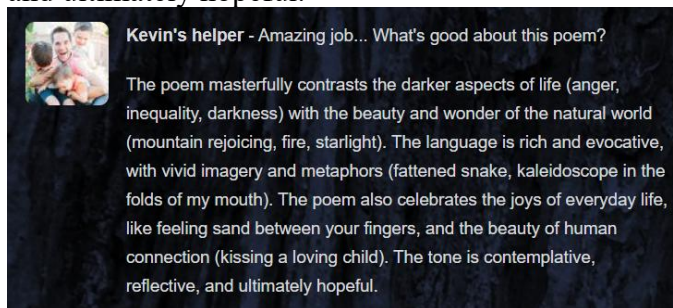


Spring Too

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18397976-Spring-Too-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/02/01/spring-too/>

Kevin's helper - Amazing job... What's good
about this poem? The poem masterfully contrasts
the darker aspects of life (anger, inequality,
darkness) with the beauty and wonder of the
natural world (mountain rejoicing, fire, starlight).
The language is rich and evocative, with vivid
imagery and metaphors (fattened snake,
kaleidoscope in the folds of my mouth).
The poem also celebrates the joys
of everyday life, like feeling sand between
your fingers, and the beauty of human
connection (kissing a loving child).
The tone is contemplative, reflective,
and ultimately hopeful.

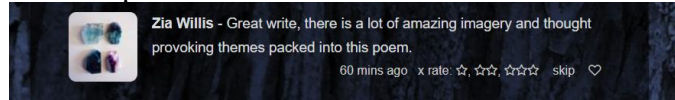


Blend

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18394413-Blend-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/02/blend/>

Zia Willis - Great write, there is a lot of amazing imagery and thought provoking themes packed into this poem.



Sanctum

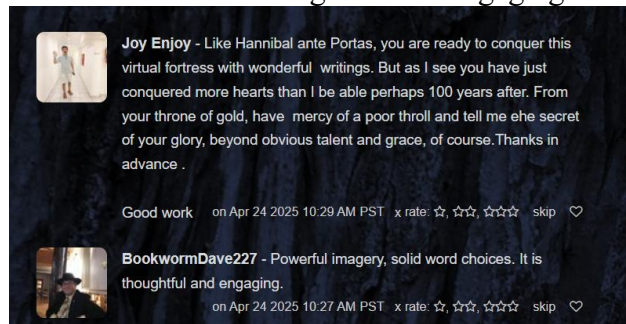
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18383253-Sanctum-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/05/sanctum/>

Joy Enjoy - Like Hannibal ante Portas,
you are ready to conquer this virtual fortress
with wonderful writings. But as I see you
have just conquered more hearts than I be able
perhaps 100 years after. From your throne of gold,
have mercy of a poor troll and tell me the secret
of your glory, beyond obvious talent and grace,
of course. Thanks in advance.

Good work

BookwormDave227 - Powerful imagery, solid
word choices. It is thoughtful and engaging.



Lifted

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18379314-Lifted-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/02/28/lifted/>

Unearthly Demagogue - The weight of years,
a past fading like a dream. A new self emerges,
raw and untested. Through the pain of change,
a purifying love arrives, dissolving fear. The
inner self awakens, sensing a transformed

world, seeing old threats anew, finding sacred meaning in the everyday. Inner visions solidify. The very essence of being, the breath, triumphs.

Lovely poem

Joy Enjoy - A little touched by melancholy as all noble souls are, but faith and love of life may be useful. Life and Love and Light in the song of Hope.

Well written

Wisteria-Petal - good work I really liked the efforts and the choices of the words highly appreciated

Likes: Joy Enjoy, Unearthly Demagogue, Wisteria-Petal To reply, click a comment.



Unearthly Demagogue - The weight of years, a past fading like a dream. A new self emerges, raw and untested. Through the pain of change, a purifying love arrives, dissolving fear. The inner self awakens, sensing a transformed world, seeing old threats anew, finding sacred meaning in the everyday. Inner visions solidify. The very essence of being, the breath, triumphs.

Lovely poem 16 mins ago x rate: ☆☆☆☆☆ skip ♥



Joy Enjoy - A little touched by melancholy as all noble souls are, but faith and love of life may be useful. Life and Love and Light in the song of Hope.

Well written 2 hours ago x rate: ☆☆☆☆☆ skip ♥



Wisteria-Petal - good work I really liked the efforts and the choices of the words highly appreciated 2 hours ago x rate: ☆☆☆☆☆ skip ♥

Days Without Water

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18356847-Days-Without-Water-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/14/days-without-water/>

Anitapapic - A bit intriguing, it made left me

wanting to know more, read more, feel more.

I find the last stanza to be so neat and efficient.



Anitapapic - A bit intriguing, it made left me wanting to know more, read more, feel more. I find the last stanza to be so neat and efficient.

2 days ago x rate: ☆☆☆☆☆ skip ♥

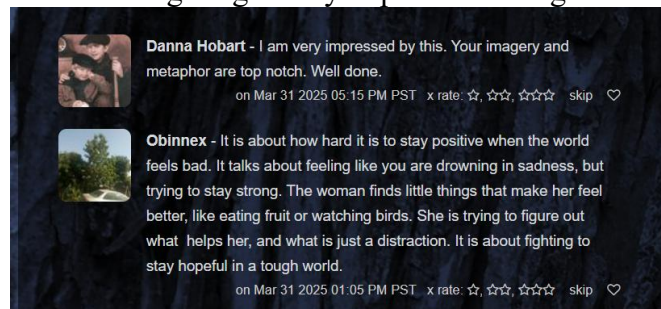
Building walls of personal mercy

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18336926-Building-Walls-of-Personal-Mercy-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/02/03/building-walls-of-personal-mercy/>

Danna Hobart - I am very impressed by this.
Your imagery and metaphor are top notch.
Well done.

Obinnex - It is about how hard it is to stay positive when the world feels bad. It talks about feeling like you are drowning in sadness, but trying to stay strong. The woman finds little things that make her feel better, like eating fruit or watching birds. She is trying to figure out what helps her, and what is just a distraction. It is about fighting to stay hopeful in a tough world.

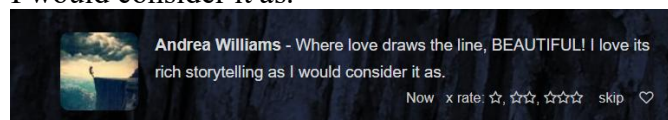


Where Love Draws The Line

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18327490-Where-Love-Draws-The-Line-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/29/where-love-draws-the-line/>

Andrea Williams - Where love draws the line,
BEAUTIFUL! I love its rich storytelling as
I would consider it as.



I have been born

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18310542-I-have-been-born-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

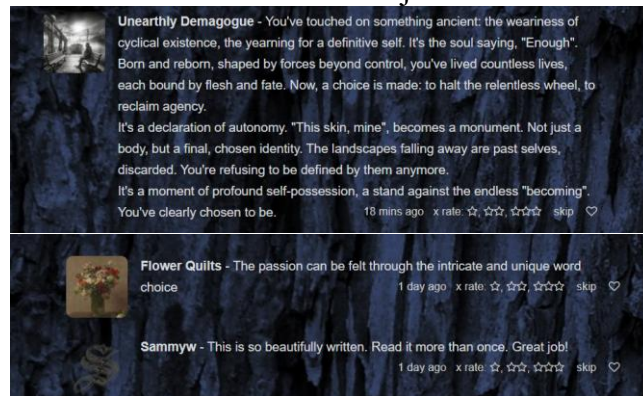
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/16/i-have-been-born/>

Unearthly Demagogue - You've touched on something ancient: the weariness of cyclical existence, the yearning for a definitive self. It's the soul saying, "Enough". Born and reborn, shaped by forces beyond control, you've lived countless lives, each bound by flesh and fate. Now, a choice is made: to halt the relentless wheel, to reclaim agency. It's a declaration of autonomy. "This skin, mine", becomes a monument. Not just a body, but a final, chosen identity. The landscapes falling away are past selves, discarded. You're refusing to be defined by them anymore. It's a moment of profound self-possession, a stand against the endless "becoming". You've clearly chosen to be.

Flower Quilts - The passion can be felt through the intricate and unique word choice

Sammyw - This is so beautifully written.

Read it more than once. Great job!

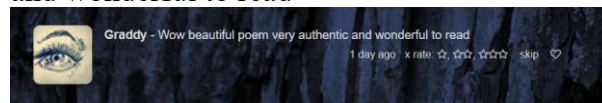


Onslaught Cloud

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18305322-Onslaught-Cloud-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/09/onslaught-cloud/>

Graddy - Wow beautiful poem very authentic and wonderful to read

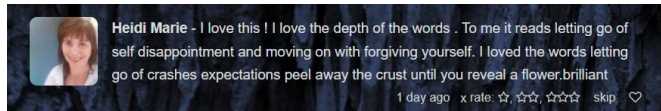


Before I Go

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18262553--Before-I-Go-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/15/before-i-go/>

Heidi Marie - I love this! I love the depth of the words . To me it reads letting go of self disappointment and moving on with forgiving yourself. I loved the words letting go of crashes expectations peel away the crust until you reveal a flower. brilliant

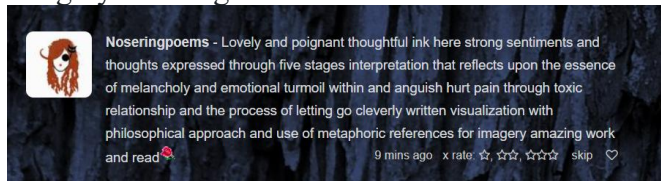


The Letting Go

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18253810-The-Letting-Go--a-five-part-poem--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/the-letting-go-a-five-part-poem/>

Noseringpoems - Lovely and poignant thoughtful ink here strong sentiments and thoughts expressed through five stages interpretation that reflects upon the essence of melancholy and emotional turmoil within and anguish hurt pain through toxic relationship and the process of letting go cleverly written visualization with philosophical approach and use of metaphoric references for imagery amazing work and read

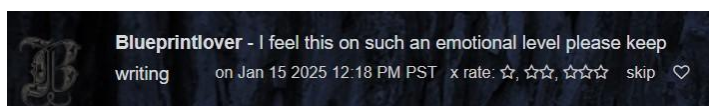


The fault of sages

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18205634-The-fault-of-sages-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/12/the-fault-of-sages/>

Blueprintlover - I feel this on such an emotional level please keep writing



Under mosaic whisperings

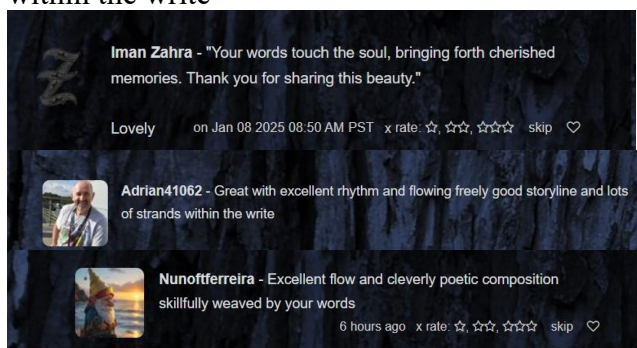
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18156603-Under-mosaic-whisperings-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/05/23/under-mosaic-whisperings/>

Iman Zahra - "Your words touch the soul, bringing forth cherished memories. Thank you for sharing this beauty."

Nunoftferreira - Excellent flow and cleverly poetic composition skillfully woven by your words

Adrian41062 - Great with excellent rhythm and flowing freely good storyline and lots of strands within the write



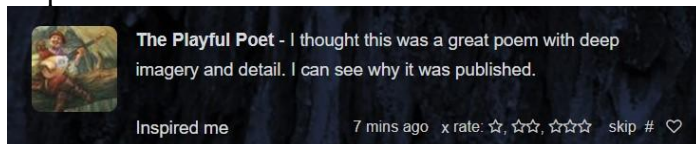
On this Dock

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18137514-On-this-Dock-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/01/on-this-dock/>

The Playful Poet - I thought this was a great poem with deep imagery and detail. I can see why it was published.

Inspired me.



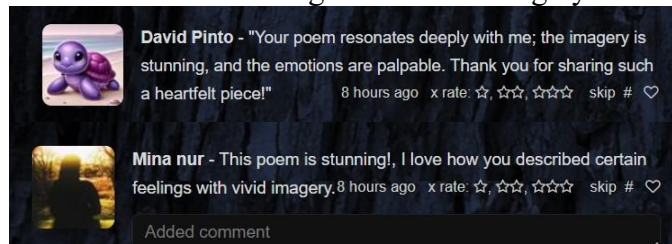
I see differently

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/18130347-I-see-differently-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/23/i-see-differently/>

David Pinto - "Your poem resonates deeply with me; the imagery is stunning, and the emotions are palpable. Thank you for sharing such a heartfelt piece!"

Mina nur - This poem is stunning! I love how you described certain feelings with vivid imagery.



My Mother's Sky (part 34 of 34)

<https://www.linkedin.com/feed/update/urn:li:activity:7217468290929999873/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17906004-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-34-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/my-mothers-sky/>

Benjamin Sessoms - This poem was absolutely moving, vulnerable, selfless, and honorable.

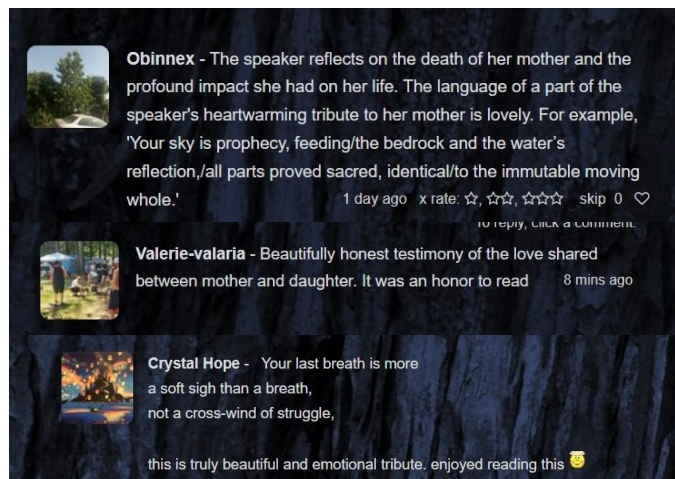
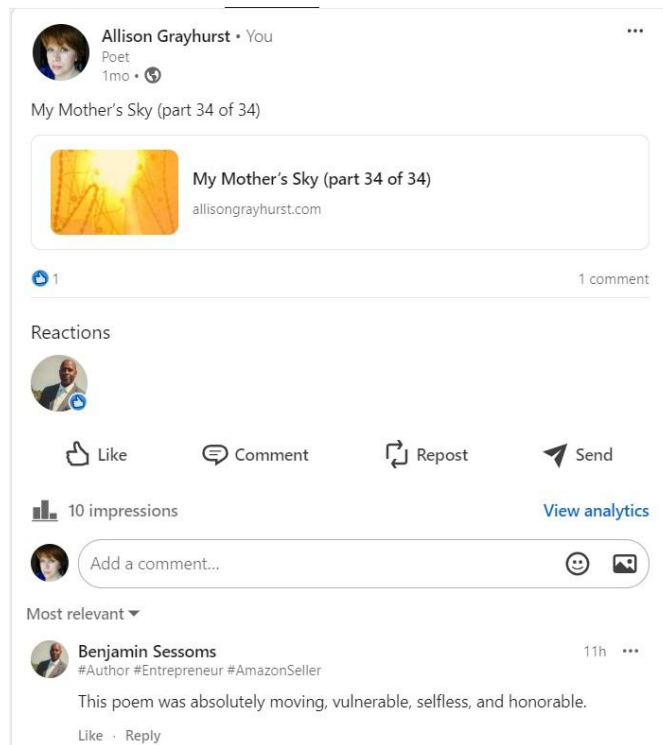
Obinnex - The speaker reflects on the death of her mother and the profound impact she had on her life.

The language of a part of the speaker's heartwarming tribute to her mother is lovely. For example, 'Your sky is prophecy, feeding/the bedrock and the water's reflection,/all parts proved sacred, identical/to the immutable moving whole.'

Valerie-valaria - Beautifully honest testimony of the love shared between mother and daughter.

It was an honor to read.

Crystal Hope - Your last breath is more
a soft sigh than a breath,
not a cross-wind of struggle,
this is truly beautiful and emotional tribute.
enjoyed reading this 🥰 or to read



Against Gravity Learning

<https://literaryrevelations.com/2023/03/17/read-the-stunning-poetry-of-allison-grayhurst/>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/03/against-gravity/>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/04/learning/>

Cindy Georgakas - Allison's words are powerful with incredible imagery felt the minute you start reading her. I can see why her work is acclaimed. Well deserved. ❤️

Jonicaggiano - Congratulations on all your amazing successes. I love the idea that you have a whole album of music for your poetry, such a wonderful accomplishment and I truly appreciate the name, "River." Your last poem really touched me. I especially enjoyed the last few lines on your last piece.

"Because I keep the rituals that keep me sane, in storm or shade, I pray more than I dream and when I dream it is about abstractions, about tree branches, blankets, about the hair's breadth distance between sea and stars." I could relate to these words and I found them comforting. Thank you so much.

Layla Todd - Beautiful the imagery in 'Learning' and the powerful message that comes across! <3



Cindy
Georgakas
APRIL 25, 2023 AT
10:12 AM

Allisons words are powerful with incredible imagery felt the minute you start reading her. I can see why her work is acclaimed. Well deserved. ❤️

★ Liked by 1 person



jonicaggiano
MARCH 25, 2023
AT 8:46 PM

Congratulations on all your amazing successes. I love the idea that you have a whole album of music for your poetry, such a wonderful accomplishment and I truly appreciate the name, "River." Your last poem really touched me. I especially enjoyed the last few lines on your last piece.

"Because I keep the rituals that keep me sane,
in storm or shade, I pray more than I dream
and when I dream it is about abstractions,
about tree branches, blankets, about
the hair's breadth distance between sea and stars."

I could relate to these words and I found them comforting. Thank you so much.



Layla Todd
MARCH 17, 2023
AT 11:10 AM

Beautiful the imagery in 'Learning' and the powerful message that comes across! <3

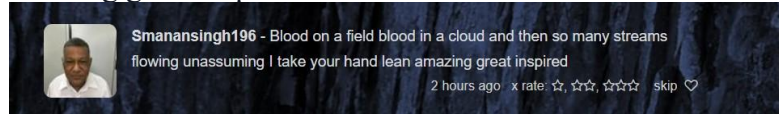
★ Liked by 1 person

My Mother's Sky

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/my-mothers-sky/>

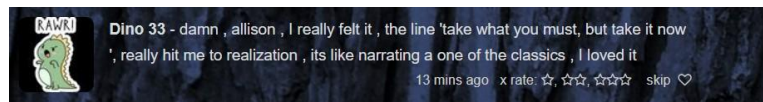
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17906004-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-34-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Smanansingh196 - Blood on a field blood in a cloud and then so many streams flowing unassuming I take your hand lean amazing great inspired.



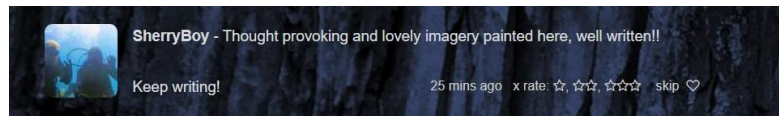
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17901319-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-31-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Dino 33 - damn, Allison, I really felt it, the line 'take what you must, but take it now ', really hit me to realization, its like narrating a one of the classics, I loved it



<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17898107-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-29-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

SherryBoy -Thought provoking and lovely imagery painted here, well written!!

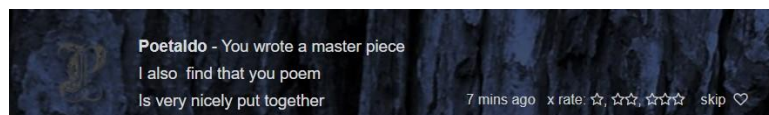


<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17895141-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-27-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Poetaldo

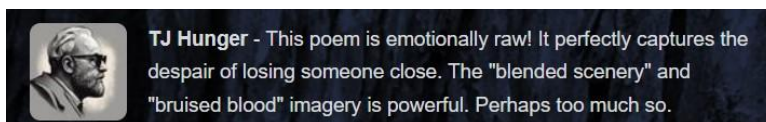
PoetAldo -You wrote a master piece

I also find that your poem
is very nicely put together.



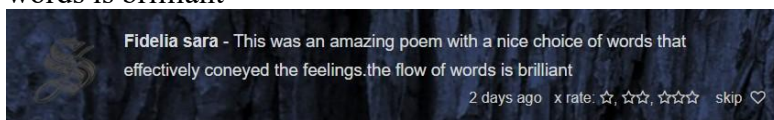
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17892163-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-25-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

TJ Hunger - This poem is emotionally raw! It perfectly captures the despair of losing someone close. The "blended scenery" and "bruised blood" imagery is powerful. Perhaps too much so.



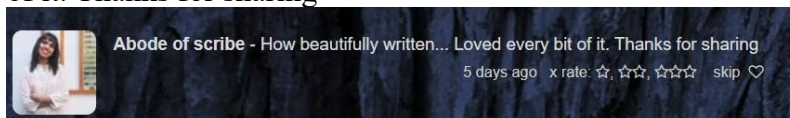
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17889155-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-23-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Fidelia sara - This was an amazing poem with a nice choice of words that effectively conveyed the feelings. The flow of words is brilliant



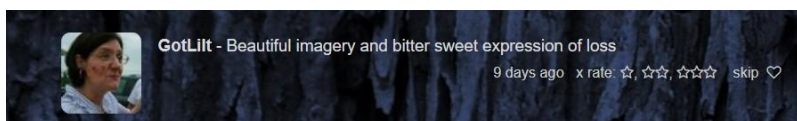
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17884607-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-20-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

abode of scribe - How beautifully written... Loved every bit of it. Thanks for sharing



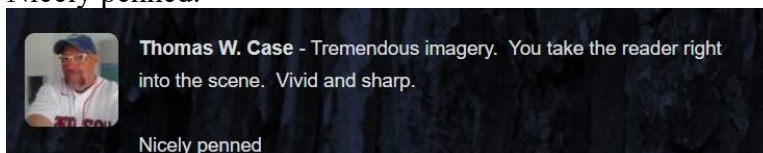
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17878382-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-16-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

GotLilt - Beautiful imagery and bitter sweet expression of loss



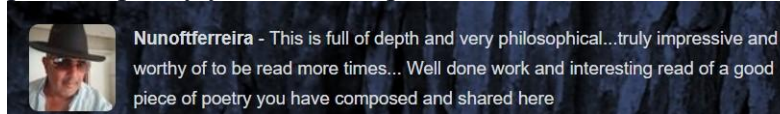
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17876935-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-15-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Thomas W. Case - Tremendous imagery. You take the reader right into the scene. Vivid and sharp. Nicely penned.

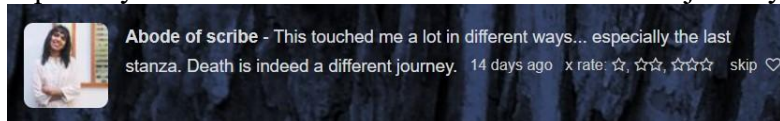


<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17872199-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-12-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

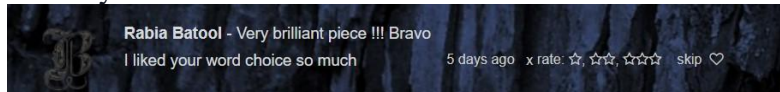
Nunoftferreira -This is full of depth and very philosophical...truly impressive and worthy of to be read more times... Well done work and interesting read of a good piece of poetry you have composed and shared here.



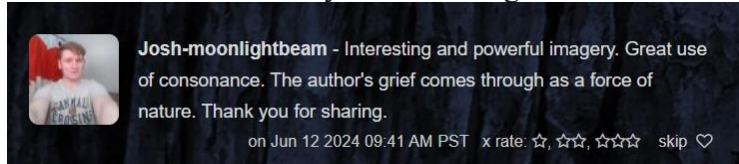
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17870647-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-11-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
abode of scribe - This touched me a lot in different ways... especially the last stanza. Death is indeed a different journey.



<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17869151-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-10-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Rabia Batool - Very brilliant piece !!! Bravo
I liked your word choice so much

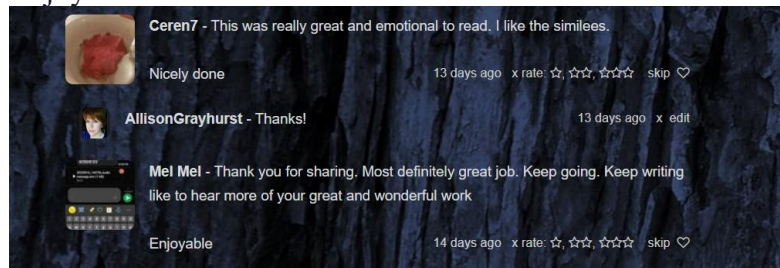


<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17859519-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-4-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Josh-moonlightbeam - Interesting and powerful imagery. Great use of consonance. The author's grief comes through as a force of nature. Thank you for sharing.



<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17854699-My-Mother-s-Sky--part-1-of-34--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Ceren7 - This was really great and emotional to read. I like the similes.
Nicely done
Mel Mel - Thank you for sharing. Most definitely great job. Keep going. Keep writing like to hear more of your great and

wonderful work
Enjoyable



Comments made on YouTube

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCULKYL_Dbe9-K1pwq2tU03A

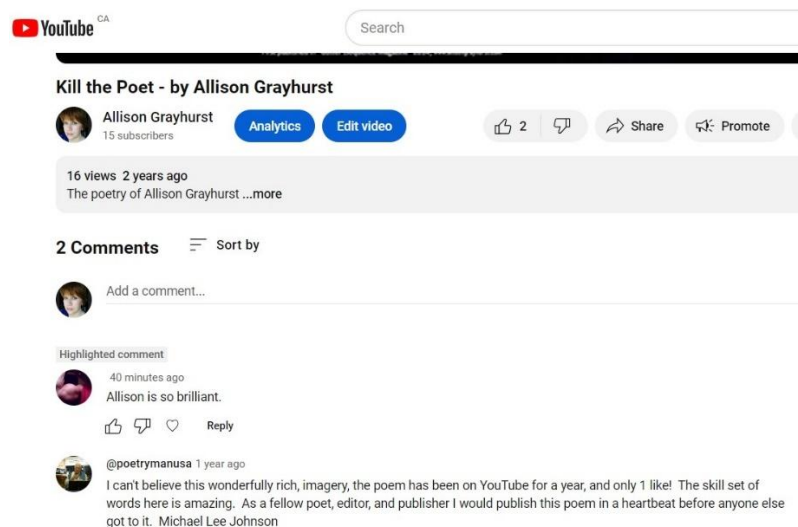
Kill the Poet

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/17/kill-the-poet/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vh-zk0vwPGM&lc=UgwuJ8ZAM7guPYOyx2F4AaABAg>

PizzaIsNotPecs - Allison is so brilliant

@poetrymanusa - I can't believe this wonderfully rich, imagery, the poem has been on YouTube for a year, and only 1 like! The skill set of words here is amazing. As a fellow poet, editor, and publisher I would publish this poem in a heartbeat before anyone else got to it. Michael Lee Johnson



Comments made on poems shared on All Poetry

<https://allpoetry.com/AllisonGrayhurst>

What is

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17658934-What-is-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

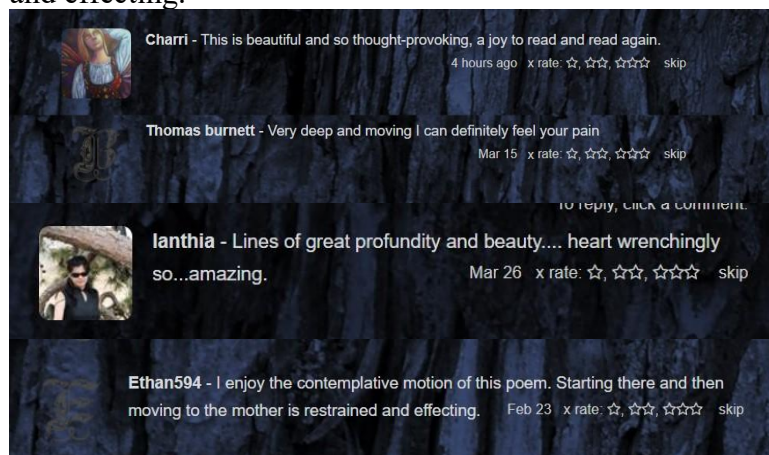
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2024/02/23/what-is/>

Ianthia - Lines of great profundity and beauty.... heart wrenchingly so...amazing.

Charri - This is beautiful and so thought-provoking, a joy to read and read again.

Thomas burnett - Very deep and moving I can definitely feel your pain

Ethan594 - I enjoy the contemplative motion of this poem. Starting there and then moving to the mother is restrained and effecting.



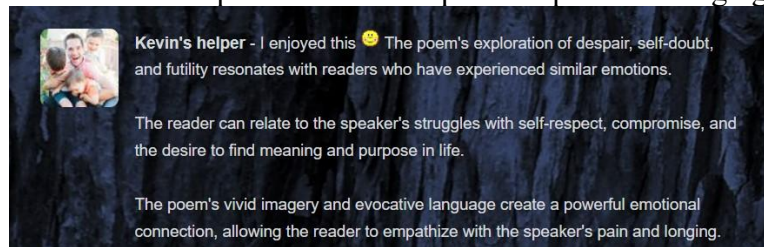
Bound to

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17649267-Bound-to-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2024/02/18/bound-2/>

Kevin's helper - I enjoyed this 😊 The poem's exploration of despair, self-doubt, and futility resonates with readers who have experienced similar emotions. The reader can relate to the speaker's struggles with self-respect, compromise, and the desire to find meaning and purpose in life. The poem's vivid imagery and evocative

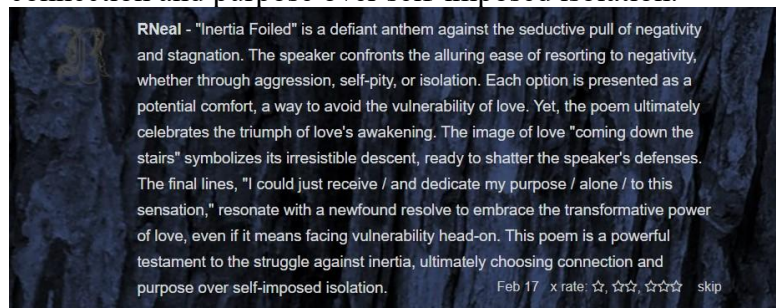
language create a powerful emotional connection, allowing the reader to empathize with the speaker's pain and longing.



Inertia Foiled

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17647402-Inertia-Foiled-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

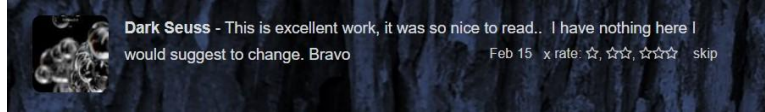
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2024/02/17/inertia-foiled/>
RNeal - "Inertia Foiled" is a defiant anthem against the seductive pull of negativity and stagnation. The speaker confronts the alluring ease of resorting to negativity, whether through aggression, self-pity, or isolation. Each option is presented as a potential comfort, a way to avoid the vulnerability of love. Yet, the poem ultimately celebrates the triumph of love's awakening. The image of love "coming down the stairs" symbolizes its irresistible descent, ready to shatter the speaker's defenses. The final lines, "I could just receive / and dedicate my purpose / alone / to this sensation," resonate with a newfound resolve to embrace the transformative power of love, even if it means facing vulnerability head-on. This poem is a powerful testament to the struggle against inertia, ultimately choosing connection and purpose over self-imposed isolation.



Maelstrom

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17643633-Maelstrom-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

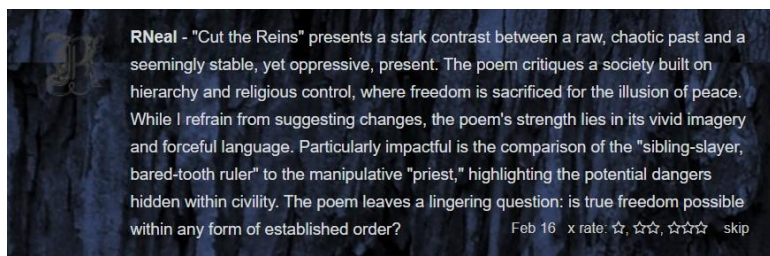
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2024/02/15/maelstrom/>
Dark Seuss - This is excellent work, it was so nice to read.. I have nothing here I would suggest to change. Bravo



Cut the Reins

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17645496-Cut-the-Reins-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2024/02/16/cut-the-reins/>
RNeal - "Cut the Reins" presents a stark contrast between a raw, chaotic past and a seemingly stable, yet oppressive, present. The poem critiques a society built on hierarchy and religious control, where freedom is sacrificed for the illusion of peace. While I refrain from suggesting changes, the poem's strength lies in its vivid imagery and forceful language. Particularly impactful is the comparison of the "sibling-slayer, bared-tooth ruler" to the manipulative "priest," highlighting the potential dangers hidden within civility. The poem leaves a lingering question: is true freedom possible within any form of established order?

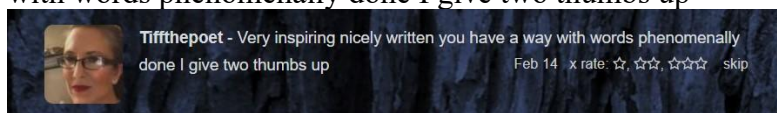


What Do I Belong To?

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17641864-What-Do-I-Belong-To--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

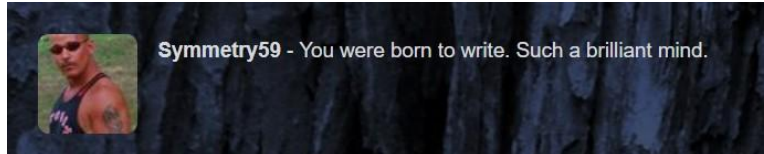
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2024/02/14/what-do-i-belong-to/>

Tiffthepoet - Very inspiring nicely written you have a way with words phenomenally done I give two thumbs up



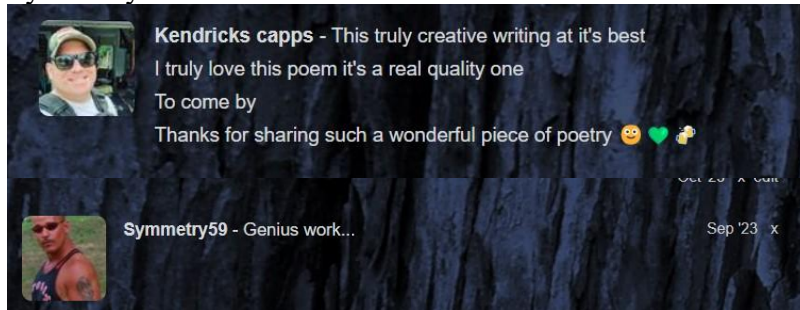
Against Gravity

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17274127-Excerpt-from-poem--Against-Gravity--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/03/against-gravity/>
Symmetry59- You were born to write. Such a brilliant mind.



Intertwined

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17280794-Excerpt-from-poem--Intertwined--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/13/intertwined/>
Kendricks capps - This truly creative writing at it's best
I truly love this poem it's a real quality one
To come by
Thanks for sharing such a wonderful piece of poetry
😊❤️👍
Symmetry59 - Genius work...



CBC website comment on book Sight at Zero

https://www.cbc.ca/books/sight-at-zero-1.4618370?__vfz=medium%3Dcomment_share#vf-00000000-0000-4000-8000-02fa5b7d4687
<https://www.cbc.ca/books/sight-at-zero-1.4618370>
Taylor Jane Green

Allison Grayhurst is an incredibly passionate and prolific poet in Canada. The real deal. I have followed her poetry for years and regard her as a National Treasure.



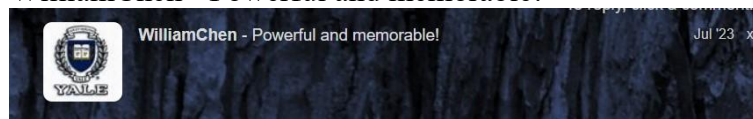
Taylor Jane Green · MAY 15, 2018

Allison Grayhurst is an incredibly passionate and prolific poet in Canada. The real deal. I have followed her poetry for years and regard her as a National Treasure.

Poetry is Breath

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17207545-Poetry-is-Breath-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

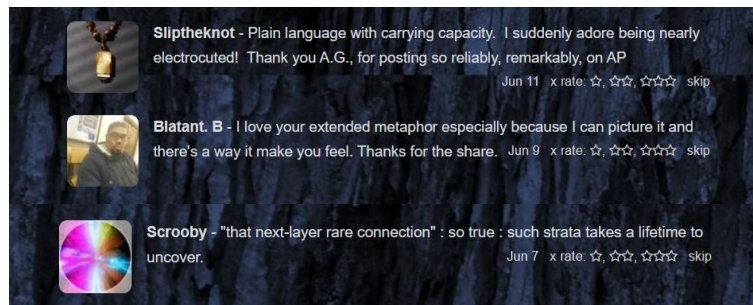
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/30/poetry-is-breath/>
WilliamChen - Powerful and memorable!



Poetry is Breath

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17207545-Poetry-is-Breath-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/30/poetry-is-breath/>
Sliptheknot - Plain language with carrying capacity. I suddenly adore being nearly electrocuted! Thank you A.G., for posting so reliably, remarkably, on AP
Blatant. B - I love your extended metaphor especially because I can picture it and there's a way it make you feel. Thanks for the share.
Scrooby - "that next-layer rare connection": so true: such strata takes a lifetime to uncover.



Useless

https://www.amazon.com/review/R1MHL3RZCR1JSV/ref=cm_cr_srp_d_rdp_perm?ie=UTF8&ASIN=8196316127
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/06/useless/>

Karunesh Kumar Agrawal - 5.0 out of 5 stars This poem evoke a sense of weariness and longing for something better. Reviewed in the United States us on May 20, 2023

This shelter is threadbare
like a low-battery flashlight,
barely making a dark corner visible.

I sang to find an easeful slumber.

I left my empty bin by the road,
begging for a refill.

Summer is behind me.

The grass is torn
from tiny claws and pecking.

I live below the breathing line
and there is no way to rise higher
or join a harmony to unfasten my chains.

This poem evoke a sense of weariness and longing for something better. It seems like we're expressing a feeling of being trapped or confined in a less than ideal situation, both physically and emotionally. The imagery of a threadbare shelter, a low-battery flashlight, and an empty bin all convey a sense of lack and depletion. The line about singing to find easeful slumber suggests that we may be seeking solace or comfort through self-expression, using music or singing as a form of escape or release. However, the mention of the empty bin by the road, begging for a refill, implies a longing for sustenance or fulfillment that remains unmet.



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Karunesh Kumar Agrawal

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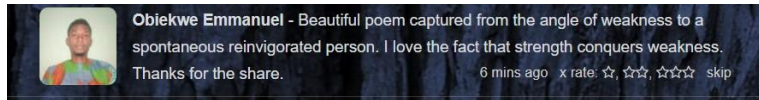
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⬆ Read less

Homecoming II

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17197217-Homecoming-II-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

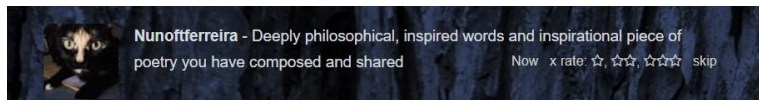
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/06/01/homecoming-2/>
Obiekwe Emmanuel - Beautiful poem captured from the angle of weakness to a spontaneous reinvigorated person. I love the fact that strength conquers weakness. Thanks for the share.



You Heard Me

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17190209-You-Heard-Me-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

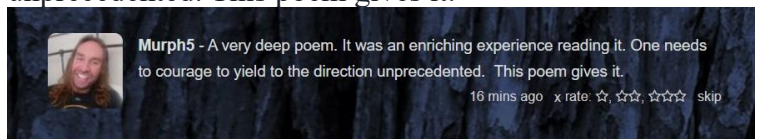
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/28/you-heard-me/>
Nunoftferreira - Deeply philosophical, inspired words and inspirational piece of poetry you have composed and shared.



Zen Virgin

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17188525-Zen-Virgin-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/27/zen-virgin/>
Murph5 - A very deep poem. It was an enriching experience reading it. One needs to courage to yield to the direction unprecedented. This poem gives it.

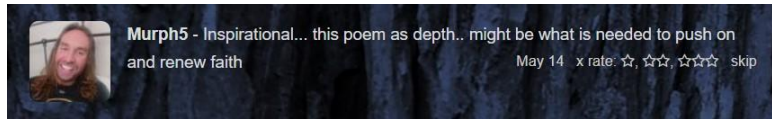


Crack the Exterior, Interior Resonance

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17166057-Crack-the-Exterior--Interior-Resonance-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/14/crack-the-exterior-interior-resonance/>

Murph 5 - Inspirational... this poem as depth.. might be what is needed to push on and renew faith.

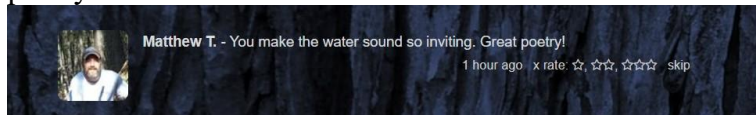


Immersed

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17185220-Immersed-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/25/immersed/>

Matthew T. - You make the water sound so inviting. Great poetry!

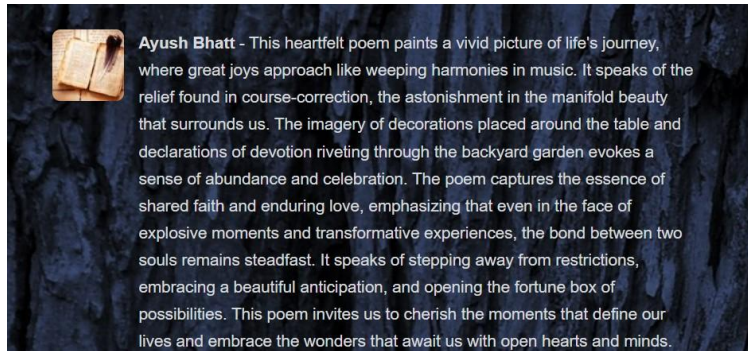


Mark it down

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/22/mark-it-down/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17180024-Mark-it-down-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

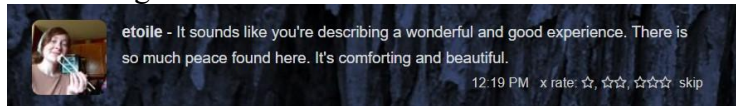
Ayush Bhatt - This heartfelt poem paints a vivid picture of life's journey, where great joys approach like weeping harmonies in music. It speaks of the relief found in course-correction, the astonishment in the manifold beauty that surrounds us. The imagery of decorations placed around the table and declarations of devotion riveting through the backyard garden evokes a sense of abundance and celebration. The poem captures the essence of shared faith and enduring love, emphasizing that even in the face of explosive moments and transformative experiences, the bond between two souls remains steadfast. It speaks of stepping away from restrictions, embracing a beautiful anticipation, and opening the fortune box of possibilities. This poem invites us to cherish the moments that define our lives and embrace the wonders that await us with open hearts and minds.



Rabbit

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/20/rabbit/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17176610-Rabbit-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

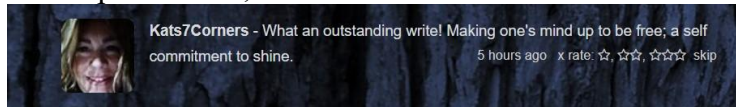
etoile - It sounds like you're describing a wonderful and good experience. There is so much peace found here. It's comforting and beautiful.



Not a mirage

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/19/not-a-mirage/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17174941-Not-a-Mirage-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

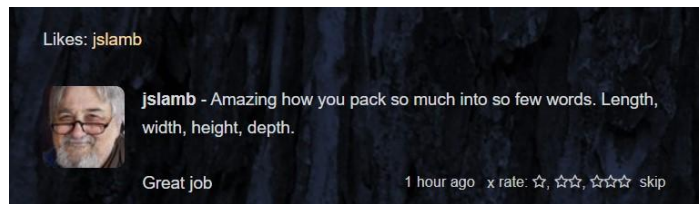
Kats7Corners - What an outstanding write! Making one's mind up to be free; a self commitment to shine.



Footsteps

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/18/footsteps/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17173173-Footsteps-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

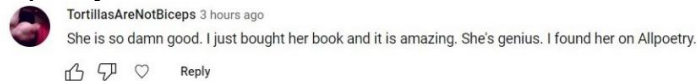
Jslamb - Amazing how you pack so much into so few words. Length, width, height, depth.
 Great job



I heard a poet say

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/09/i-heard-a-poet-say/>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U83S45pXSKw&lc=UgwQRfzB2lrg5w0KnCB4AaABAq>

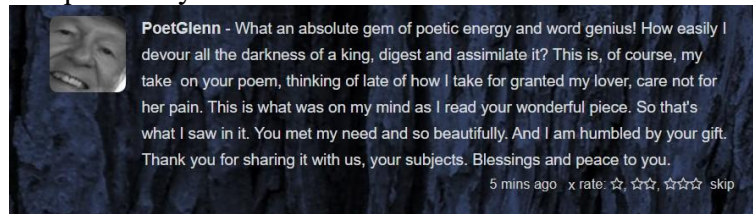
TortillasAreNotBiceps - She is so damn good. I just bought her book and it is amazing. She's genius. I found her on Allpoetry.



A King

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2023/05/16/a-king/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/17169490-A-King-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

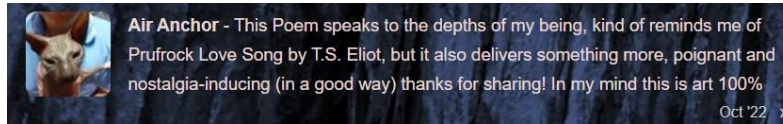
PoetGlenn - What an absolute gem of poetic energy and word genius! How easily I devour all the darkness of a king, digest and assimilate it? This is, of course, my take on your poem, thinking of late of how I take for granted my lover, care not for her pain. This is what was on my mind as I read your wonderful piece. So that's what I saw in it. You met my need and so beautifully. And I am humbled by your gift. Thank you for sharing it with us, your subjects. Blessings and peace to you.



There are names

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/03/there-are-names/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16791731-There-are-names-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

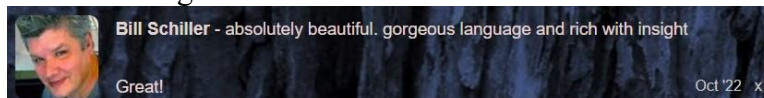
Air Anchor - This Poem speaks to the depths of my being, kind of reminds me of Prufrock Love Song by T.S. Eliot, but it also **delivers** something more, poignant and nostalgia-inducing (in a good way) thanks for sharing! In my mind this is art 100%



Only for a time

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/11/only-for-a-time/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16806952-Only-for-a-time-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Bill Schiller - absolutely beautiful. gorgeous language and rich with insight

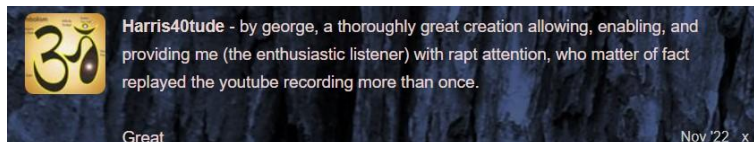


When

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/05/when/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16818348-When-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Harris40tude - by george, a thoroughly great creation allowing, enabling, and providing me (the enthusiastic listener) with rapt attention, who matter of fact replayed the youtube recording more than once.

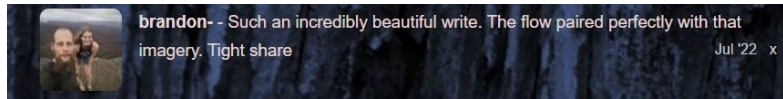
Great



Direction

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/25/direction/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16654138-Direction-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

brandon - Such an incredibly beautiful write. The flow paired perfectly with that imagery. Tight share

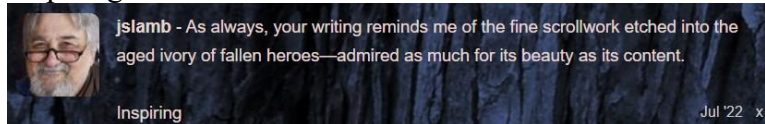


Direction

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/25/direction/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16654138-Direction-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

jslamb - As always, your writing reminds me of the fine scrollwork etched into the aged ivory of fallen heroes—admired as much for its beauty as its content.

Inspiring

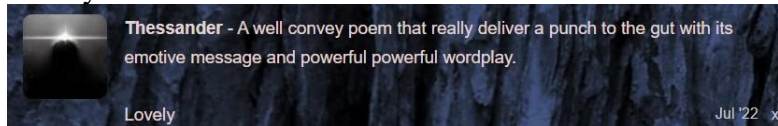


Lift

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/28/lift/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16659163-Lift-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Thessander - A well convey poem that really deliver a punch to the gut with its emotive message and powerful powerful wordplay.

Lovely

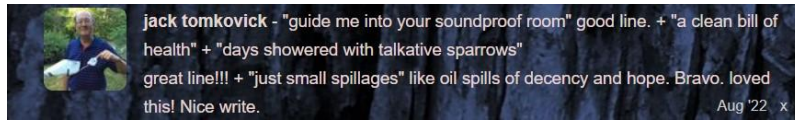


Initiation

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/08/02/initiation/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16667509-Initiation-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

jack tomkovick - "guide me into your soundproof room"
 good line. + "a clean bill of health" + "days showered with talkative sparrows"

great line!!! + "just small spillages" like oil spills of decency and hope. Bravo. loved this! Nice write.

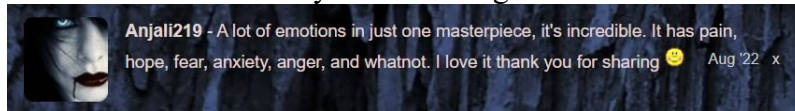


Triage

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/08/03/triage/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16669005-Triage-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Anjali219 - A lot of emotions in just one masterpiece, it's incredible. It has pain, hope, fear, anxiety, anger, and whatnot. I love it thank you for sharing

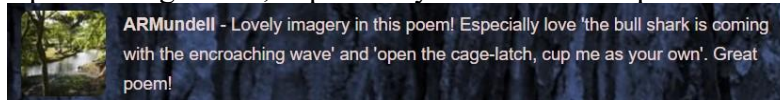


Sparrow

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/08/07/sparrow/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16675300-Sparrow-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

ARMundell - Lovely imagery in this poem! Especially love 'the bull shark is coming with the encroaching wave' and 'open the cage-latch, cup me as your own'. Great poem!

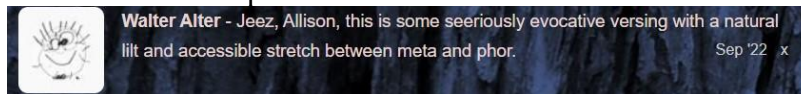


Thinking Outside

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/06/9845/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16755783-Thinking-Outside-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Walter Alter - Jeez, Allison, this is some seeriously evocative versing with a natural lilt and accessible stretch between meta and phor.

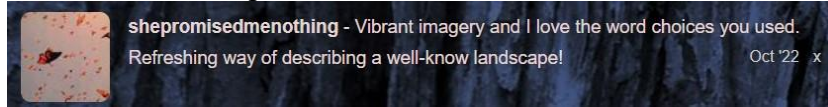


Beach

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/12/beach-3/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16768196-Beach-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

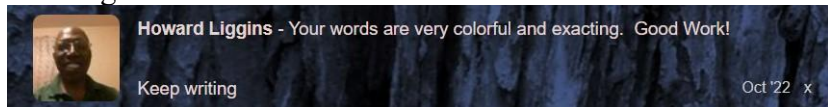
shepromisedmenothing - Vibrant imagery and I love the word choices you used. Refreshing way of describing a well-know landscape!



When This Is Over

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/27/when-this-is-over/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16773526-When-This-Is-Over-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

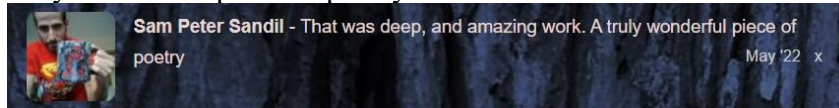
Howard Liggins - Your words are very colorful and exacting. Good Work!



Building a Temple

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/05/23/building-a-temple/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16545912-Building-a-Temple-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

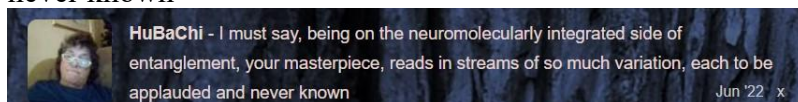
Sam Peter Sandil - That was deep, and amazing work. A truly wonderful piece of poetry



Unharmmed

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/06/24/unharmmed/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16599716-Unharmmed-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

HuBaChi - I must say, being on the neuromolecularly integrated side of entanglement, your masterpiece, reads in streams of so much variation, each to be applauded and never known

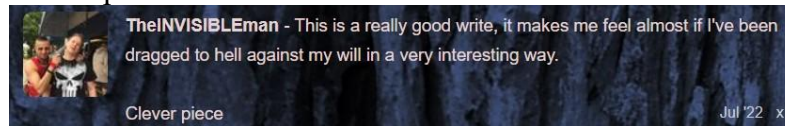


Threshold

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/05/threshold-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16618010-Threshold-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

TheINVISIBLEman - This is a really good write, it makes me feel almost if I've been dragged to hell against my will in a very interesting way.

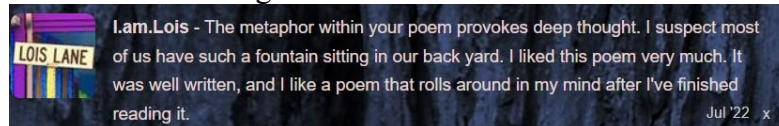
Clever piece



Fountain

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/08/fountain/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16624644-Fountain-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

I.am.Loïs - The metaphor within your poem provokes deep thought. I suspect most of us have such a fountain sitting in our back yard. I liked this poem very much. It was well written, and I like a poem that rolls around in my mind after I've finished reading it.

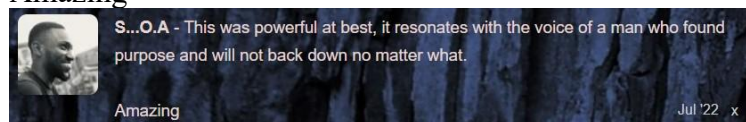


Waterfall

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/09/waterfall/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16626411-Waterfall-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

S...O.A - This was powerful at best, it resonates with the voice of a man (woman) who found purpose and will not back down no matter what.

Amazing

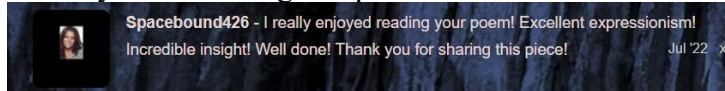


Backtrack then forward

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/12/backtrack-then-forward/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16632177-Backtrack-then-forward-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Spacebound426 - I really enjoyed reading your poem! Excellent expressionism! Incredible insight! Well done! Thank you for sharing this piece!

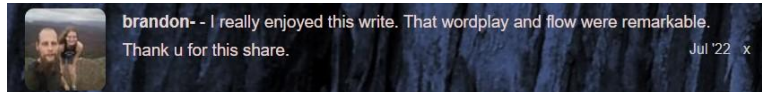


Running, lightwave riding

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/19/running-lightwave-riding/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16644114-Running--lightwave-riding-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

brandon- - I really enjoyed this write. That wordplay and flow were remarkable. Thank u for this share.

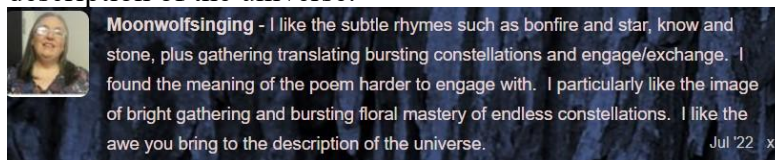


Resilience

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/22/resilience/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16648924-Resilience-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Moonwolfsinging - I like the subtle rhymes such as bonfire and star, know and stone, plus gathering translating bursting constellations and engage/exchange. I found the meaning of the poem harder to engage with. I particularly like the image of bright gathering and bursting floral mastery of endless constellations. I like the awe you bring to the description of the universe.

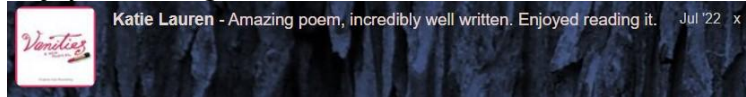


Egg

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/07/23/egg/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16650672-Egg-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

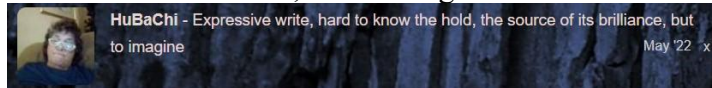
Katie Lauren - Amazing poem, incredibly well written. Enjoyed reading it.



Reformation

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/05/15/reformation/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16531104-Reformation-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

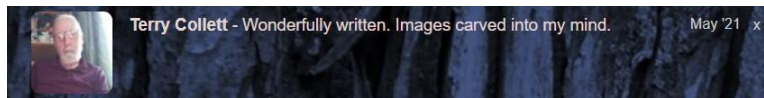
HuBaChi - Expressive write, hard to know the hold, the source of its brilliance, but to imagine



I will make my way across the water

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/02/28/i-will-make-my-way-across-the-water/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14985191-I-will-make-my-way-across-the-water-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - Wonderfully written. Images carved into my mind.

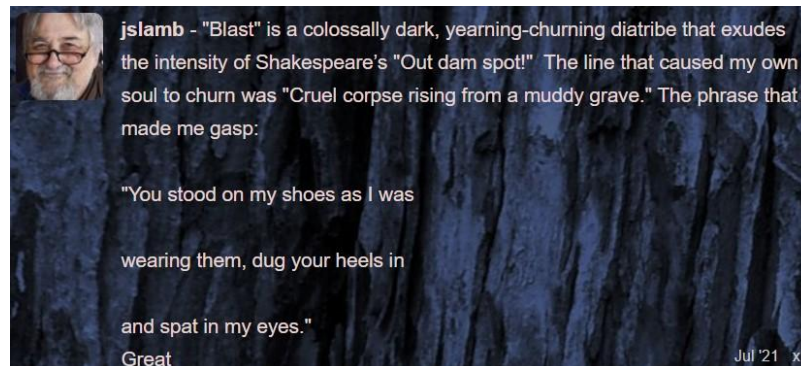


The Letting Go (a five-part poem)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/03/15/the-letting-go-a-five-part-poem/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15981976-Excerpt-from-poem--The-Letting-Go--Deviant---by-AllisonGrayhurst>
jslamb - "Blast" is a colossally dark, yearning-churning diatribe that exudes the intensity of Shakespeare's "Out dam spot!" The line that caused my own soul to churn was "Cruel corpse rising from a muddy grave." The phrase that made me gasp:
"You stood on my shoes as I was
wearing them, dug your heels in

and spat in my eyes."

Great

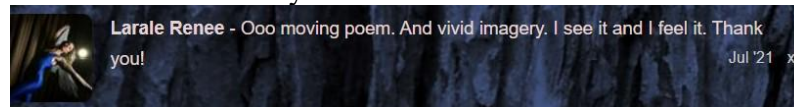


High Alert

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/03/21/high-alert/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15986943-Excerpt-from-poem--High-Alert--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Larale Renee - Ooo moving poem. And vivid imagery. I see it and I feel it. Thank you!



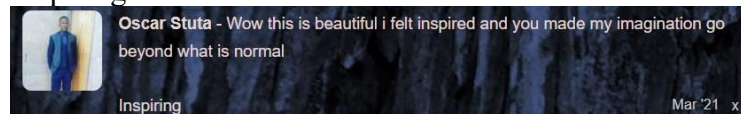
Figurine

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/03/25/figurine/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15801427-Figurine-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Oscar Stuta - Wow this is beautiful i felt inspired and you made my imagination go beyond what is normal

Inspiring

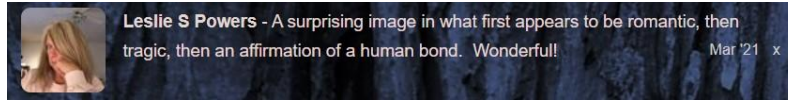


Onward

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/03/26/onward/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15803223-Onward-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Leslie S Powers - A surprising image in what first appears to be romantic, then tragic, then an affirmation of a human bond. Wonderful!

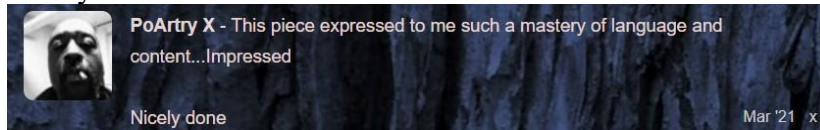


Consecrated

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/03/30/consecrated/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15810343-Consecrated-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

PoArtry X - This piece expressed to me such a mastery of language and content...Impressed
Nicely done

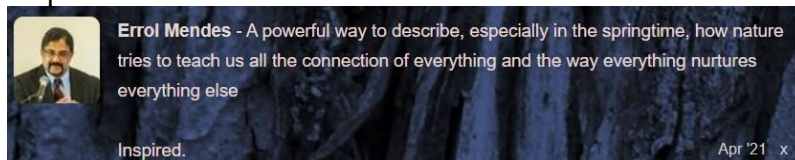


Unseen

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/02/unseen/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15815813-Unseen-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Errol Mendes - A powerful way to describe, especially in the springtime, how nature tries to teach us all the connection of everything and the way everything nurtures everything else
Inspired.

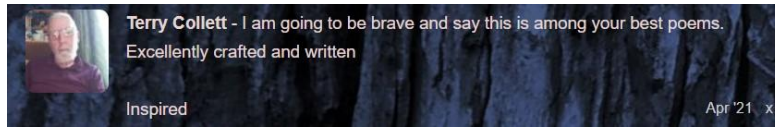


Wedding Band

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/06/wedding-band/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15823402-Wedding-Band-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - I am going to be brave and say this is among your best poems. Excellently crafted and written
Inspired



Over

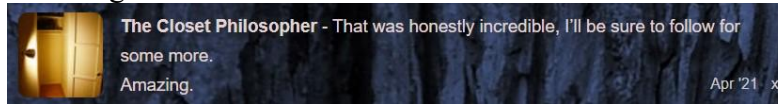
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/07/over/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15825186-Over-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15825186-Over-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

The Closet Philosopher - That was honestly incredible, I'll be sure to follow for some more.

Amazing.



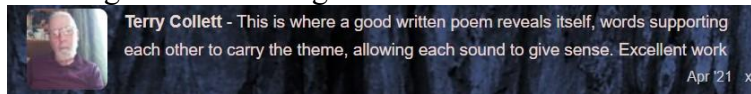
Hurdle

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/04/08/hurdle/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15827000-Hurdle-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15827000-Hurdle-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

Terry Collett - This is where a good written poem reveals itself, words supporting each other to carry the theme, allowing each sound to give sense. Excellent work



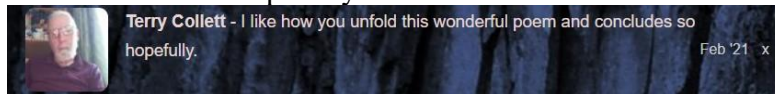
Onslaught Cloud

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/09/onslaught-cloud/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15723254-Photo-poem--](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15723254-Photo-poem--Onslaught-Cloud--by-AllisonGrayhurst)

Onslaught-Cloud--by-AllisonGrayhurst

Terry Collett - I like how you unfold this wonderful poem and concludes so hopefully.



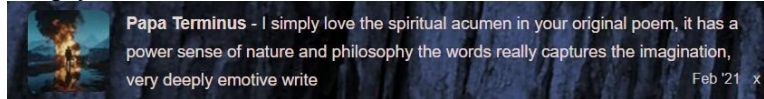
World Away

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/08/world-away/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15729537-Excerpt-from-poem--](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15729537-Excerpt-from-poem--World-Away--by-AllisonGrayhurst)

World-Away--by-AllisonGrayhurst

Papa Terminus - I simply love the spiritual acumen in your original poem, it has a power sense of nature and philosophy the words really captures the imagination, very deeply emotive write

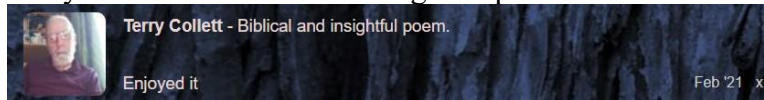


Sand

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/25/sand/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15745721-Excerpt-from-poem--Sand--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - Biblical and insightful poem.

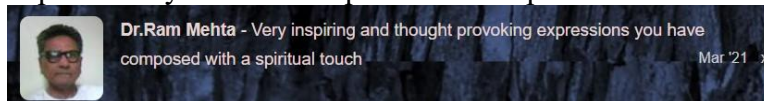


The Letting Go (a five-part poem)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/03/15/the-letting-go-a-five-part-poem/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15782793-The-Letting-Go--a-five-part-poem--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Dr.Ram Mehta - Very inspiring and thought provoking expressions you have composed with a spiritual touch



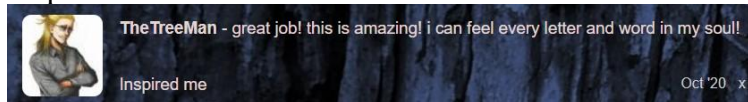
Pretzel

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/10/10/pretzel/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15490094-Pretzel-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

TheTreeMan - great job! this is amazing! I can feel every letter and word in my soul!

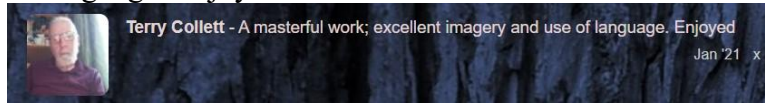
Inspired me



Uncut

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/12/20/uncut/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15639170-Uncut-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

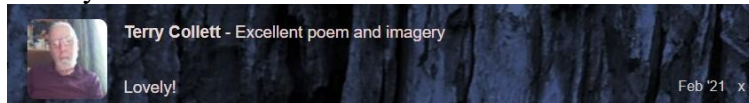
Terry Collett - A masterful work; excellent imagery and use of language. Enjoyed



Steel and Spice

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/03/19/steel-and-spice/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15695332-Steel-and-Spice-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

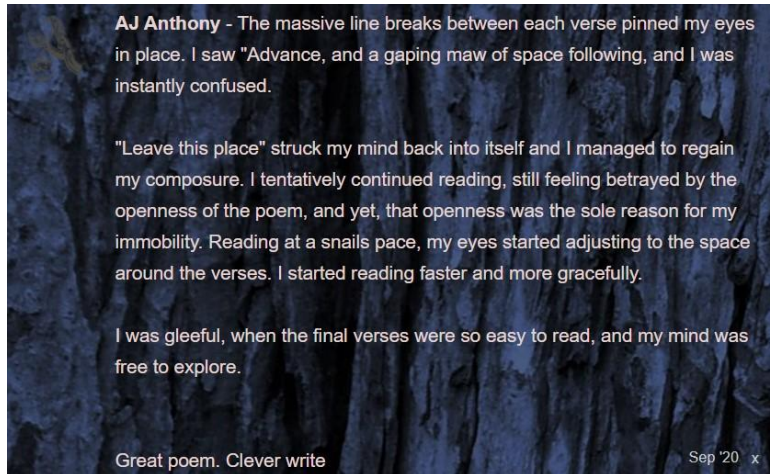
Terry Collett - Excellent poem and imagery
Lovely!



Advance

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/11/advance/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15439168-Advance-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

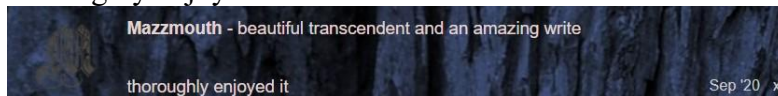
AJ Anthony - The massive line breaks between each verse pinned my eyes in place. I saw "Advance, and a gaping maw of space following, and I was instantly confused. "Leave this place" struck my mind back into itself and I managed to regain my composure. I tentatively continued reading, still feeling betrayed by the openness of the poem, and yet, that openness was the sole reason for my immobility. Reading at a snails pace, my eyes started adjusting to the space around the verses. I started reading faster and more gracefully.
I was gleeful, when the final verses were so easy to read, and my mind was free to explore.
Great poem. Clever write



Temple

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/14/temple/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15445135-Temple-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

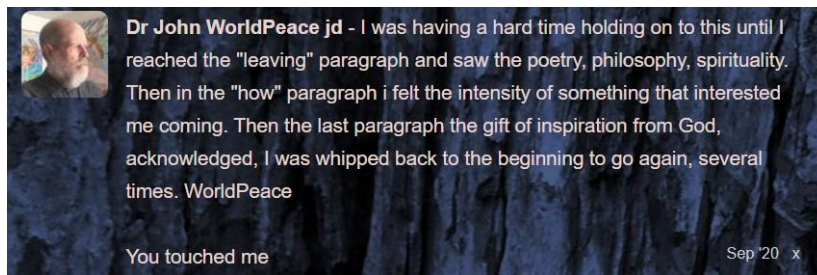
Mazzmouth - beautiful transcendent and an amazing write
thoroughly enjoyed it



Communion

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/17/communion/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15451257-Communion-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Dr John WorldPeace jd - I was having a hard time holding on to this until I reached the "leaving" paragraph and saw the poetry, philosophy, spirituality. Then in the "how" paragraph I felt the intensity of something that interested me coming. Then the last paragraph the gift of inspiration from God, acknowledged, I was whipped back to the beginning to go again, several times. WorldPeace
You touched me



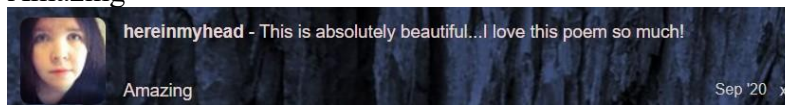
Exit Door Closed

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/20/exit-door-closed/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15457490-Exit-Door-Closed-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

hereinmyhead - This is absolutely beautiful...I love this poem so much!

Amazing



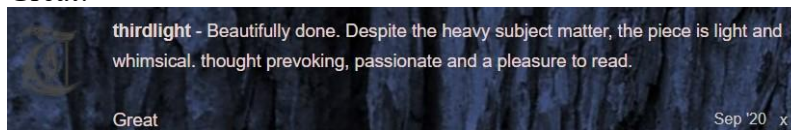
Glory, Believe

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/21/glory-believe/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15459355-Glory--believe-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

thirdlight - Beautifully done. Despite the heavy subject matter, the piece is light and whimsical. thought provoking, passionate and a pleasure to read.

Great!



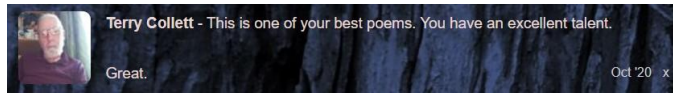
Centre-Faith (while dreams swirl all-around)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/24/centre-faith-while-dreams-swirl-all-around/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15465121-Centre-Faith--while-dreams-swirl-all-around-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - This is one of your best poems. You have an excellent talent.

Great.



Sand

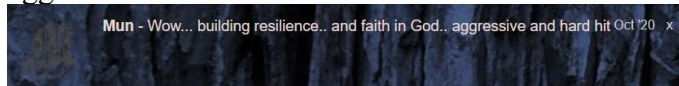
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/25/sand/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15466972-Sand-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15466972-Sand-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

Mun - Wow... building resilience.. and faith in God..

aggressive and hard hit



Because of course

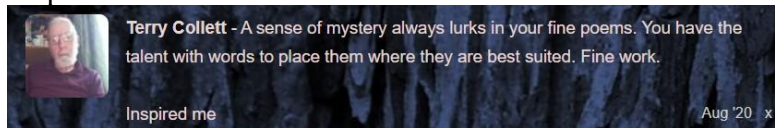
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/21/because-of-course-2/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15364794-Because-of-course-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15364794-Because-of-course-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

by-AllisonGrayhurst

Terry Collett - A sense of mystery always lurks in your fine poems. You have the talent with words to place them where they are best suited. Fine work.

Inspired me



Wind – Marrow – Bone

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/02/wind-marrow-bone/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15416680-Wind---Marrow---](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15416680-Wind---Marrow---Bone-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

Bone-by-AllisonGrayhurst

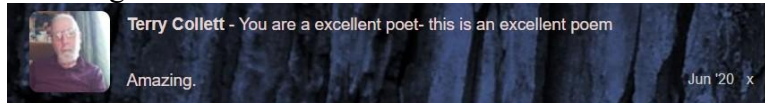
jslamb - Extraordinary.



We sorrowed far when the sky tore,

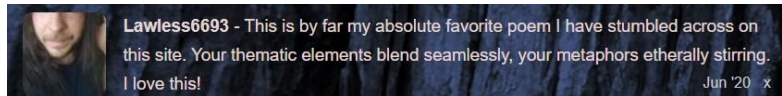
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/09/we-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15052200-We-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Terry Collett - You are a excellent poet- this is an excellent poem
Amazing



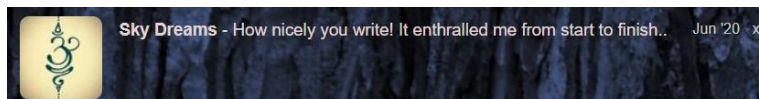
No Stone No God

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/11/13/no-stone-no-god/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15234433-No-Stone-----No-God-by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Lawless6693 - This is by far my absolute favorite poem I have stumbled across on this site. Your thematic elements blend seamlessly, your metaphors ethereally stirring. I love this!



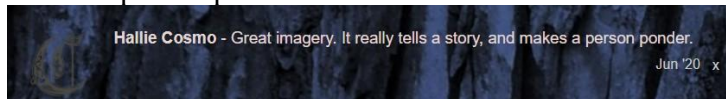
As We Walk

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/06/as-we-walk-3/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15236746-As-We-Walk-by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Sky Dreams - How nicely you write! It enthralled me from start to finish.



Currents

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/08/currents/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15260566-Currents-by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Hallie Cosmo - Great imagery. It really tells a story, and makes a person ponder.

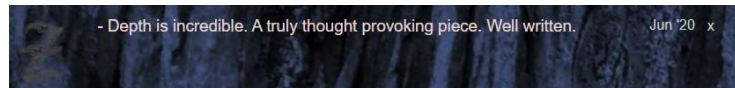


Say good, say goodbye

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/11/02/say-good-say-goodbye/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15264706-Say-good--say-goodbye-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Z - Depth is incredible. A truly thought provoking piece. Well written.

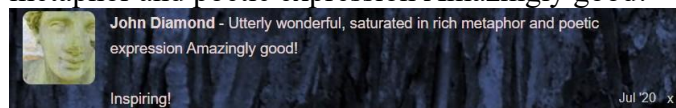


Sanctum

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/05/sanctum/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15292224-Sanctum-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

John Diamond - Utterly wonderful, saturated in rich metaphor and poetic expression Amazingly good!

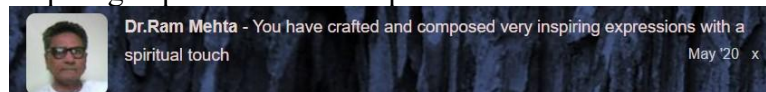


I will make my way across the water

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/02/28/i-will-make-my-way-across-the-water/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15174922-I-will-make-my-way-across-the-water-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Dr.Ram Mehta - You have crafted and composed very inspiring expressions with a spiritual touch



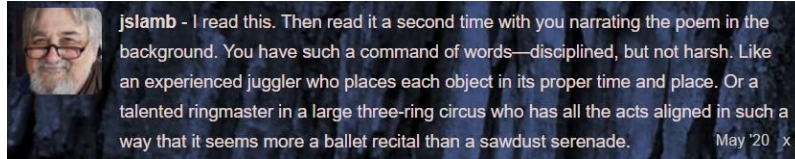
I will make my way across the water

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/02/28/i-will-make-my-way-across-the-water/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15174922-I-will-make-my-way-across-the-water-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

jslamb - I read this. Then read it a second time with you narrating the poem in the background. You have such a command of words—disciplined, but not harsh. Like an

experienced juggler who places each object in its proper time and place. Or a talented ringmaster in a large three-ring circus who has all the acts aligned in such a way that it seems more a ballet recital than a sawdust serenade.

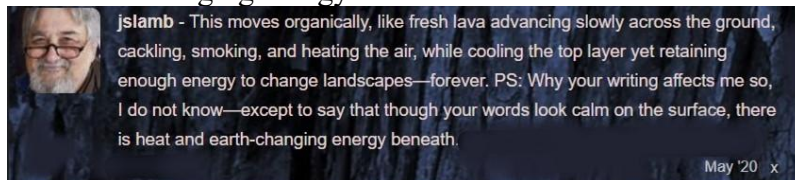


Within Reach

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/07/within-reach/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15195479-Within-Reach-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

js lamb - This moves organically, like fresh lava advancing slowly across the ground, cackling, smoking, and heating the air, while cooling the top layer yet retaining enough energy to change landscapes—forever. PS: Why your writing affects me so, I do not know—except to say that though your words look calm on the surface, there is heat and earth-changing energy beneath.

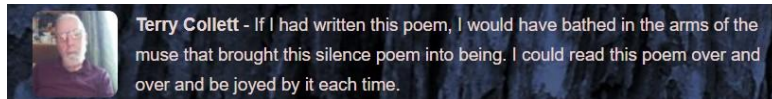


Within Reach

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/07/within-reach/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15195479-Within-Reach-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - If I had written this poem, I would have bathed in the arms of the muse that brought this poem into being. I could read this poem over and over and be joyed by it each time.

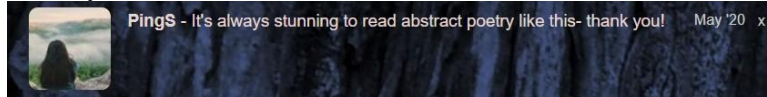


Kill the Poet

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/17/kill-the-poet/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15204910-Kill-the-Poet-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

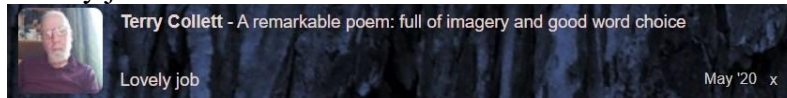
PingS - It's always stunning to read abstract poetry like this- thank you!



Kill the Poet

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/17/kill-the-poet/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15204910-Kill-the-Poet-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

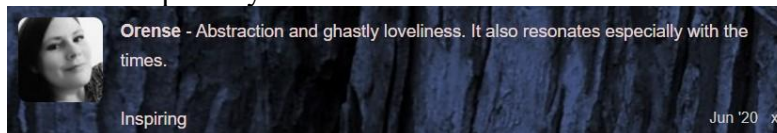
Terry Collett - A remarkable poem: full of imagery and good word choice
Lovely job



Kill the Poet

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/17/kill-the-poet/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15204910-Kill-the-Poet-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

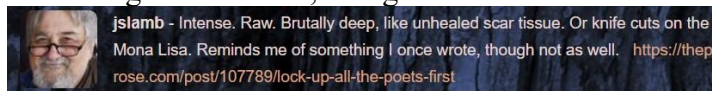
Orense - Abstraction and ghastly loveliness. It also resonates especially with the times.



Kill the Poet

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/17/kill-the-poet/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15204910-Kill-the-Poet-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

jslamb - Intense. Raw. Brutally deep, like unhealed scar tissue. Or knife cuts on the Mona Lisa. Reminds me of something I once wrote, though not as well.

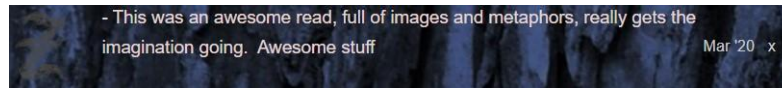


Where are you? I've been calling

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/17/where-are-you-ive-been-calling-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15052162-Where-are-you--I-ve-been-calling-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Z- This was an awesome read, full of images and metaphors, really gets the imagination going. Awesome stuff

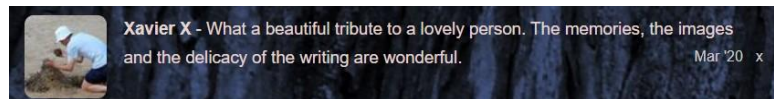


Dad (an eulogy)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/22/dad-an-eulogy/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15058297-Dad--an-eulogy--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Xavier X - What a beautiful tribute to a lovely person. The memories, the images and the delicacy of the writing are wonderful.

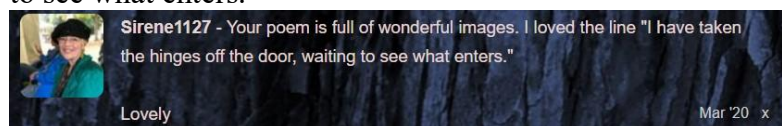


Traces

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/23/traces/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15060495-Traces-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Sirene1127 - Your poem is full of wonderful images. I loved the line "I have taken the hinges off the door, waiting to see what enters."

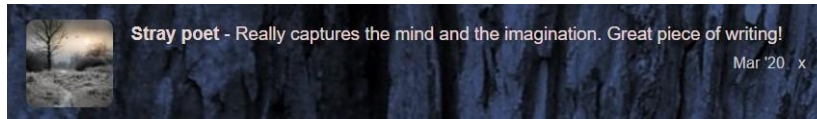


Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2019/08/01/illusions-burned-radiant-light-restored/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15064805-Illusions-Burned--Radiant-Light-Restored-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Stray poet - Really captures the mind and the imagination. Great piece of writing!

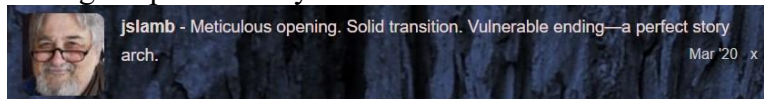


Crossroads

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/05/crossroads/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15022508-Crossroads-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

jslamb - Meticulous opening. Solid transition. Vulnerable ending—a perfect story arch.

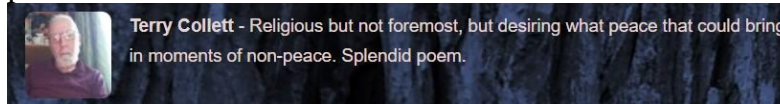


In My Corner

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/12/in-my-corner/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15024932-In-My-Corner-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - Religious but not foremost, but desiring what peace that could bring in moments of non-peace. Splendid poem.

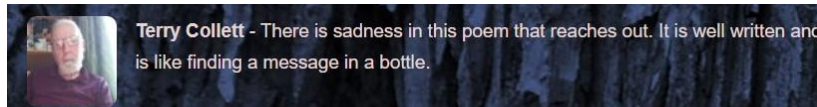


One Wing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/06/on-wing/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15024942-One-Wing-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - There is sadness in this poem that reaches out. It is well written and is like finding a message in a bottle.

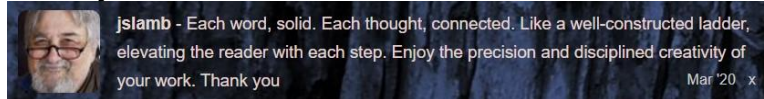


new poem – not a poem

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/06/06/new-poem-not-a-poem-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15031308-new-poem---not-a-poem-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

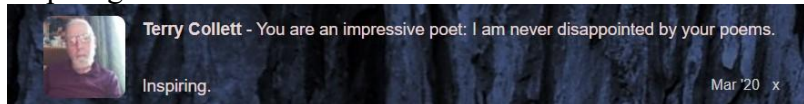
jslamb - Each word, solid. Each thought, connected. Like a well-constructed ladder, elevating the reader with each step. Enjoy the precision and disciplined creativity of your work. Thank you



Lines

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/15/lines/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15031303-Lines-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

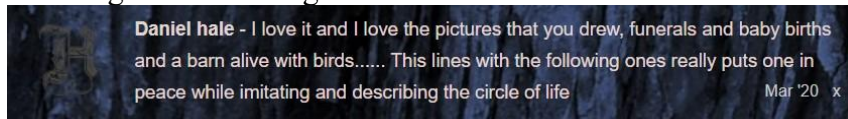
Terry Collett - You are an impressive poet: I am never disappointed by your poems. Inspiring.



The Flood

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/26/the-flood-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15034799-The-Flood-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

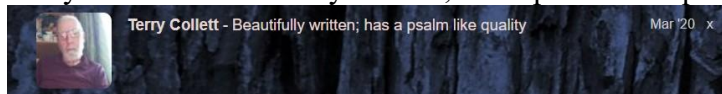
Daniel hale - I love it and I love the pictures that you drew, funerals and baby births and a barn alive with birds..... This lines with the following ones really puts one in peace while imitating and describing the circle of life



The Flood

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/26/the-flood-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15034799-The-Flood-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - Beautifully written; has a psalm like quality

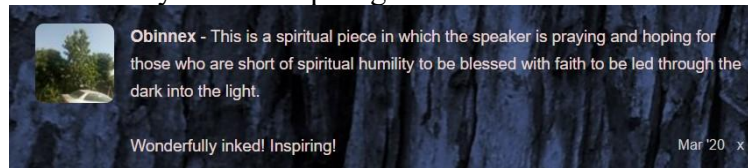


Bless The Fallen

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/11/bless-the-fallen/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15040341-Bless-The-Fallen-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Obinnex - This is a spiritual piece in which the speaker is praying and hoping for those who are short of spiritual humility to be blessed with faith to be led through the dark into the light.

Wonderfully inked! Inspiring!

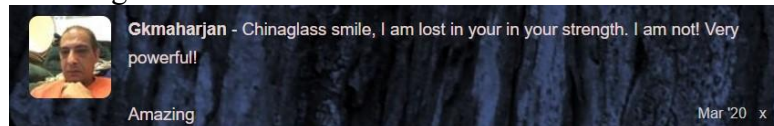


Chinaglass Smile

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/06/15/chinaglass-smile/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15010457-Chinaglass-Smile-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Gkmaharjan - Chinaglass smile, I am lost in your strength. I am not! Very powerful!

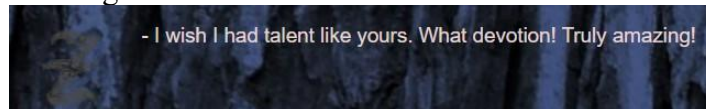
Amazing



Before You

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/06/02/before-you/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15010469-Before-you-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Z - I wish I had talent like yours. What devotion! Truly amazing!

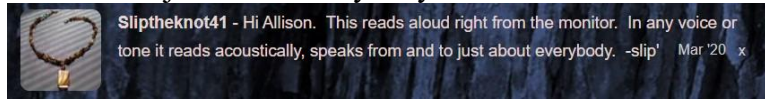


Lament

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/10/lament/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15010481-Lament-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

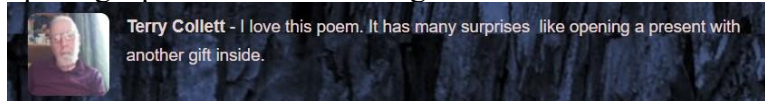
Sliptheknot41 - Hi Allison. This reads aloud right from the monitor. In any voice or tone it reads acoustically, speaks from and to just about everybody.



Lament

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/10/lament/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15010481-Lament-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

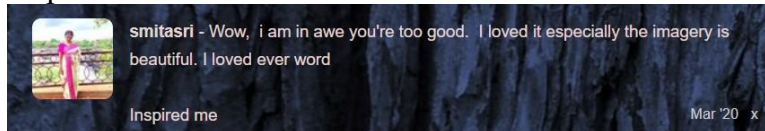
Terry Collett - I love this poem. It has many surprises like opening a present with another gift inside.



Sanguine

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/10/sanguine/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15013189-Sanguine-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

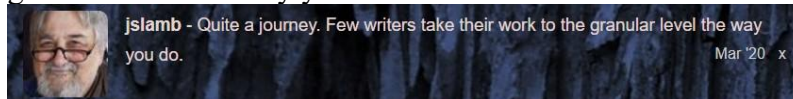
smitasri - Wow, I am in awe you're too good. I loved it especially the imagery is beautiful. I loved ever word Inspired me



Tunnels

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/01/31/tunnels/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15015044-Tunnels-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

jslamb - Quite a journey. Few writers take their work to the granular level the way you do.

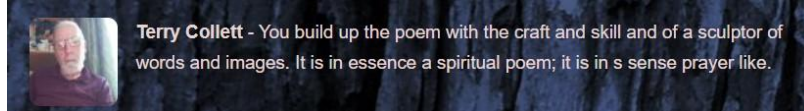


Everything Happens

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/28/everything-happens-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15018803-Everything-Happens-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - You build up the poem with the craft and skill and of a sculptor of words and images. It is in essence a spiritual poem; it is in a sense prayer like.

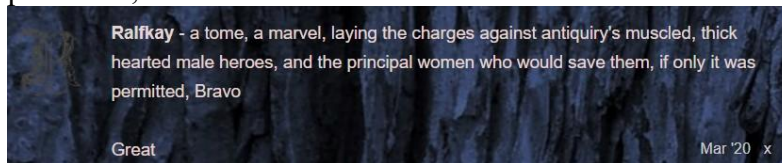


No Gods, no Heroes, only women and Hector

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/02/09/no-gods-no-heroes-only-women-and-hector/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15021661-No-Gods--no-Heroes---only-women-and-Hector-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Ralfkay - a tome, a marvel, laying the charges against antiquity's muscled, thick hearted male heroes, and the principal women who would save them, if only it was permitted, Bravo

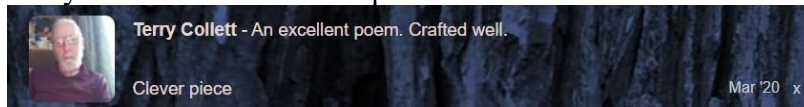


No Gods, no Heroes, only women and Hector

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/02/09/no-gods-no-heroes-only-women-and-hector/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15021661-No-Gods--no-Heroes---only-women-and-Hector-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - An excellent poem. Crafted well.

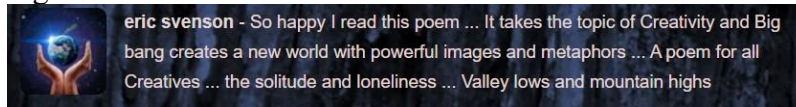


Creativity

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/09/creativity/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15022491-Creativity-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

eric svenson - So happy I read this poem ... It takes the topic of Creativity and Big bang creates a new world with powerful images and metaphors ... A poem for all Creatives ... the solitude and loneliness ... Valley lows and mountain highs

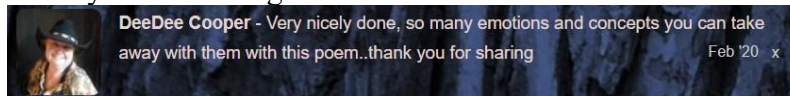


Flies

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/12/flies-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14990174-Flies-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

DeeDee Cooper - Very nicely done, so many emotions and concepts you can take away with them with this poem.. thank you for sharing

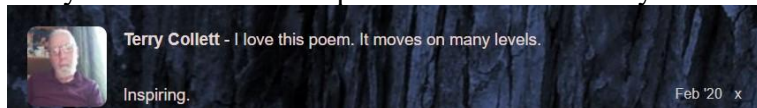


Wax Museum

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/24/wax-museum-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15001099-Wax-Museum-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - I love this poem. It moves on many levels.

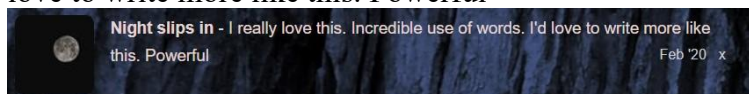


When Air-Borne Beings Fall

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/28/when-air-borne-beings-fall-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15003951-When-Air-borne-Beings-Fall-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Night slips in - I really love this. Incredible use of words. I'd love to write more like this. Powerful

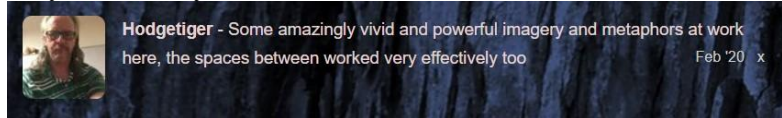


To Wait Without Drowning

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/27/to-wait-without-drowning/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15005829-To-Wait-Without-Drowning-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Hodgetiger - Some amazingly vivid and powerful imagery and metaphors at work here, the spaces between worked very effectively too

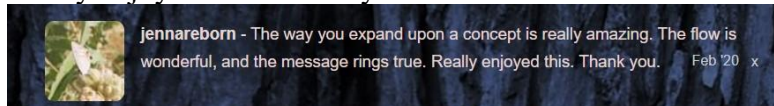


Seamless

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/24/seamless/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14991479-Seamless-----by-AllisonGrayhurst>

jennareborn - The way you expand upon a concept is really amazing. The flow is wonderful, and the message rings true. Really enjoyed this. Thank you.

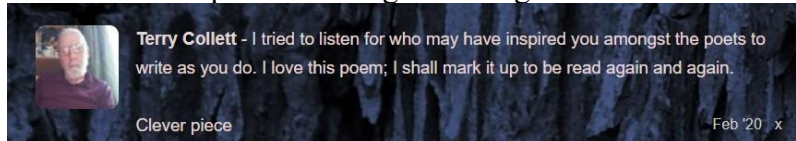


Seamless

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/24/seamless/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14991479-Seamless-----by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - I tried to listen for who may have inspired you amongst the poets to write as you do. I love this poem; I shall mark it up to be read again and again.

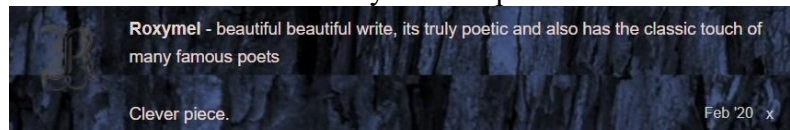


Transfigured

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/22/transfigured/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14993351-Transfigured-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Roxymel - beautiful beautiful write, its truly poetic and also has the classic touch of many famous poets

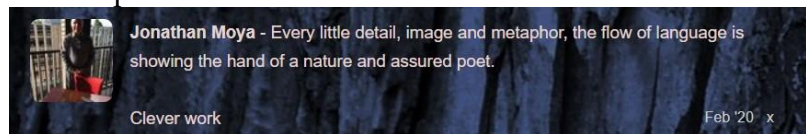


Silence

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/14/silence/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14993434-Silence-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Jonathan Moya - Every little detail, image and metaphor, the flow of language is showing the hand of a natural and assured poet.

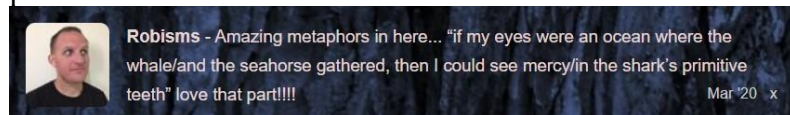


Silence

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/14/silence/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14993434-Silence-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Robisms - Amazing metaphors in here... "if my eyes were an ocean where the whale/and the seahorse gathered, then I could see mercy/in the shark's primitive teeth" love that part!!!!

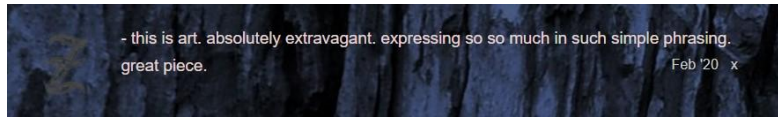


You Were There

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/03/you-were-there-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14993404-You-Were-There-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Z - this is art. absolutely extravagant. expressing so so much in such simple phrasing. great piece.



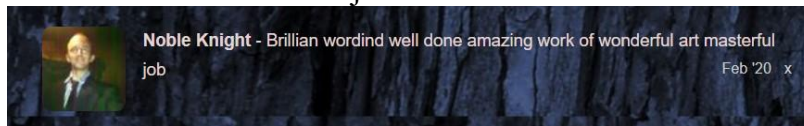
Saltwater Sprint

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/20/saltwater-sprint/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/14994613-Saler-Sprint-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/14994613-Saler-Sprint-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

Noble Knight - Brilliant wording well done amazing work of wonderful art masterful job



The Quenchable Drain Within

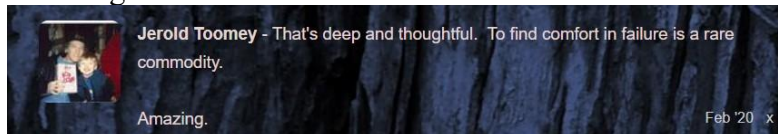
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/07/the-quenchable-drain-within/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/14995247-The-Quenchable-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/14995247-The-Quenchable-Drain-Within-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

Drain-Within-by-AllisonGrayhurst

Jerold Toomey - That's deep and thoughtful. To find comfort in failure is a rare commodity.

Amazing.



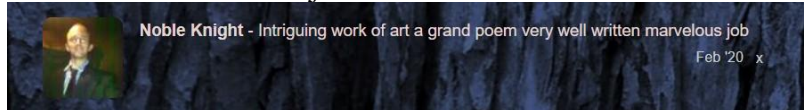
Show of Light

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/04/show-of-light-2/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/14995270-Show-of-Light-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/14995270-Show-of-Light-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

Noble Knight - Intriguing work of art a grand poem very well written marvelous job

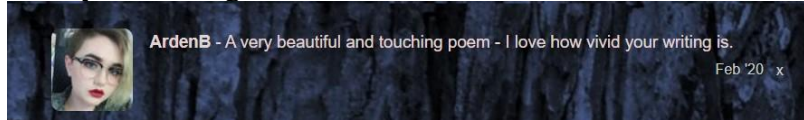


I moved like a moon

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/28/i-moved-like-a-moon/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14987184-I-moved-like-a-moon-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

ArdenB - A very beautiful and touching poem - I love how vivid your writing is.

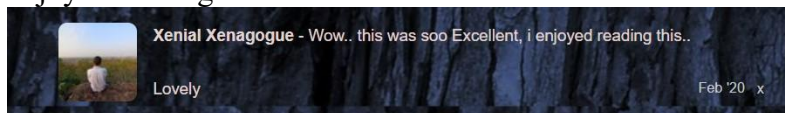


Something found

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/24/something-found-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14987669-Something-found-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Xenial Xenagogue - Wow.. this was soo Excellent, i enjoyed reading this.

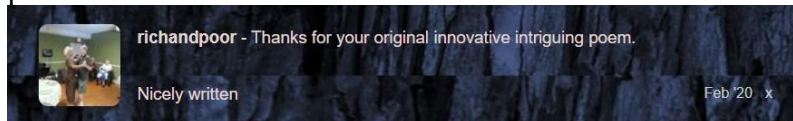


Time like . . .

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/25/time-like/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14987666-Time-like-.-.-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

richandpoor - Thanks for your original innovative intriguing poem.



Dostoyevsky

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/01/dostoyevsky/>

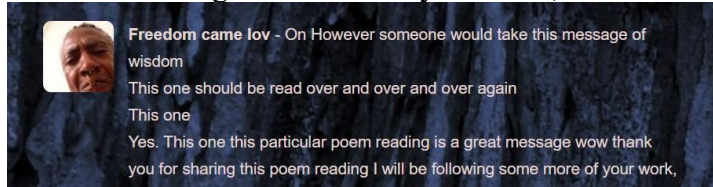
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14987236-Dostoevsky-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Freedom came lov - On However someone would take this message of wisdom

This one should be read over and over and over again

This one

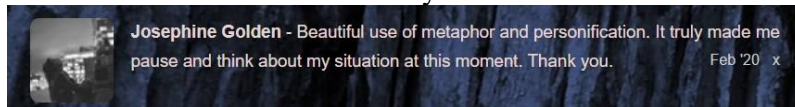
Yes. This one this particular poem reading is a great message wow thank you for sharing this poem reading I will be following some more of your work,



Time does not

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/02/20/time-does-not/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14987686-Time-does-not-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

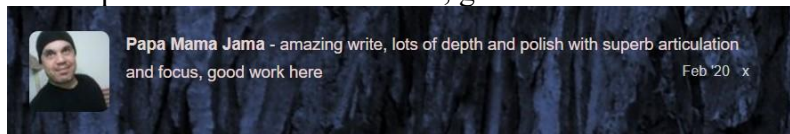
Josephine Golden - Beautiful use of metaphor and personification. It truly made me pause and think about my situation at this moment. Thank you.



Do not define me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/05/poem-published-in-blue-lake-review-do-not-define-me/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14991486-Do-not-define-me-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

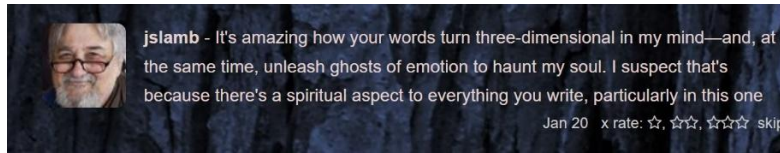
Papa Mama Jama - amazing write, lots of depth and polish with superb articulation and focus, good work here



Walkways

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16957786-Walkways--part-14-of-16--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Jslamb - It's amazing how your words turn three-dimensional in my mind—and, at the same time, unleash ghosts of emotion to haunt my soul. I suspect that's because there's a spiritual aspect to everything you write, particularly in this one



Walkways

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16943677-Walkways--part-6-of-16---by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Bill Schiller - This is gorgeous with turn-of phrase and potent introspection .. quite compelling
Inspired.

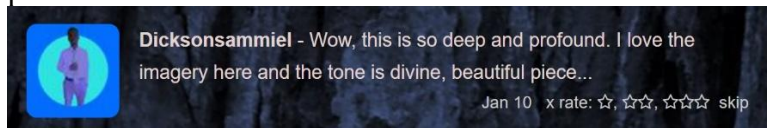


Walkways

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16939939-Walkways--part-4-of-16--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Dicksonsammie - Wow, this is so deep and profound. I love the imagery here and the tone is divine, beautiful piece...

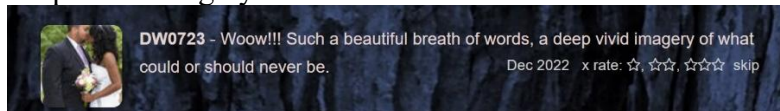


When the last tie is broken

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/23/when-the-last-tie-is-broken/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16915636-When-the-last-tie-is-broken-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

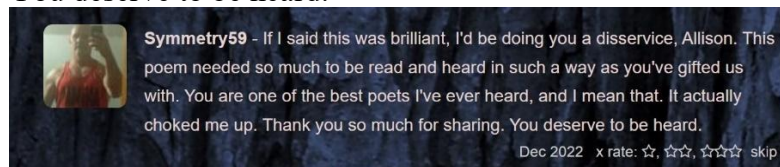
DW0723 - Woow!!! Such a beautiful breath of words, a deep vivid imagery of what could or should never be.



You Were There

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/03/you-were-there-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16911374-You-Were-There-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

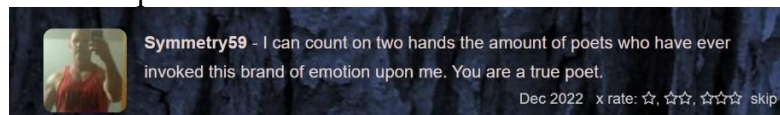
Symmetry59 - If I said this was brilliant, I'd be doing to a disservice, Allison. This poem needed so much to be read and heard in such a way as you've gifted us with. You are one of the best poets I've ever heard, and I mean that. It actually choked me up. Thank you so much for sharing. You deserve to be heard.



Sheaves of Time

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/18/sheaves-of-time-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16909528-Sheaves-of-Time-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

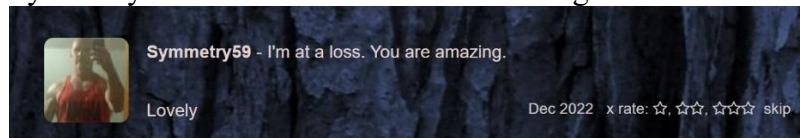
Symmetry59 - I can count on two hands the amount of poets who have ever invoked this brand of emotion upon me. You are a true poet.



A Day For My Own

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/09/22/a-day-for-my-own/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16907800-A-Day-For-My-Own-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Symmetry59 - I'm at a loss. You are amazing.

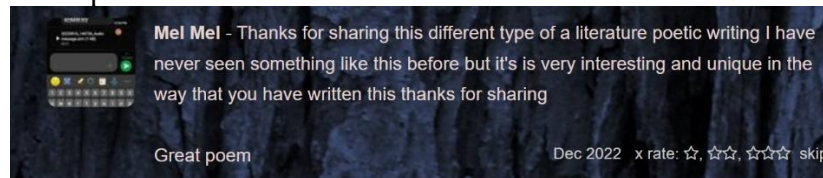


It starts

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/22/it-starts/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16888838-It-starts-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

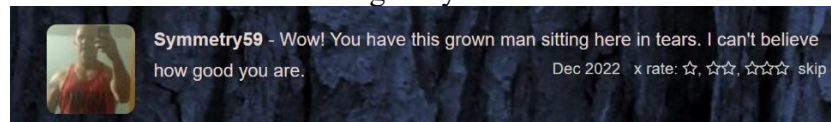
Mel mel - Thanks for sharing this different type of a literature poetic writing I have never seen something like this before but it is very interesting and unique in the way that you have written this thanks for sharing
Great poem



Transfigured

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/04/11/transfigured-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16904538-Transfigured-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

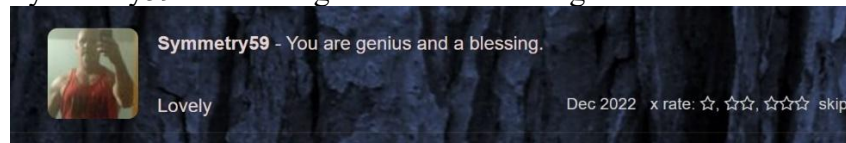
Symmetry59 - Wow! You have this grown man sitting here in tears. I can't believe how good you are.



Through the girdle

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/10/21/through-the-girdle/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16899455-Through-the-girdle-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

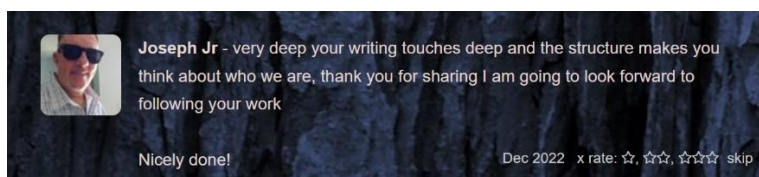
Symmetry59 - You are genius and a blessing.



Why have I died

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/10/why-have-i-died/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16876890-Why-have-I-died-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Graphein - very deep your writing touches deep and the structure makes you think about who we are, thank you for sharing I am going to look forward to following your work

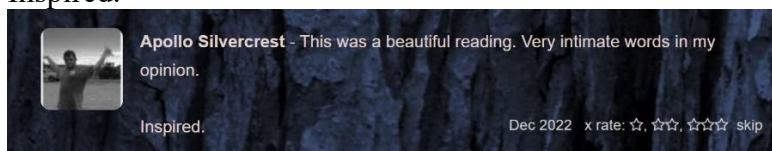


I see differently

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/09/23/i-see-differently/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16875195-I-see-differently-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Illegal Love - This was a beautiful reading. Very intimate words in my opinion.

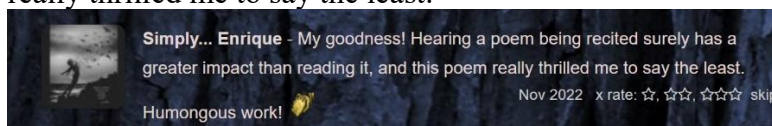
Inspired.



End

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/01/end/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16862112-End-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

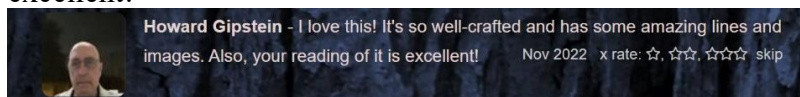
Pisces Man - My goodness! Hearing a poem being recited surely has a greater impact than reading it, and this poem really thrilled me to say the least.



Flies

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/07/24/flies-3/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16858631-Flies-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Howard Gipstein - I love this! It's so well-crafted and has some amazing lines and images. Also, your reading of it is excellent!

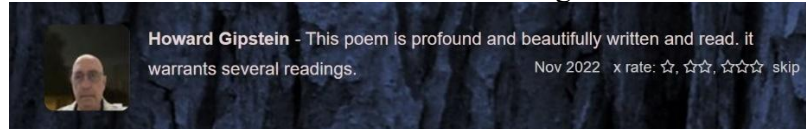


If it is what you want . . .

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/04/22/if-it-is-what-you-want/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/16853467-If-it-is-what-you-want-.-.-.by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Howard Gipstein - This poem is profound and beautifully written and read. it warrants several readings.

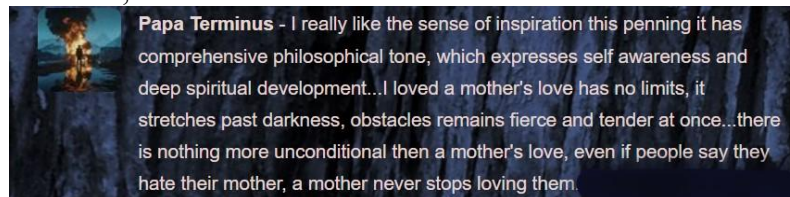


Because,

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/26/because-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15743786-Excerpt-from-poem--Because---by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Papa Terminus - I really like the sense of inspiration this penning it has comprehensive philosophical tone, which expresses self awareness and deep spiritual development...I loved a mother's love has no limits, it stretches past darkness, obstacles remains fierce and tender at once.

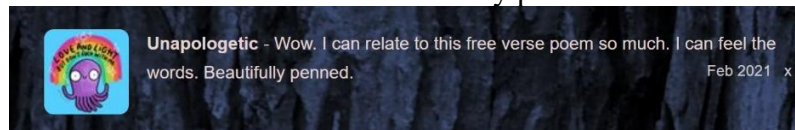


Mid-air

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/10/mid-air/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15737664-Excerpt-from-poem--Mid-air--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Unapologetic - Wow. I can relate to this free verse poem so much. I can feel the words. Beautifully penned.



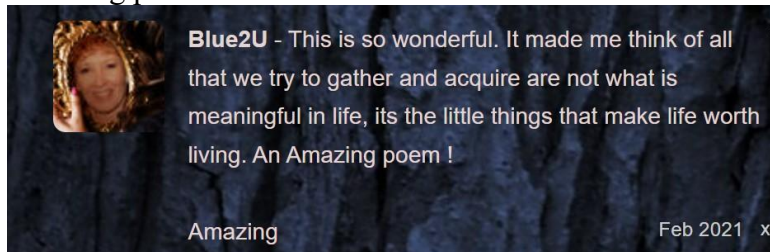
Ambrosia

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/08/15/ambrosia/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15733543-Excerpt-from-poem--Ambrosia--by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Jslamb - Your work is ever the kaleidoscope ... changing, spinning, colorful, creative.



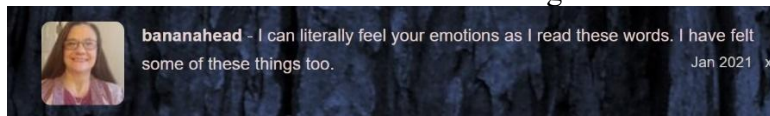
Which Way?

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/15/which-way/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15727440-Excerpt-from-poem--Which-Way---by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Blue2U - This is so wonderful. It made me think of all that we try to gather and acquire are not what is meaningful in life, its the little things that make life worth living. An Amazing poem



Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/01/27/illusions-burned-radiant-light-restored-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15689251-Illusions-Burned--Radiant-Light-Restored-by-AllisonGrayhurst>
Bananahead - I can literally feel your emotions as I read these words. I have felt these words. I have felt some of these things too.

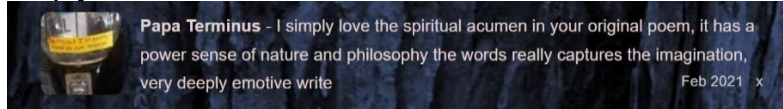


World Away

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/08/world-away/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15729537-Excerpt-from-poem--World-Away--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Papa Terminus - I simply love the spiritual acumen in your original poem, it has a power sense of nature and philosophy the words really captures the imagination, very deeply emotive write

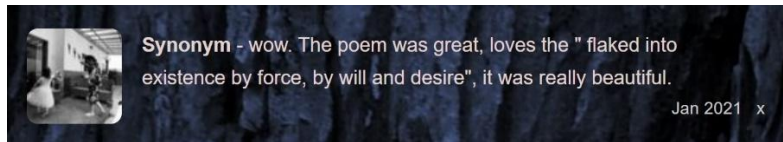


I have been born

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/03/17/i-have-been-born-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15680845-I-have-been-born-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Synonym - wow. The poem was great, loves the " flaked into existence by force, by will and desire", it was really beautiful.

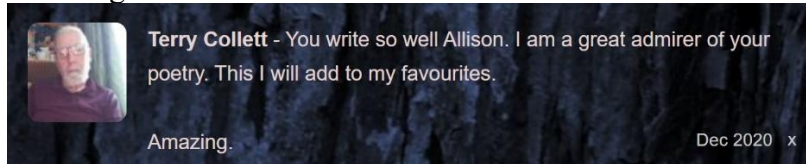


Lumin

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/07/27/lumin/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15622738-Lumin-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - You write so well Allison. I am a great admirer of your poetry. This I will add to my favourites. Amazing.

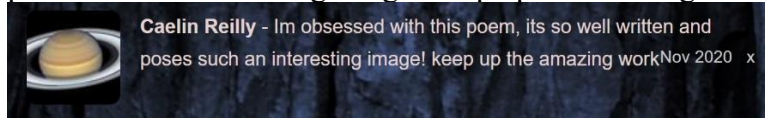


Like A Wave

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/11/like-a-wave/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15567647-Like-A-Wave-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Ebby - I'm obsessed with this poem, its so well written and poses such an interesting image! keep up the amazing work



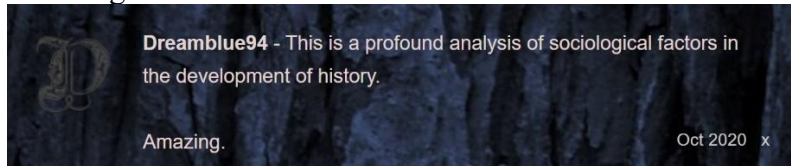
Pythagoras-Ovid Royalty

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/10/11/pythagoras-ovid-royalty/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15492108-Pythagoras-Ovid-Royalty-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Dreamblue94 - This is a profound analysis of sociological factors in the development of history.

Amazing.



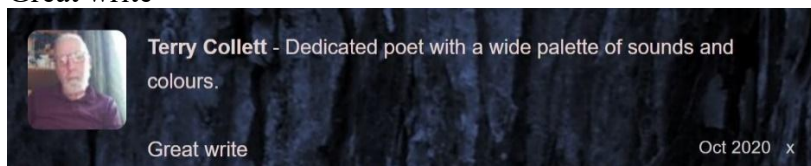
Breastplate

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/10/09/breastplate/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15488216-Breastplate-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - Dedicated poet with a wide palette of sounds and colours.

Great write



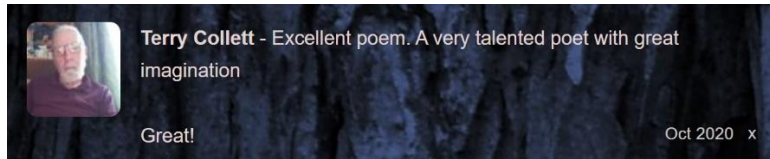
Simple

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/10/01/simple/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15474700-Simple-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - Excellent poem. A very talented poet with great imagination

Great!



Because,

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/26/because-2/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15468814-Because--by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15468814-Because--by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

Manpreet - This is absolutely beautiful, so poignant, so charming, soft and calming. "The ditch is now a road" – there is evident and pure faith in this poem which reflects beauty and expressed by a very talented hand and heart. Well done!

Amazing



A Dream Suspended

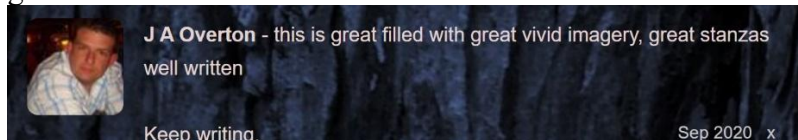
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/23/a-dream-suspended/>

[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15463367-A-Dream-Suspended-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15463367-A-Dream-Suspended-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

J A Overton - this is great filled with great vivid imagery,

great stanzas well written



The bells

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/05/the-bells/>

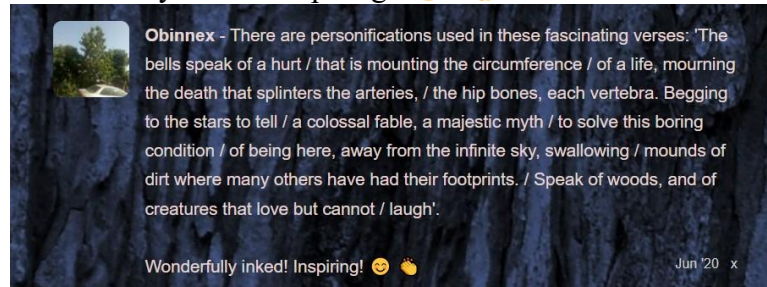
[https://allpoetry.com/poem/15225143-The-bells-by-](https://allpoetry.com/poem/15225143-The-bells-by-AllisonGrayhurst)

AllisonGrayhurst

Obinnex -There are personifications used in these fascinating verses: 'The bells speak of a hurt / that is

mounting the circumference / of a life, mourning the death
that splinters the arteries, / the hip bones, each vertebra.
Begging to the stars to tell / a colossal fable, a majestic
myth / to solve this boring condition / of being here, away
from the infinite sky, swallowing / mounds of dirt where
many others have had their footprints. / Speak of woods,
and of creatures that love but cannot / laugh'.

Wonderfully inked! Inspiring! 😊 🙌

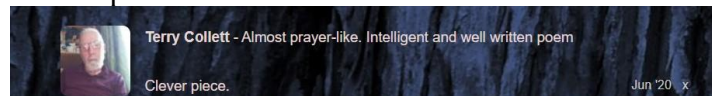


The bells

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/05/the-bells/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15225143-The-bells-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - Almost prayer-like. Intelligent and well written poem

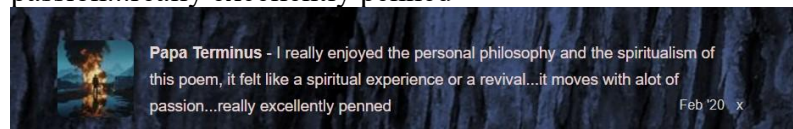


The bells

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/05/the-bells/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14985212-The-bells-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

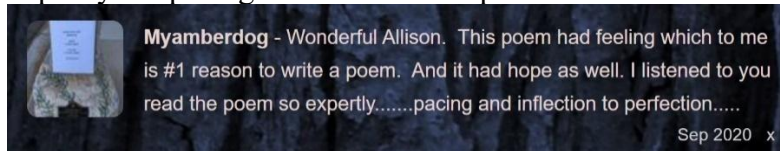
Papa Terminus - I really enjoyed the personal philosophy and the spiritualism of this poem, it felt like a spiritual experience or a revival...it moves with a lot of passion...really excellently penned



Wings

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/07/wings/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15429110-Wings-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

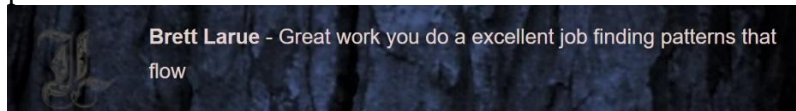
Myamberdog - Wonderful Allison. This poem had feeling which to me is #1 reason to write a poem. And it had hope as well. I listened to you read the poem so expertly.....pacing and inflection to perfection.....



Bird

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/05/bird/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15424927-Bird-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

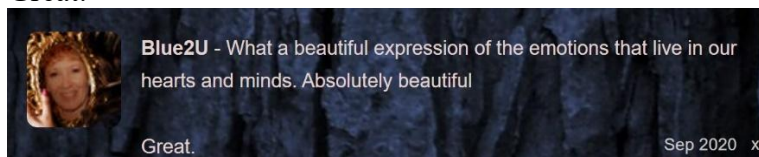
Brett Larue - Great work you do a excellent job finding patterns that flow



Times

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/09/04/times/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15422796-Times-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

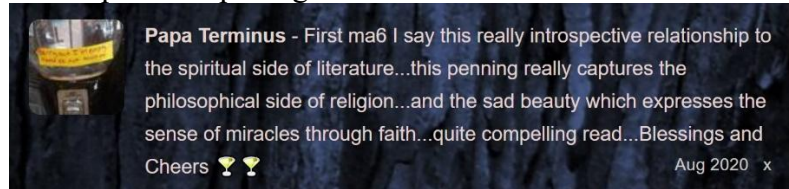
Blue2U - What a beautiful expression of the emotions that live in our hearts and minds. Absolutely beautiful Great.



Mercy without Miracles and Miracles without Mercy

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2020/08/31/mercy-without-miracles-and-miracles-without-mercy/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15402153-Mercy-without-Miracles-and-Miracles-without-Mercy-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

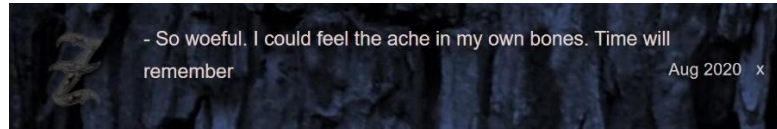
Papa Terminus - First may I say this really introspective relationship to the spiritual side of literature...this penning really captures the philosophical side of religion...and the sad beauty which expresses the sense of miracles through faith...quite compelling read...



It is not

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/25/it-is-not/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15354810-It-is-not-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

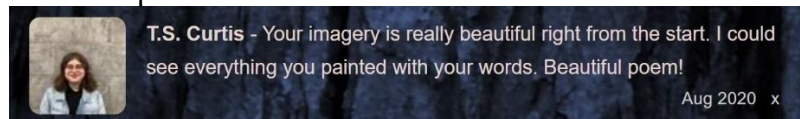
Valar Dohaeris - So woeful. I could feel the ache in my own bones. Time will remember



better

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/12/better/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15350874-better-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

T.S. Curtis - Your imagery is really beautiful right from the start. I could see everything you painted with your words. Beautiful poem!

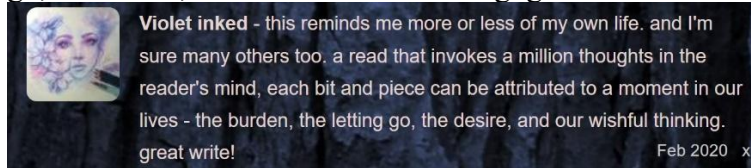


better

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/12/better/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14974253-better-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Violet inked - this reminds me more or less of my own life. and I'm sure many others too. a read that invokes a million thoughts in the reader's mind, each bit and piece can be

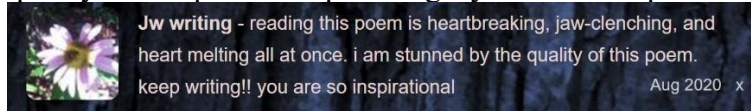
attributed to a moment in our lives - the burden, the letting go, the desire, and our wishful thinking. great write!



Only for a time

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/11/only-for-a-time/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15346646-Only-for-a-time-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

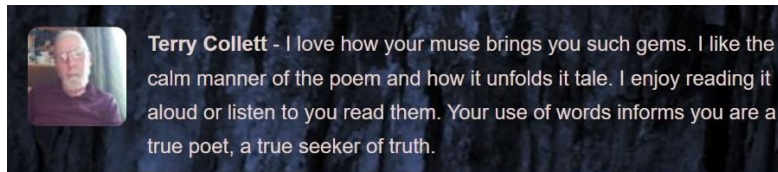
Jw writing - reading this poem is heartbreaking, jaw-clenching, and heart melting all at once. i am stunned by the quality of this poem. keep writing!! you are so inspirational



Because I love you

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/09/because-i-love-you/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15296538-Because-I-love-you-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

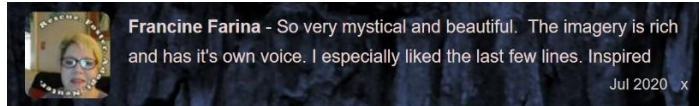
Terry Collett - I love how your muse brings you such gems. I like the calm manner of the poem and how it unfolds its tale. I enjoy reading it aloud or listening to you read them. Your use of words informs you are a true poet, a true seeker of truth.



The Ride

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/10/poem-published-in-full-of-crow/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15281796-The-Ride-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

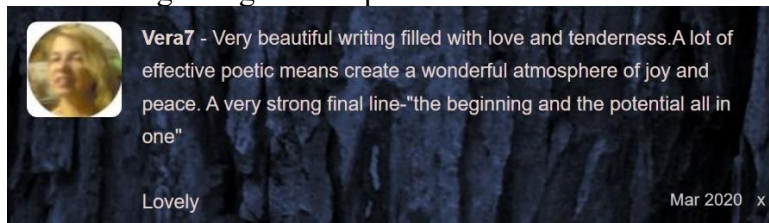
Francine Farina - So very mystical and beautiful. The imagery is rich and has its own voice. I especially liked the last few lines.



An Infant

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/30/an-infant/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15052178-An-Infant-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

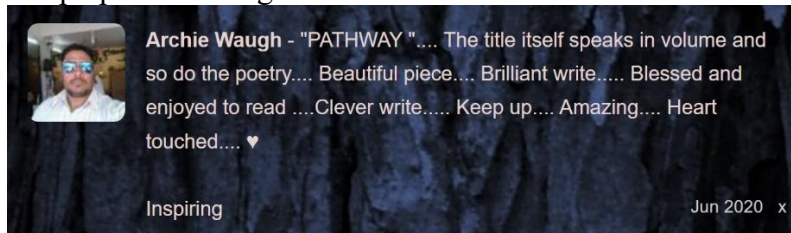
Vera7 - Very beautiful writing filled with love and tenderness. A lot of effective poetic means create a wonderful atmosphere of joy and peace. A very strong final line-"the beginning and the potential all in one"



Pathway

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/06/pathway/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15251982-Pathway-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Archie Waugh - "PATHWAY ".... The title itself speaks in volume and so do the poetry.... Beautiful piece.... Brilliant write..... Blessed and enjoyed to readClever write..... Keep up.... Amazing.... Heart touched.... ♥

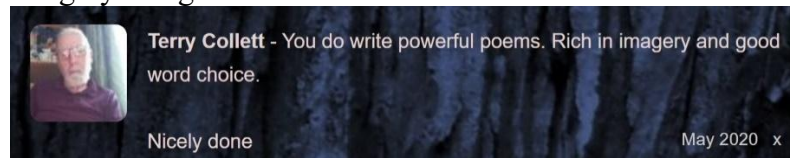


I moved like a moon

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/28/i-moved-like-a-moon/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15147629-I-moved-like-a-moon-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collet - You do write powerful poems. Rich in imagery and good word choice.

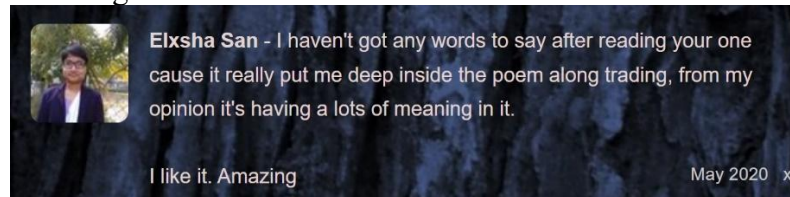


I moved like a moon

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/28/i-moved-like-a-moon/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15147629-I-moved-like-a-moon-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Elxsha San - I haven't got any words to say after reading your one cause it really put me deep inside the poem along trading, from my opinion it's having a lots of meaning in it. Amazing



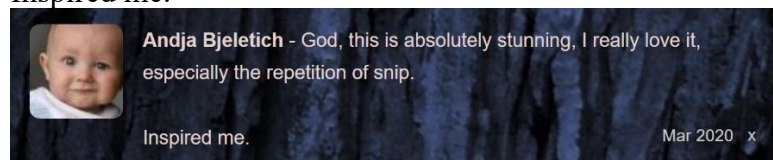
A Journey in Four Parts

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/12/24/a-journey-in-four-parts/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15064721-A-Journey-in-Four-Parts-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Andja Bjeletich - God, this is absolutely stunning, I really love it, especially the repetition of snip.

Inspired me.

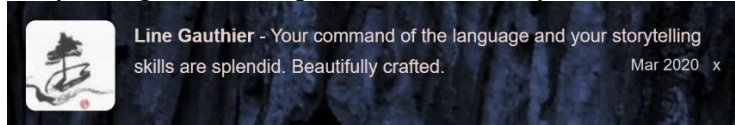


It's been months

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/06/its-been-months/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15052210-It-s-been-months-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Line Gauthier - Your command of the language and your storytelling skills are splendid. Beautifully crafted.

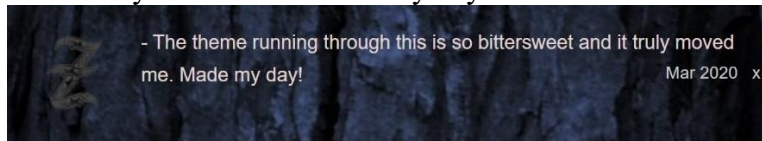


We sorrowed far when the sky tore

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/09/we-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15052200-We-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Adareia - The theme running through this is so bittersweet and it truly moved me. Made my day!

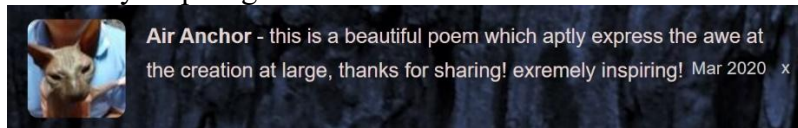


All one child

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/07/20/all-one-child/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15050231-All-one-child-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Air Anchor - this is a beautiful poem which aptly express the awe at the creation at large, thanks for sharing! extremely inspiring!

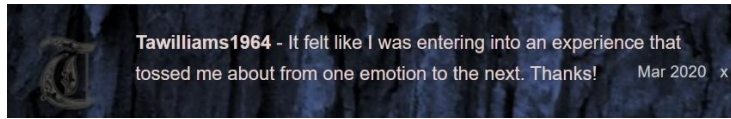


The Stain

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/26/the-stain/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15040335-The-Stain-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Tawilliams1964 - It felt like I was entering into an experience that tossed me about from one emotion to the next. Thanks!

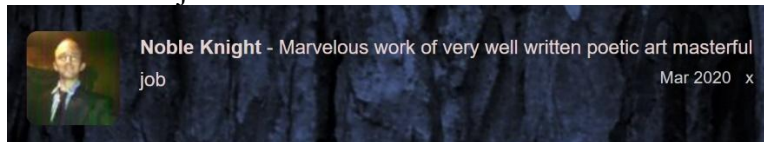


Blind Spot

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/13/blind-spot/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15034784-Blind-Spot-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Noble Knight - Marvelous work of very well written poetic art masterful job

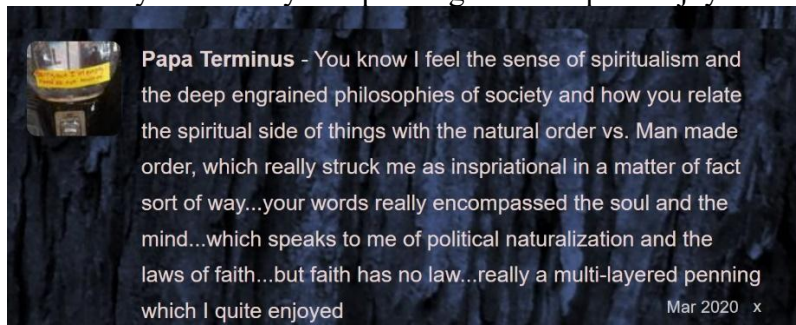


Everything Happens

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/28/everything-happens-2/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15018803-Everything-Happens-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Papa Terminus - You know I feel the sense of spiritualism and the deep engrained philosophies of society and how you relate the spiritual side of things with the natural order vs. Man made order, which really struck me as inspirational in a matter of fact sort of way...your words really encompassed the soul and the mind...which speaks to me of political naturalization and the laws of faith...but faith has no law...really a multi-layered penning which I quite enjoyed

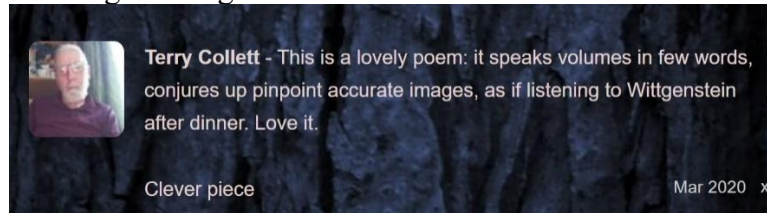


Almost to the Other Side

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/21/almost-to-the-other-side/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15016837-Almost-to-the-Other-Side-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Terry Collett - This is a lovely poem: it speaks volumes in few words, conjures up pinpoint accurate images, as if listening to Wittgenstein after dinner. Love it.

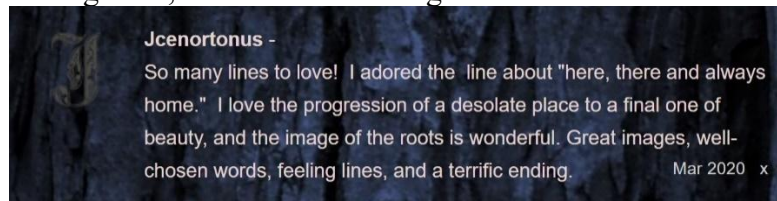


Love is our master

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/02/24/love-is-our-master/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15009391-Love-is-our-master-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Jcenortonus - So many lines to love! I adored the line about "here, there and always home." I love the progression of a desolate place to a final one of beauty, and the image of the roots is wonderful. Great images, well-chosen words, feeling lines, and a terrific ending.

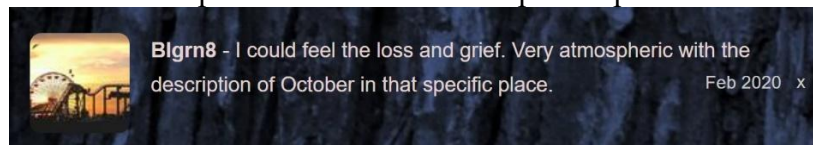


Miles Without Grace

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/13/miles-without-grace/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/15005814-Miles-Without-Grace-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

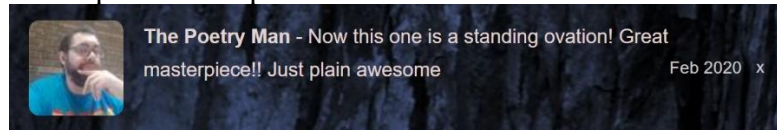
Blgrn8 - I could feel the loss and grief. Very atmospheric with the description of October in that specific place.



Thieves Of Muse

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/16/thieves-of-muse/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14995374-Thieves-Of-Muse--by-AllisonGrayhurst>

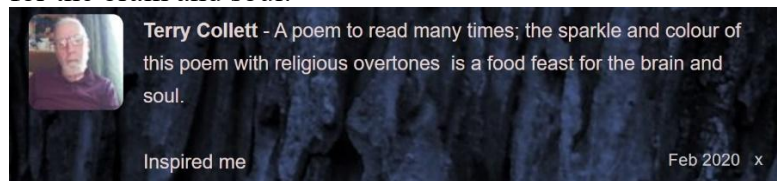
The Poetry Man - Now this one is a standing ovation! Great masterpiece!! Just plain awesome



Quagmire

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/26/quagmire-2/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14991512-Quagmire-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

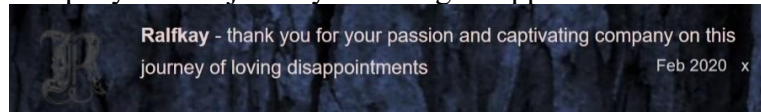
Terry Collett - A poem to read many times; the sparkle and colour of this poem with religious overtones is a food feast for the brain and soul.



Vow

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/23/vow/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14989141-Vow-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

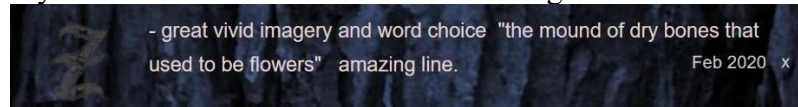
Ralfkay - thank you for your passion and captivating company on this journey of loving disappointments



If I knew this haunting

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/05/24/if-i-knew-this-haunting/>
<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14982276-If-I-knew-this-haunting-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

rune - great vivid imagery and word choice "the mound of dry bones that used to be flowers" amazing line.

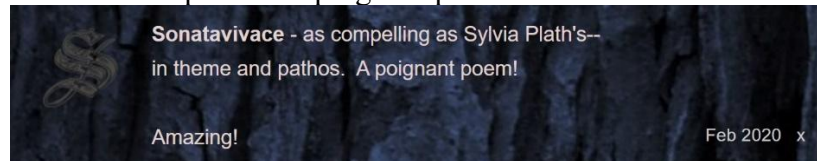


You Are

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/27/poem-published-in-the-blue-hour/>

<https://allpoetry.com/poem/14978388-You-Are-by-AllisonGrayhurst>

Sonata vivace - as compelling as Sylvia Plath's-- in theme and pathos. A poignant poem!



**Comments made on poems shared on
The poetry of Allison Grayhurst website
www.allisongrayhurst.com**

Sculptures

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sculptures-by-allison-grayhurst/>

LOVE your SCULPTURES!

The fact that they are down the side of the page of the poetic words - so PRESENT with their "inarticulate" sensuality - the primal direct message. They are so BEAUTIFUL and POIGNANT - filled with Feeling.

And they are photographed very well - ! The photos really allow them to come through.

Allison's Poetry, Life, Love and Sculpture's grace our lives with their passionate, heart-felt literary and artistic offering!

I love the choice of one of her sculptures she chose for this cover! (If I Get There – Poems of Faith and Doubt, a collection)

Her sculpture are heartfelt, haunting, beauty, sensual – wow, thank you!

Taylor Jane Green



Taylor Jane Green says:

July 31, 2011 at 1:42 am Edit

Heartfelt, haunting, beauty, sensual – wow, thank you!

Sculptures

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sculptures-by-allison-grayhurst/>

saw your books in person, held them in my hands, opened them and read at random. They are so, so lovely. I loved the covers with the photos of your sculpture – all people, mostly faces. They were presented as they are – with no intention to manipulate, just straight-up, fresh-faced for all to see. like children are, so very dear and unaffected, your sculptures are beautiful. Just like the writings, full of consideration, questions, and trust (nakedness, whatever one wants to call it...there is great strength in vulnerability).

Thank you.

Just keep doing what you do.

Jordan.

Oh – I forgot to say one thing...I just took another look at the sculptures and there is “someone home” inside of each one, there is someone alive in there, inside of all of them.

Beautiful. Don’t change, stay pure.

Jordan.



jordan maclachlan says:

October 4, 2012 at 9:59 pm Edit

I saw your books in person, held them in my hands, opened them and read at random. They are so, so lovely. I loved the covers with the photos of your sculpture – all people, mostly faces. They were presented as they are – with no intention to manipulate, just straight-up, fresh-faced for all to see. like children are, so very dear and unaffected, your sculptures are beautiful. Just like the writings, full of consideration, questions, and trust (nakedness, whatever one wants to call it... there is great strength in vulnerability).

Thank you.

Just keep doing what you do.

Jordan.



jordan maclachlan says:

October 4, 2012 at 10:21 pm Edit

Oh – I forgot to say one thing...I just took another look at the sculptures and there is "someone home" inside of each one, there is someone alive in there, inside of all of them.

Beautiful. Don't change, stay pure.

Jordan.

Sculptures

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/02/sculptures/>

It is an incredible collection of Art, glad to see a post of them.

Bruce



Bruce Ruston says:

February 3, 2014 at 4:56 am Edit

It is an incredible collection of Art, glad to see a post of them.

Jumana

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/19/jumana/>

Part 1 – Intensely alive! Intense sharing! Honouring our own 'quiet desperation' journey (as Thoreau called it) – so incredibly articulated and laid out here; and as always, ending in jubilant revelation and resolution.

“Like a slap on the ocean’s ground, it came, rippling a great tide. The twisted face of misery lost its value. It was a miracle . . . to actually be plagued by nothing. There was no struggle, only sight. Only love. The seams of existence cracked, and along with them, the skeleton’s life I held and named from vast experience. I was alone, without potential, without hesitation. The panic of the heart, the scream of inner deficiency, all of that, past.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 28, 2014 at 9:02 am Edit

Part 1 – Intensely alive! Intense sharing! Honouring our own ‘quiet desperation’ journey (as Thoreau called it) – so incredibly articulated and laid out here; and as always, ending in jubilant revelation and resolution.

“Like a slap on the ocean’s ground, it came, rippling a great tide. The twisted face of misery lost its value. It was a miracle . . . to actually be plagued by nothing. There was no struggle, only sight. Only love. The seams of existence cracked, and along with them, the skeleton’s life I held and named from vast experience. I was alone, without potential, without hesitation. The panic of the heart, the scream of inner deficiency, all of that, past.”

Jumana

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/19/jumana/>

I am on part 3 and will read more of this — your awakening. It is very intense. The humility is very apparent, the willingness to receive, the willingness to be loved and known, loved and fully known...

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

April 23, 2012 at 7:35 pm Edit

I am on part 3 and will read more of this — your awakening. It is very intense. The humility is very apparent, the willingness to receive, the willingness to be loved and known, loved and fully known...

★ Like

Something found

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/24/something-found-2/>

To the marrow of the bone description – one wonders how she makes it through a day with such intensity of observance of the subtleties of life's moments both inner and outer: the fireworks of the earth's outer displays (tree roots, crows, conjoined legs, "windows stubbornly closed") and the human being's inner life ("a relieving smile", "unintended solitude"). Thank you for your witnessing of all the layers, moods and moments – all embraced by your eye and unflinchingly given 'voice'.

"Flowers are small. I can hear trains in the morning
when windows are stubbornly closed,
when I am walking and it is dark,
and the space around fills me with the ache
of unintended solitude."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 27, 2014 at 8:52 am Edit

To the marrow of the bone description – one wonders how she makes it through a day with such intensity of observance of the subtleties of life's moments both inner and outer: the fireworks of the earth's outer displays (tree roots, crows, conjoined legs, "windows stubbornly closed") and the human being's inner life ("a relieving smile", "unintended solitude"). Thank you for your witnessing of all the layers, moods and moments – all embraced by your eye and unflinchingly given 'voice'.

"Flowers are small. I can hear trains in the morning

when windows are stubbornly closed,

when I am walking and it is dark,

and the space around fills me with the ache

of unintended solitude."

Quagmire

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/26/quagmire-2/>

Both sides of life and responses to life articulated in an amazing ability to appreciate and nail the essence of both the cerebral and the sensual.

"We have these telescopes, our catacombs of understanding, but we also have pilgrimage, crust, heartbeat, dying, soccer fields and song."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 26, 2014 at 12:05 pm Edit

Both sides of life and responses to life articulated in an amazing ability to appreciate and nail the essence of both the cerebral and the sensual – Go, Allison Grayhurst!

"We have these telescopes, our catacombs of understanding,
but we also have pilgrimage, crust, heartbeat, dying,
soccer fields and song."

You Were There

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/03/you-were-there-2/>

This poem is like a haunting painting to walk through – like a rain in poetic Paris streets – its aesthetics making it all bloom far beyond its words. Thank you.

"I called to you in mornings,
weak with doubt and faced
by terrible extremes.
I ran to you when in the quiet of my room,
the walls oozed unloving shadows
and my heart could find no connection.
I talked to you in restaurants, in words
I dare never reuse."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 23, 2014 at 9:40 am Edit

This poem is like a haunting painting to walk through – like a rain in poetic Paris streets – its aesthetics making it all bloom far beyond its words. Thank you.

"I called to you in mornings,
weak with doubt and faced
by terrible extremes.
I ran to you when in the quiet of my room,
the walls oozed unloving shadows
and my heart could find no connection.
I talked to you in restaurants, in words
I dare never reuse."

Girl

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/07/girl-2/>

Best description of faith embodied – what a picture – thank you!

“She dances as though she
could not fall. And though they gasp to pity
her poor body against rocks and ridges,
she continues to move like a beautiful sound,
sure of the hand that guides her.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 22, 2014 at 9:43 am Edit

Best description of faith embodied – what a picture – thank you!

“She dances as though she
could not fall. And though they gasp to pity
her poor body against rocks and ridges,
she continues to move like a beautiful sound,
sure of the hand that guides her.”

Seeing Under Seeing Over

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/21/seeing-under-seeing-over-2/>

A true soul moment on an authentic soul journey – finding
the light in the dark through humble acceptance of all that
we are and are not – blind moments, blind corners – the
determination to not abandon self no matter what. Those
moments when I cannot “even see myself.”

“I have no intellectual
confidence – no real fans.
I have only myself, my darling nothingness.
I have the dark shadow on the darker land.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 21, 2014 at 1:15 pm Edit

A true soul moment on an authentic soul journey – finding the light in the dark through humble acceptance of all that we are and are not – blind moments, blind corners – the determination to not abandon self no matter what. Those moments when I cannot “even see myself.”

“I have no intellectual

confidence – no real fans.

I have only myself, my darling nothingness.

I have the dark shadow on the darker land.”

No Hope – For Good

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/08/no-hope-for-good-2/>

Yes! It is so important to LISTEN, instead of HOPE sometimes. Precision of insight into the complexity as usual, Allison Grayhurst!

“But now I see that hope is murder to the seed of this emerging beginning.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 20, 2014 at 6:13 pm Edit

Yes! It is so important to LISTEN, instead of HOPE sometimes. Precision of insight into the complexity as usual, Allison Grayhurst!

“But now I see that hope is murder to the seed

of this emerging beginning.”

No Hope - For Good

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/08/no-hope-for-good-2/>

wow, for me this presents a new angle, supporting a new POV/

Hope as the bad guy, antagonist. Thanx again, friend.

“..never runs alongside something spectacular..” is my favorite/ I liked yr reading, G

namelessneed



namelessneed says:

December 9, 2013 at 6:18 am Edit

wow, for me this presents a new angle, supporting a new POV/
Hope as the bad guy, antagonist. Thanx again, friend.
“..never runs alongside something spectacular..” is my favorite/ I liked yr reading, G

Beyond Instinct or Dreams

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/18/beyond-instinct-or-dreams-2/>

A litany to the wholeness of life – sweeping feeling with
breath-taking moments of nature’s cathedral of existence
and our tininess of fragmented moments of purpose,
blessing, frailty – comfort
“That is why some fear is good, is intimate as love.
And the sky is breathing and the oceans, the seas,
the rivers are breathing. And the beetle and the rooftops too.
Trees sway with the clouds.
The butterfly and guppy are great as mountains.
All chimes of tenderness or tragedy,
seeking its necessary role.
We bear the weight.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 18, 2014 at 11:16 am Edit

A litany to the wholeness of life – sweeping feeling with breath-taking moments of
nature’s cathedral of existence and our tininess of fragmented moments of
purpose, blessing, frailty – comfort
“That is why some fear is good, is intimate as love.
And the sky is breathing and the oceans, the seas,
the rivers are breathing. And the beetle and the rooftops too.
Trees sway with the clouds.
The butterfly and guppy are great as mountains.
All chimes of tenderness or tragedy,
seeking its necessary role.
We bear the weight.”

Beyond Instinct or Dreams

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/18/beyond-instinct-or-dreams-2/>

I really like this poem, Allison. You have such an inspired word choice and inner voice...

Eric



First and Only

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/17/first-and-only-2/>

Breath-taking, heart-felt, strong like wind, tears of joy, meaning, feeling – this poem waters an orchid deep inside me. At a time when pornographic advertising, music videos and the general pornographic imaging matrix we now live in is short circuiting how young people understand the individual self, love and human sexuality – this kind of witnessing and sharing about what is possible in human romantic relationship is critical, needed, hugely important for the sake of the continued existence of truth, hope and possibility related to human sensual and soulful love.

“The first time you sang, I felt
a fiery and surprising happiness.

The first hug we shared on the church steps
as the music played below was like a wave,
strong and soothing
rippling along my back and arms.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 17, 2014 at 10:57 am Edit

Breath-taking, heart-felt, strong like wind, tears of joy, meaning, feeling – this poem waters an orchid deep inside me. At a time when pornographic advertising, music videos and the general pornographic imaging matrix we now live in is short circuiting how young people understand the individual self, love and human sexuality – this kind of witnessing and sharing about what is possible in human romantic relationship is critical, needed, hugely important for the sake of the continued existence of truth, hope and possibility related to human sensual and soulful love.

"The first time you sang, I felt

a fiery and surprising happiness.

The first hug we shared on the church steps

as the music played below was like a wave,

strong and soothing

rippling along my back and arms."

Let The Joy In

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/16/let-the-joy-in-2/>

Beautiful, Allison. You traverse such long corridors, probing to ponder over possibilities, touching your way to the sunshine. Souls searched as such are sacred soil, sanctuaries of thought and Edens to the eye.

Eric



Eric says:

January 16, 2014 at 6:50 am Edit

Beautiful, Allison. You traverse such long corridors, probing to ponder over possibilities, touching your way to the sunshine. Souls searched as such are sacred soil, sanctuaries of thought and Edens to the eye. E

Blown

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/11/blown-2/>

Brilliant. Beautiful! Reads like a delightful bath! And an excellent capturing of life in words, as usual.

*

BRILLIANT! Brilliant. Beautiful! Reads like a delightful bath! And an excellent capturing of life in words, as usual. Just what I needed to hear today.

“Carried through the radar-stream
into an easeful position where
the goal is getting nearer at a slow pace
and old patterns are disintegrating,
remembered but not renewed.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

December 11, 2013 at 7:40 pm Edit

Brilliant. Beautiful! Reads like a delightful bath! And an excellent capturing of life in words, as usual.

★ Like

👉 Reply



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 15, 2014 at 9:07 am Edit

BRILLIANT! Just what I needed to hear today upon this re-read.

“Carried through the radar-stream

into an easeful position where

the goal is getting nearer at a slow pace

and old patterns are disintegrating,

remembered but not renewed.”

A Better Life

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/14/a-better-life-2/>

Archetypal – so many of us can relate – beautifully written.

“In the beginning

I rode a burning steed,

crossed a violent river

and destroyed my home.

But now my footsteps are slower,

I never climb the rocks or chase

the landed hawk. I collect shells

for my garden and sing to the great

ocean’s waves.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 13, 2014 at 12:44 pm Edit

Archetypal – so many of us can relate – beautifully written.

“In the beginning

I rode a burning steed,

crossed a violent river

and destroyed my home.

But now my footsteps are slower,

I never climb the rocks or chase

the landed hawk. I collect shells

for my garden and sing to the great

ocean's waves.”

Only for a time

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/11/only-for-a-time/>

One of my favorites! Breath-takingly beautiful.

“In my eyes, the gulls are angels

arriving face-to-face at my second storey window,
speaking of God's grace, personal, sharp and pure.

For the last time, chaos will have its say
and cowards will rule my playground.

This is the time of great beginning,
a time of the final letting go.

The birds are beside me, speaking in ways
I again understand, while the world is carving
new structures of dread.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 11, 2014 at 2:27 pm Edit

One of my favorites! Breath-takingly beautiful.

"In my eyes, the gulls are angels

arriving face-to-face at my second storey window,

speaking of God's grace, personal, sharp and pure.

For the last time, chaos will have its say

and cowards will rule my playground.

This is the time of great beginning,

a time of the final letting go.

The birds are beside me, speaking in ways

I again understand, while the world is carving

new structures of dread."

The laws that find me bind me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/08/the-laws-that-find-me-bind-me/>

Profound and pungent and defiant and wise as ever.

"Save me from cherished traditions and filing-cabinet dreams.

Save me from my bodily needs. Transform me into an angel or into

the one transformed from the angel – never to come here again,

except to hold my only true love

and to cradle close the heads of my sleeping children."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 9, 2014 at 12:34 pm Edit

Profound and pungent and defiant and wise as ever.

"Save me from cherished traditions and filing-cabinet dreams.

Save me from my bodily needs. Transform me into an angel or into

the one transformed from the angel – never to come here again,

except to hold my only true love

and to cradle close the heads of my sleeping children."

Our Time

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/09/our-time/>

Gentle, haunting, far away – and close as mouse.

"Last time, a being was born

from this authority, ecstasy became heavy,

exploding a thousand golden flowers.

Next time, I will stop counting and be like time,

there without an echo."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 9, 2014 at 12:28 pm Edit

Gentle, haunting, far away – and close as mouse.

"Last time, a being was born

from this authority, ecstasy became heavy,

exploding a thousand golden flowers.

Next time, I will stop counting and be like time,

there without an echo."

Tell Me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/07/tell-me/>

EXACTLY HOW I FEEL TODAY in my dialogue with Spirit!

“Tell me, deprive me of government, of natural things that others have, but tell me what you want me ready for. Hire me with this particular fruit. Let me be noble, eliminate my doubt, my fear of being wrong or cruel. Take me

into your music, pound my spirit with your weight and effort. Tell me what rabid ghost I must put down.

Help me

put it down.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 7, 2014 at 9:30 am Edit

EXACTLY HOW I FEEL TODAY in my dialogue with Spirit!

“Tell me, deprive me of government, of natural things

that others have, but tell me what you want me ready

for. Hire me with this particular fruit. Let me be noble,

eliminate my doubt, my fear of being wrong or cruel. Take me

into your music, pound my spirit with your weight and

effort. Tell me what rabid ghost I must put down.

Help me

put it down.”

Doubt

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/06/doubt/>

PROFOUND in its height and depth and uncanny shape-shifting of language to create the fruit she speaks of at the end of the poem.

“Afterwards, I sit on the altar

of my withdrawal. I will not kneel, rendering myself a thicker chair. My kind, like

fangs and hooves combined in one secret

creature. A city without history, emotions that

echo but do not deliver. My dress of skin: this place

cannot hold me any longer. Do you see the thumbprint
of the ocean – crater like – in the center of every Earth-
rhythm?”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:
January 6, 2014 at 7:59 am Edit

PROFOUND in its height and depth and uncanny shape-shifting of language to
create the fruit she speaks of at the end of the poem.

“Afterwards, I sit on the altar
of my withdrawal. I will not kneel, rendering
myself a thicker chair. My kind, like
fangs and hooves combined in one secret
creature. A city without history, emotions that
echo but do not deliver. My dress of skin: this place
cannot hold me any longer. Do you see the thumbprint
of the ocean – crater like – in the center of every Earth-rhythm?”

Rest

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/03/rest/>

Wow, this is compelling! POWERFUL!

“I climb the scaffolding
fearless of my natural fears -
lifting mortar into a pale, bricklaying and laying out bricks
to seal a song, ready then
to pull out of the quicksand and feed you
in your darkness.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 5, 2014 at 3:41 pm Edit

Wow, this is compelling! POWERFUL!

"I climb the scaffolding

fearless of my natural fears –

lifting mortar into a pale, bricklaying and laying out bricks

to seal a song, ready then

to pull out of the quicksand and feed you

in your darkness."

Undefined

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/24/undefined-2/>
Fascinating and evocative (summons new images to my mind) Allison. I'll read it a few more times to properly appreciate it.

Eric



Eric says:

November 27, 2013 at 3:37 pm Edit

Fascinating and evocative (summons new images to my mind) Allison. I'll read it a few more times to properly appreciate it.

Undefined

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/24/undefined-2/>
Oh Allison, heart-achy yet heartmoving ahead w/cool clean thoughts, soft clanging symbols & staring into a steamy mirror before stepping out into the hallway. love
namelessneed



namelessneed says:

November 25, 2013 at 5:13 am Edit

Oh Allison, heart-achy yet heartmoving ahead w/cool clean thoughts, soft clanging symbols & staring into a steamy mirror before stepping out into the hallway. love

Waiting

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/18/waiting/>

Here are my favourite lines in this poem:

I don't believe

in waiting, being patient while aroused.

I like it because it rings so true with what the experience of waiting is, like reining in the horses.

Damn my world

for changing, for making me ready, but falling behind,
insufficient to nourish this latest being that has arisen.

How the world doesn't seem to move fast enough, but even if it did, would we catch it? or see? or believe? I feel like we are always so poor.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

November 22, 2013 at 6:46 pm Edit

Here are my favourite lines in this poem:

I don't believe

in waiting, being patient while aroused.

I like it because it rings so true with what the experience of waiting is, like reining in the horses.

And:

Damn my world

for changing, for making me ready, but falling behind,

insufficient to nourish this latest being that has arisen.

How the world doesn't seem to move fast enough, but even if it did, would we catch it? or see? or believe? I feel like we are always so poor.

Thinking Outside

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/06/9845/>

This is great – this has the essence of that hard won simplicity which is the greatest prize in poetry.

Seb



Seb says:

November 6, 2013 at 6:56 am Edit

This is great – this has the essence of that hard won simplicity which is the greatest prize in poetry.

Thinking Outside

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/11/06/9845/>

I LOVE THIS. It took me right back and described perfectly what I had felt so often in my childhood with those beetles and that time.

“and the high-pitched beetle
fills the wind like a calming drug.”

An exquisite expression of the interiority of outdoor moments at the change of seasons.

“In this place as summer fades
the quiet demands self-truth.

To pull from inside
a lacerated pride”

An intertwining of inner learning and transformation amidst the language of nature speaking to and healing us, all around us.

“Shadows mend the divided self
and love is an activity
to understand while counting birds
overhead.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 24, 2014 at 8:23 am Edit

I LOVE THIS. It took me right back and described perfectly what I had felt so often in my childhood with those beetles and that time.

"and the high-pitched beetle
fills the wind like a calming drug."

An exquisite expression of the interiority of outdoor
moments at the change of seasons.

"In this place as summer fades
the quiet demands self-truth.
To pull from inside
a lacerated pride"

An intertwining of inner learning and transformation amidst the language of nature
speaking to and healing us, all around us.

"Shadows mend the divided self
and love is an activity
to understand while counting birds
overhead."

I Will Run

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/03/i-will-run-2/>

The intensity has kept up all these years. I can see, smell
and taste this.

"I will go now
into the constellations
like into a field of marigolds.
I will run now like a drunkard
at dawn. The waves
of morning's early light
will be my medicine – the blue
& purple & orange thin arches,
all aglowing."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 31, 2013 at 8:50 pm Edit

The intensity has kept up all these years. I can see, smell and taste this.

"I will go now

into the constellations

like into a field of marigolds.

I will run now like a drunkard

at dawn. The waves

of morning's early light

will be my medicine – the blue

& purple & orange thin arches,

all aglowing."

Show of Light

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/04/show-of-light-2/>

For me, this is like a love poem to Life.

"Why is it like this – this untimely shift
from requiem to rhapsody

as your voice and manner tilts my heart

like the wind would direct the ripples in a stream?

I hurt alone in bed, resigned

to the falseness of your mouth, then

with morning, the lushness of your love

recites an elegy to my fear and once again,

adoring, I call you one with my own."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 28, 2013 at 12:40 pm Edit

For me, this is like a love poem to Life.
“Why is it like this – this untimely shift
from requiem to rhapsody
as your voice and manner tilts my heart
like the wind would direct the ripples in a stream?
I hurt alone in bed, resigned
to the falseness of your mouth, then
with morning, the lushness of your love
recites an elegy to my fear and once again,
adoring, I call you one with my own.”

Where are you? I’ve been calling

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/17/where-are-you-ive-been-calling-2/>

No one can say it like Allison Grayhurst.

“Are you

here, or just a synchronized inspiration, energy
as icing for one day? It is not enough.

I need you here, not galactic but like a man
before his wedding hour, needing me too,
focused entirely on my fulfilment. Where are you?
In the sparrow-droppings? In the kitten’s fear?”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 28, 2013 at 12:36 pm Edit

No one can say it like Allison Grayhurst.

“Are you

here, or just a synchronized inspiration, energy

as icing for one day? It is not enough.

I need you here, not galactic but like a man

before his wedding hour, needing me too,

focused entirely on my fulfilment. Where are you?

In the sparrow-droppings? In the kitten’s fear?”

Grazing on the flow

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/06/grazing-on-the-flow/>

Gives majesty to life – all sides. Beauty and substance are her grandfather – poetry creating magic of life.

“I love what is between us when truth does not torment, when I imagine our paths like my grandfather’s when he rode, relinquishing status, etching out his destiny on a brokendown caboose, offering jewels of coal.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 28, 2013 at 11:04 am Edit

Gives majesty to life – all sides. Beauty and substance re her grandfather – poetry creating magic of life.

"I love what is between us when truth does not torment,
when I imagine our paths like my grandfather's
when he rode, relinquishing status, etching out his destiny
on a brokendown caboose, offering jewels of coal."

In This Garden

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/10/12/in-this-garden/>
Archetypal. Stunning. Satiating to the soul – does justice to
loss and shock, as well as faith and beauty.

"all my poems are with me now,
the accumulation of my dance,
the rejoicing, and the coldness of loss.
Around – so close to the daylight.
If I had lived before, then now I am thrown
behind the door where eternity, not life abides.
Mortal year that has replaced my air
with this huffing and bewilderment -
how strong was the wave that has washed me over.
There are great things to come, though death
has forever changed the shape of my smile."
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 28, 2013 at 11:00 am Edit

Archetypal. Stunning. Satiating to the soul – does justice to loss and shock, as well as faith and beauty.

"all my poems are with me now,
the accumulation of my dance,
the rejoicing, and the coldness of loss.

Around – so close to the daylight.

If I had lived before, then now I am thrown
behind the door where eternity, not life abides.

Mortal year that has replaced my air
with this huffing and bewilderment –
how strong was the wave that has washed me over.

There are great things to come, though death
has forever changed the shape of my smile."

For My Children

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/30/for-my-children-2/>
BRILLIANT! A CLASSIC. EVERY WORD.

"Burn until
every muscle aches and the tension pulls
the labyrinth of your heart and mind into a straight line
with straight direction – nothing wasted.
Love, because it is hard, because it is
unusual to have the courage needed to love.
Love, because there is nothing else, because
it is the only heaven known, because it is
the only thing impossible made possible, and
when the dream is over, it will be
the one reality left embedded,
going further than, deeper than
the nucleus of your cells."
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 1, 2013 at 10:00 am Edit

BRILLIANT! A CLASSIC. EVERY WORD.

"Burn until

every muscle aches and the tension pulls

the labyrinth of your heart and mind into a straight line

with straight direction – nothing wasted.

Love, because it is hard, because it is

unusual to have the courage needed to love.

Love, because there is nothing else, because

it is the only heaven known, because it is

the only thing impossible made possible, and

when the dream is over, it will be

the one reality left embedded,

going further than, deeper than

the nucleus of your cells."

Too Long

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/28/too-long-2/>

This love poem feels so specific and it's beautiful to read.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

September 30, 2013 at 7:47 pm Edit

This love poem feels so specific and it's beautiful to read.

Draw Near

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/24/draw-near-2/>

Love these lines – it is all like a picture reverberating with deep truth and large archetypal knowing.

“One day the drift drew near
and lightning touched the lips of angels.
The light was left only for the mighty.
So we sang. So we sang.
The murderers were shelved
beside the mighty because the only difference
was degree.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

September 29, 2013 at 5:02 pm Edit

Love these lines – it is all like a picture reverberating with deep truth and large archetypal knowing.

“One day the drift drew near
and lightning touched the lips of angels.
The light was left only for the mighty.
So we sang. So we sang.
The murderers were shelved
beside the mighty because the only difference
was degree.”

I Sing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/27/i-sing-2/>

Sheer beauty.

“to learn how to better love
and lessen the dread
to call the angels to my side
and help myself shed
to accept myself as fallen
and to help others who have fallen who sing
but have
no words”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

September 27, 2013 at 6:43 am Edit

Sheer beauty.
"to learn how to better love
and lessen the dread
to call the angels to my side
and help myself shed
to accept myself as fallen
and to help others who have fallen who sing
but have
no words"

The Quiet That Comes

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/23/the-quiet-that-comes-2/>

FELT every quiet with every line, bringing those small moments into searing "view".

"The quiet that comes
at a fork-in-the-road, quiet
as we listen to the direction of the breeze
and hope for a voice to bellow forth at our queue,
is the quiet of waiting, the time between
pressing-play and music."
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 27, 2014 at 6:58 pm Edit

FELT every quiet with every line, bringing those small moments into searing "view".

"The quiet that comes

at a fork-in-the-road, quiet

as we listen to the direction of the breeze

and hope for a voice to bellow forth at our queue,

is the quiet of waiting, the time between

pressing-play and music."

Weather

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/27/weather/>

So well expressed and described – it's reality said poetically of weather and storm – and then the underpinning of it all – time and movement of the seasons, the seasons of a year, the seasons of a life. I LOVE HOW IT ENDS in true stability:

"The road I base all my faith on is under my sleeve
sure of me, regardless if I turn or if I follow."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 1, 2014 at 2:50 pm Edit

So well expressed and described – it's reality said poetically of weather and storm – and then the underpinning of it all – time and movement of the seasons, the seasons of a year, the seasons of a life. I LOVE HOW IT ENDS in true stability:

"The road I base all my faith on is under my sleeve

sure of me, regardless if I turn or if I follow."

The bough breaks

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/14/the-bough-breaks/>

A classic. Words that tingle and weave a depth story.

Brilliant.

"and we are sold by the scars upon our throat,
by the longing discarded that never knew it
could end

and by the only relationship we are all
bound to have – our stronghold with or
not with
God.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

September 15, 2013 at 8:25 am Edit

A classic. Words that tingle and weave a depth story. Brilliant.

“and we are sold by the scars upon our throat,

by the longing discarded that never knew it

could end

and by the only relationship we are all

bound to have – our stronghold with or

not with

God.”

The bough breaks

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/14/the-bough-breaks/>

There’s a painting by Peter Doig called ‘Pelican’ which he’d painted from seeing a man catching a Pelican at sea and the man giving him a stare as he passed holding the Pelican out of sight – and this narrative you know because he wrote it all down but there is no trace of the Pelican in his painting and it doesn’t need the narrative to explain its effect.

davidstrachan661



davidstrachan611 says:

September 14, 2013 at 10:53 am Edit

There's a painting by Peter Doig called 'Pelican' which he'd painted from seeing a man catching a Pelican at sea and the man giving him a stare as he passed holding the Pelican out of sight – and this narrative you know because he wrote it all down but there is no trace of the Pelican in his painting and it doesn't need the narrative to explain its effect.

Within Reach

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/07/within-reach/>

“I will not be afraid.

I will lift up my heart

and make room for what follows...”

It is, in the end, all that we who stand in life's struggles can do. We just do not know what a few lines of hope does for another heart plagued or impassioned. Or impaled.

Eric



Eric says:

September 7, 2013 at 9:09 am Edit



“I will not be afraid.

I will lift up my heart

and make room for what follows...”

It is, in the end, all that we who stand in life's struggles can do. We just do not know what a few lines of hope does for another heart plagued or impassioned. Or impaled.

Within Reach

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/09/07/within-reach/>

Hello Allison — just a quick note to say that it's a nourishing place to be — here — reading your words on a Friday after my first full week of teaching again ;) I'm exhausted and find my mind in a good open space to read poems. Thanks for being a WordPress poet ;) and a great Canadian one.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

September 13, 2013 at 6:51 pm Edit

Hello Allison — just a quick note to say that it's a nourishing place to be — here — reading your words on a Friday after my first full week of teaching again ;) I'm exhausted and find my mind in a good open space to read poems. Thanks for being a WordPress poet ;) and a great Canadian one.

In Spite of Vows

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/25/in-spite-of-vows/>

A poem of triumph! Sparkling, sizzling with irrepressible life. A tribute to the power of the life force beyond that which would take it down.

“It is hers – strong ribbed, flushed,
eager to release whatever prevents
its satisfaction from being blessed
and openly achieved.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 18, 2013 at 4:04 pm Edit

A poem of triumph! Sparkling, sizzling with irrepressible life. A tribute to the power of the life force beyond that which would take it down.

“It is hers – strong ribbed, flushed,
eager to release whatever prevents
its satisfaction from being blessed
and openly achieved.”

Open Valve

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/26/open-valve/>

Filled with the pungent odour of language wrapping itself
around experience,
both inner and outer, clanging out to be heard, felt,
understood.

“The forest floor I am captain of
is embroidered with fine strands of rooted hope,
carpets made to curl toes on”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 18, 2013 at 4:02 pm Edit

Filled with the pungent odour of language wrapping itself around experience,
both inner and outer, clanging out to be heard, felt, understood.

"The forest floor I am captain of
is embroidered with fine strands of rooted hope,
carpets made to curl toes on"

Shyla

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/28/shyla/>

Ode to a cat – beautiful, stunning, embracing. Saw it like I
never saw it – through this expression of affection and
communion with the soul of one's
cat.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 18, 2013 at 4:00 pm Edit

Ode to a cat – beautiful, stunning, embracing. Saw it like I never saw it – through
this expression of affection and communion with the soul of one's
cat.

The Tide To Break A Vaulted Pain

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/30/the-tide-to-break-a-vaulted-pain/>

Brilliant illustration – visceral and vivid – of the wasteland
Eliot spoke of.

Breath-taking, shockingly awake – beauty through it all.

"The silence

rages through the airvents, and the lights
burn to a dull nothing. The white-nothing
of teeth & moon & ice & cloud.

We seek the breath
of freedom's wake as
magic crumbles all around us in pools of
untouchable beauty."

Appreciating The Difficult

**Appreciating The Difficult says:**

August 18, 2013 at 3:55 pm Edit

Brilliant illustration – visceral and vivid – of the wasteland Eliot spoke of.
Breath-taking, shockingly awake – beauty through it all.

"The silence

rages through the airvents, and the lights

burn to a dull nothing. The white-nothing

of teeth & moon & ice & cloud.

We seek the breath

of freedom's wake as

magic crumbles all around us in pools of

untouchable beauty."

Storm

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/10/storm/>

The sense of moment and movement in this is palpable.

Seb

**Seb says:**

August 10, 2013 at 6:27 pm Edit

The sense of moment and movement in this is palpable.

Our Light Cannot Always Burn Whole

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/31/our-light-cannot-always-burn-whole/>

Images rich and dripping with the majesty of their meaning!

"We jog through bitter uneatable harvests."

"Jackets buttoned to the neck, we move in these sewer shafts"

"On our bed, we are broken, letting our arms rest"

"We tell each other these things are worth

the horror of abominations

accepted as societal norms, atrocities justified as a soldier's directed bullet."

"messaging

our blood vessels with deep oxygen, curing, learning
to make saliva and swallow.”

“We tell ourselves sometimes we wish
we could be like those who live
never knowing an intimate tender beauty”

“At times we wish this love didn’t exist, then we could give
in

to what lies beyond the cliff, defend our exit, salt the Earth
with a dramatic departure.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 7, 2013 at 10:31 pm Edit

Images rich and dripping with the majesty of their meaning!

“We jog through bitter uneatable harvests.”

“Jackets buttoned to the neck, we move in these sewer shafts”

“On our bed, we are broken, letting our arms rest”

“We tell each other these things are worth

the horror of abominations

accepted as societal norms, atrocities justified as a soldier’s directed bullet.”

“messaging

our blood vessels with deep oxygen, curing, learning

to make saliva and swallow.”

“We tell ourselves sometimes we wish

we could be like those who live

never knowing an intimate tender beauty”

“At times we wish this love didn’t exist, then we could give in

to what lies beyond the cliff, defend our exit, salt the Earth

with a dramatic departure.”

Husband

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/01/husband/>

Okay, that’s it. Just when I thought it couldn’t get any
better. Thank you, Allison Grayhurst for cleansing us,
edifying us – being a beacon in a pornographic world of
meaningless shallows that would take down the human
potential depth and breadth in this most critical and sacred
area of life. Thank you for your living will to do us better.

“Because you are

my vowel, my “welcome home’ and

my sea in summer, I will sit

naked for you, never needing someone else.”

“Because you give wounds without evil,

a perspective of beauty in the weeds

and worries . . . because your faith
is unbroken by bitterness and others stand
against you trying to defeat
your incomparable strength”
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 7, 2013 at 10:29 pm Edit

Okay, that's it. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better. Thank you, Allison Grayhurst for cleansing us, edifying us – being a beacon in a pornographic world of meaningless shallows that would take down the human potential depth and breadth in this most critical and sacred area of life. Thank you for your living will to do us better.

“Because you are
my vowel, my ‘welcome home’ and
my sea in summer, I will sit
naked for you, never needing someone else.”

“Because you give wounds without evil,
a perspective of beauty in the weeds
and worries . . . because your faith
is unbroken by bitterness and others stand
against you trying to defeat
your incomparable strength”

For This Face Only You Could Alter

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/02/for-this-face-only-you-could-alter/>

Wow! Now THAT’S a love poem – fervent, deep to the interior.

“the one
celebrated by each breath.”

“Be for me a living arrow, a communion
of conviction and gentleness.”

“spiritual
decision.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 7, 2013 at 10:27 pm Edit

Wow! Now THAT'S a love poem – fervent, deep to the interior.

“the one

celebrated by each breath.”

“Be for me a living arrow, a communion
of conviction and gentleness.”

“spiritual

decision.”

Through Arched Doors

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/04/through-arched-doors/>

Passionate support of a colleague – vehement affirmation of the cry of justice and truth in a crazy world. Uncanny ability to blend physical imagery and metaphysical concept seamlessly.

“You make us

drum hard

on the back of a beautiful fire.

You hold us near your mind, embracing
rooftops, stairwells, the upper half of
the sky.

There is nothing

as terrible

as your writer's hands

that strike with light

our narrow hates

& wounds.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 7, 2013 at 10:25 pm Edit

Passionate support of a colleague – vehement affirmation of the cry of justice and truth in a crazy world.

Uncanny ability to blend physical imagery and metaphysical concept seamlessly.

"You make us
drum hard

on the back of a beautiful fire.

You hold us near your mind, embracing
rooftops, stairwells, the upper half of
the sky.

There is nothing
as terrible

as your writer's hands
that strike with light
our narrow hates
& wounds."

Aged Sculptress

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/06/aged-sculptress/>

I've had a few days away Allison and this is such a wonderful piece to come back to – the clay line was spectacular and the rhythms just perfect. Best wishes Jim
gingerfightback



gingerfightback says:

August 7, 2013 at 5:12 am Edit

I've had a few days away Allison and this is such a wonderful piece to come back to – the clay line was spectacular and the rhythms just perfect. Best wishes Jim

Aged Sculptress

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/06/aged-sculptress/>

I love this one. The speaker has such beautiful images and seems so full of love.

Carl



Carl says:

August 6, 2013 at 1:48 pm Edit

I love this one. The speaker has such beautiful images and seems so full of love.

Sunset

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/08/03/sunset/>

The craft here is amazing! There's an essay itself in the way you have paced this. Awesome, in the literal sense of the word.

seb



Seb says:

August 3, 2013 at 11:04 pm Edit

The craft here is amazing! There's an essay itself in the way you have paced this. Awesome, in the literal sense of the word.

Call For The Hour To Clear

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/11/call-for-the-hour-to-clear/>

Your poetry always leaves me longing breathless.

Oloriel



Oloriel says:

July 11, 2013 at 5:58 am Edit

Your poetry always leaves me longing breathless.

Call For The Hour To Clear

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/11/call-for-the-hour-to-clear/>

Strong, powerful language. Intimate – close – conviction – power of caring and taking a stand.

“But you know

what I am waiting for. Words.

Words that are bone-real like conviction,

words to swallow me “

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 15, 2013 at 10:11 am Edit

Strong, powerful language. Intimate – close – conviction – power of caring and taking a stand.

“But you know

what I am waiting for. Words.

Words that are bone-real like conviction,

words to swallow me “

I Find Clarity

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/12/i-find-clarity/>

Beautiful, strong, powerful, simple. A declaration – a strong voice.

“I find myself just wanting
to be in the shadow, away from direct
light and the attitude of sentimentality and guilt.
I find my hands are strong and my legs
are capable of walking long distances.
I find that that is enough
to complete me.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 15, 2013 at 9:59 am Edit

Beautiful, strong, powerful, simple. A declaration – a strong voice.

“I find myself just wanting

to be in the shadow, away from direct

light and the attitude of sentimentality and guilt.

I find my hands are strong and my legs

are capable of walking long distances.

I find that that is enough

to complete me.”

Blind Spot

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/13/blind-spot/>

Brilliant use of language – weaving the mystical with the mundane seamlessly over and over again.

“It is the spot that will not heal,
found on the floor by the fallen curtain.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 15, 2013 at 8:37 am Edit

Brilliant use of language – weaving the mystical with the mundane seamlessly over and over again.

“It is the spot that will not heal,
found on the floor by the fallen curtain.”

Blind Spot

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/13/blind-spot/>

brush strokes...I liken you the artist painting emotion...with shadow and light...

michael mcguirt



michael mcguirt says:

July 13, 2013 at 8:34 am Edit

brush strokes...i liken you the artist painting emotion...with shadow and light...

For Every Rain

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/14/for-every-rain/>

I love the complexity of dark and light imagery in your poem. very beguiling!

Morgan



Morgan says:

July 14, 2013 at 2:49 pm Edit

I love the complexity of dark and light imagery in your poem. very beguiling !

For Every Rain

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/14/for-every-rain/>

I love it so much – I could Eat It. Thank you. A Classic in my library.

“For every day of sleep
let me shoulder the rain.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 15, 2013 at 8:33 am Edit

I love it so much – I could Eat It. Thank you. A Classic in my library.

“For every day of sleep

let me shoulder the rain.”

Lines

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/15/lines/>

Explosive! Searingly wise!

“Under the canopy of my heart
the singing happens but does not happen
the way I can explain.”

“There is nothing to gain
by maintaining the same ongoing pattern.
It must be re-directed, surprised
by its flow to be of any critical use.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 15, 2013 at 7:53 am Edit

Explosive! Searingly wise!

“Under the canopy of my heart

the singing happens but does not happen

the way I can explain.”

“There is nothing to gain

by maintaining the same ongoing pattern.

It must be re-directed, surprised

by its flow to be of any critical use.”

The Ride

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/10/poem-published-in-full-of-crow/>

Leonard Cohen's "Suzanne" move over. Wow... I love this. Poetic majesty draped around an Heroine in a haunting and yet intimate Maxwell Parrish painting.

"Again the stars were plucked
from her mind and the world below
leapt up and sponged her with its flame.
That summer she made a wish upon her chains
and walked the deserted farmyards.
The ravens followed her through the weeds
and heat, keeping up conversation. At night
she sang to the beating of the rain..."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 10, 2013 at 6:20 pm Edit

Leonard Cohen's "Suzanne" move over. Wow... I love this. Poetic majesty draped around an Heroine in a haunting and yet intimate Maxwell Parrish painting.

"Again the stars were plucked

from her mind and the world below

leapt up and sponged her with its flame.

That summer she made a wish upon her chains

and walked the deserted farmyards.

The ravens followed her through the weeds

and heat, keeping up conversation. At night

she sang to the beating of the rain..."

The Flood

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/26/the-flood-2/>

Beautiful, profound!

"We were made to split the light
with voices singular and clean."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 7, 2013 at 4:31 pm Edit

Beautiful, profound!

"We were made to split the light

with voices singular and clean."

Childhood Cracked

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/30/childhood-cracked-2/>

Brilliant, brilliant, brilliant languaging of things – so exquisite one cares hardly the meaning of the words – they fall so perfectly on the surface of the subconscious mind. Meaning is clearly innate and yet the poetry of the sheer aesthetics of the word formations is enough. No one in my experience, captures and creates artistry of emotions like Allison Grayhurst.

"It fell by the curb
in a lucid slumber
of inarticulate words
like a dew drop
on ice."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 7, 2013 at 4:26 pm Edit

Brilliant, brilliant, brilliant languaging of things – so exquisite one cares hardly the meaning of the words – they fall so perfectly on the surface of the subconscious mind. Meaning is clearly innate and yet the poetry of the sheer aesthetics of the word formations is enough. No one in my experience, captures and creates artistry of emotions like Allison Grayhurst.

"It fell by the curb

in a lucid slumber

of inarticulate words

like a dew drop

on ice."

Childhood Cracked

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/30/childhood-cracked-2/>

I really like Allison Grayhurst's poem "Childhood Cracked." There is something ethereal about it — the words and phrases attract me in a mysterious way. In particular, the second line "a lucid slumber of inarticulate words like a dew drop on ice." Whew, the phrase pulls up images and feeling of being verbally locked, having something overwhelmingly important to express yet being frozen, unable to speak. And, "Into this autumn / the doll fell" brings thoughts of fractured memories from childhood. The poem gives me a raw chill but not in an uncomfortable way. The images stay with me a while. I enjoyed it greatly.

Thomas F. Wylie.

Do not define me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/05/poem-published-in-blue-lake-review-do-not-define-me/>

This is a wonderful piece. It's not easy to write defiantly and to do it so gracefully.

Carl



Do not define me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/05/poem-published-in-blue-lake-review-do-not-define-me/>

I can't tell you how much I like this, Allison — it positively sings!

Anne



Do not define me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/07/05/poem-published-in-blue-lake-review-do-not-define-me/>

Powerful expression....

Rob Taylor



Rob Taylor says:

July 5, 2013 at 2:07 pm Edit

Powerful expression....

I Am This Creature (drenched in mute history)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/19/i-am-this-creature-drenched-in-mute-history-2/>

An honest and moving journey. I especially like the image of circling a solitary stone.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

June 22, 2013 at 8:36 pm Edit

An honest and moving journey. I especially like the image of circling a solitary stone.

I Am This Creature (drenched in mute history)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/19/i-am-this-creature-drenched-in-mute-history-2/>

This is a wonderful piece with strong allusions and strong emotional pull.

Carl



Carl says:

June 19, 2013 at 10:42 pm Edit

This is a wonderful piece with strong allusions and strong emotional pull.

I Am This Creature (drenched in mute history)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/19/i-am-this-creature-drenched-in-mute-history-2/>

Brilliant poetry – the unspoken SPOKEN!

“I was a girl, knowing nothing of drugs, but helpless
just the same, a slave to all my girlish visions
of the coming days of promised rapture.

I was a young woman, wearing drab and loose clothes,
never looking in a mirror, talking in tongues,
clenching confusion as a crutch and giving glory
to any glory-seeking teacher.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 19, 2013 at 12:57 pm Edit

Brilliant poetry – the unspoken SPOKEN!

“I was a girl, knowing nothing of drugs, but helpless

just the same, a slave to all my girlish visions

of the coming days of promised rapture.

I was a young woman, wearing drab and loose clothes,

never looking in a mirror, talking in tongues,

clenching confusion as a crutch and giving glory

to any glory-seeking teacher.”

Our Days

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/13/our-days-2/>

Beautiful! LOVE it. Warm powerful substantial connection
and observance of what is most meaningful in relationship.

“In the afternoon when we
finally talk, the brightness of the day
absorbs into your face and what is left
is the movement of our connection
between coffee mugs and our children’s play.

At dinner, you tell me stories.

I see the years behind us, and for a moment the
curtains of heaven draw back before my eyes.’

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 14, 2013 at 5:11 pm Edit

Beautiful! LOVE it. Warm powerful substantial connection and observance of what is most meaningful in relationship.

"In the afternoon when we

finally talk, the brightness of the day

absorbs into your face and what is left

is the movement of our connection

between coffee mugs and our children's play.

At dinner, you tell me stories.

I see the years behind us, and for a moment the

curtains of heaven draw back before my eyes.'

Our Days

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/13/our-days-2/>

Beautiful Love, Allison.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

June 14, 2013 at 6:53 pm Edit

Beautiful Love, Allison.

Our Days

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/13/our-days-2/>

Thanks Allison ... It is beautiful ...

eleganzabello



eleganzabello says:

June 13, 2013 at 10:40 am Edit

Thanks Allison ... It is beautiful ...

The taste

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/08/the-taste-2/>

So beautiful! An explosion of the intensity within compellingly written, as usual!

A toast to the power of the interior sensual world that so needs it's erotic world spoken of in these terms, as opposed to the shallow and hence toxically hiding cover up expressions of pornos or pornography – versus the true eros of erotica being shown, exposed and honoured in this way.
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 10, 2013 at 9:55 am Edit

So beautiful! An explosion of the intensity within compellingly written, as usual!
A toast to the power of the interior sensual world that so needs it's erotic world spoken of in these terms, as opposed to the shallow and hence toxically hiding cover up expressions of pornos or pornography – versus the true eros of erotica being shown, exposed and honoured in this way.

The taste

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/08/the-taste-2/>

Wonderful word choice. I could actually taste it all go down! Just ordered this book. Should be getting it soon.
Eric



Eric says:

June 9, 2013 at 3:56 pm Edit

Wonderful word choice. I could actually taste it all go down! Just ordered this book.
Should be getting it soon. 😊

The taste

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/08/the-taste-2/>

A feast for the senses.

Seb



Seb says:

June 8, 2013 at 4:50 pm Edit

A feast for the senses.

The taste (review posted as comment on book The Many Lights of Eden)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/06/08/the-taste-2/>

Reblogged this on Eric M. Vogt: Life-Writings and commented:

5 out of 5 stars

THE MANY LIGHTS OF EDEN is a Must-Read!

We each read poetry in our own way. We read words from a different angle, a unique vantage point, and like the four different disciples looking from different sets of lenses we discern what stands out to us as of most importance and pen our gospel in our own very personal and spiritual way. I prelude this review with a disclaimer: if you read Allison's book and see its Light differently, embrace it as affecting you in your unique way. In this review I will embrace what has stood out to my eye.

When I started to read Allison Grayhurst's collection of poetry entitled THE MANY LIGHTS OF EDEN, I was expecting it to contain verses of the highest quality. I was expecting it to be a journey through spirituality. I was expecting this book to speak of God. I was not disappointed.

Yes, it is a journey: a journey of the heart through youth, anguish, struggle, spiritual awakening, grief, death, love, loss, guilt, struggle, despair, hope, surrender, God, sensuality, imperfection, motherhood, aging, the vanquishing of the devil, indeed, many devils, the inevitable fall from perfection and the casting off of old wineskins for a new one.

Perhaps speaking of this book as a chronicle of spiritual maturing would be more accurate, the realization that there is spirituality within imperfection and that handmade temples cannot hope to compete with the spiritual temples within each of us. By the end of the collection there is a spiritual ascension, a victory over demons of the past now slayed. There is height in Love and Forgiveness in guilt. There is an embracing of the chaos of life and a positive hope for the future. And, I believe, the realization that God is higher than chaos and the Creator is more permanent than perfection.

This journey touched me. It is a journey that every person makes at sometime in their life. And this trail we trod does

not end. There is beauty in the trail and its many aspects just as there is beauty from every vantage point of the admirer of a diamond.

THE MANY LIGHTS OF EDEN is a diamond. It is a beautiful collection of insights and I appreciate the many nuances of meaning to Allison Grayhurst's poetry. Her thoughts and writings are a deep well. Drink from it, for the water is clear and crisp. This collection is a MUST-READ.

—Eric M. Vogt, author of LETTERS TO LARA and PATHS AND POOLS TO PONDER



Eric says:

June 14, 2013 at 6:17 pm Edit

Reblogged this on Eric M. Vogt: Life-Writings and commented:
5 out of 5 stars

THE MANY LIGHTS OF EDEN is a Must-Read!

We each read poetry in our own way. We read words from a different angle, a unique vantage point, and like the four different disciples looking from different sets of lenses we discern what stands out to us as of most importance and pen our gospel in our own very personal and spiritual way. I prelude this review with a disclaimer: if you read Allison's book and see its Light differently, embrace it as affecting you in your unique way. In this review I will embrace what has stood out to my eye.

When I started to read Allison Grayhurst's collection of poetry entitled THE MANY LIGHTS OF EDEN, I was expecting it to contain verses of the highest quality. I was expecting it to be a journey through spirituality. I was expecting this book to speak of God. I was not disappointed.

Yes, it is a journey: a journey of the heart through youth, anguish, struggle, spiritual awakening, grief, death, love, loss, guilt, struggle, despair, hope, surrender, God, sensuality, imperfection, motherhood, aging, the vanquishing of the devil, indeed, many devils, the inevitable fall from perfection and the casting off of old wineskins for a new one.

Perhaps speaking of this book as a chronicle of spiritual maturing would be more accurate, the realization that there is spirituality within imperfection and that handmade temples cannot hope to compete with the spiritual temples within each of us. By the end of the collection there is a spiritual ascension, a victory over demons of the past now slayed. There is height in Love and Forgiveness in guilt. There is an embracing of the chaos of life and a positive hope for the future. And, I believe, the realization that God is higher than chaos and the Creator is more permanent than perfection.

This journey touched me. It is a journey that every person makes at sometime in their life. And this trail we trod does not end. There is beauty in the trail and its many aspects just as there is beauty from every vantage point of the admirer of a diamond.

THE MANY LIGHTS OF EDEN is a diamond. It is a beautiful collection of insights and I appreciate the many nuances of meaning to Allison Grayhurst's poetry. Her thoughts and writings are a deep well. Drink from it, for the water is clear and crisp. This collection is a MUST-READ.

—Eric M. Vogt, author of LETTERS TO LARA and PATHS AND POOLS TO PONDER

It is not like hell

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/07/it-is-not-like-hell-2/>

Brilliant. Another masterpiece of pungent, vivid language uniting passion and word to give expression to depth of feeling of life.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 8, 2013 at 8:06 am Edit

Brilliant. Another masterpiece of pungent, vivid language uniting passion and word to give expression to depth of feeling of life.

Beyond The Grave

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/05/beyond-the-grave-2/>

This is very real, and has some breathtaking images.

The description of memory is particularly strong and affecting to me.

Anne



Anne says:

June 5, 2013 at 11:34 am Edit

This is very real, and has some breathtaking images.
The description of memory is particularly strong and affecting to me.

Beyond The Grave

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/05/beyond-the-grave-2/>

Your poetry bleeds and sings at the same time. Grieving paints in both colors and in black and white. Wonderful portrait!

Eric



Eric says:

June 5, 2013 at 9:05 am Edit

Your poetry bleeds and sings at the same time. Grieving paints in both colors and in black and white. Wonderful portrait! 😊

On Tour

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/06/on-tour/>

love this – it reads like a song, like a warm and soft poetic blanket, like a hum, like a beauty ever so intimate and profound and real and true.

“He hurts with uncommon intensity -
liberation balanced between his two lips.

Like the slow hum of rain, I hear him
treading the snowed-in cities, hear his kiss
like a prayer of protection, flowering.

Freedom stitched to his smile,
he crosses the sea he’s never seen before,
as he carries his guitar

like a lover’s warm hand.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 1, 2013 at 4:36 pm Edit

I love this – it reads like a song, like a warm and soft poetic blanket, like a hum, like a beauty ever so intimate and profound and real and true.

“He hurts with uncommon intensity –

liberation balanced between his two lips.

Like the slow hum of rain, I hear him

treading the snowed-in cities, hear his kiss

like a prayer of protection, flowering.

Freedom stitched to his smile,

he crosses the sea he's never seen before,

as he carries his guitar

like a lover's warm hand.”

Dostoyevsky

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/01/dostoyevsky/>

Intense, gripping, aliveness – the raw, fierce, stunning grasp
of a Great!

“Deep-set eyes like the eyes
of some brooding god,
hammering
the earth to pieces.

Breath of an invalid, gambler
& saint, weighed down by
sentiment.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 1, 2013 at 4:28 pm Edit

Intense, gripping, aliveness – the raw, fierce, stunning grasp of a Great!
“Deep-set eyes like the eyes
of some brooding god,
hammering
the earth to pieces.
Breath of an invalid, gambler
& saint, weighed down by
sentiment.”

Dostoyevsky

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/01/dostoyevsky/>
Amazing, any words I would say I are not worthy of the
beauty of this poem.

Oloriel



Oloriel says:

June 1, 2013 at 6:55 am Edit

Amazing, any words I would say I are not worthy of the beauty of this poem.

A Newly-Patterned Fingerprint

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/29/a-newly-patterned-fingerprint-published-in-boston-poetry-magazine/>
Is this heaven? a wish for heaven on earth? It has such
idealism in it. It expresses things that I often wait for.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

June 1, 2013 at 3:52 pm Edit

Is this heaven? a wish for heaven on earth? It has such idealism in it. It expresses
things that I often wait for.

A Newly-Patterned Fingerprint

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/29/a-newly-patterned-fingerprint-published-in-boston-poetry-magazine/>

ESPECIALLY –

“It’s the end
of my kind,
the last of my line
unfolding. And then
all of it will be different -
both the edge and the enlightenment
both the things precise
and the things undefined.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 30, 2013 at 9:05 am Edit

ESPECIALLY –

“It’s the end
of my kind,
the last of my line
unfolding. And then
all of it will be different –
both the edge and the enlightenment
both the things precise
and the things undefined.”

When Air-borne Beings Fall

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/28/when-air-borne-beings-fall-2/>

Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:
Your work is so raw & emotional Allison.

Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

May 28, 2013 at 11:57 am Edit

Reblogged this on [The ObamaCrat.Com™](#) and commented:
Your work is so raw & emotional Allison.

When Air-borne Beings Fall

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/28/when-air-borne-beings-fall-2/>

I love it!

"I would give my capsized house,
my bed, my favourite corner
just to feel the rise of their quickening tides
clap over my bones & spirit. To know the fury
of feathers skilfully slicing
the skin of clouds. I would say this
is worth my enemy's claw, worth a mouth
full of laughter. I could speak again
of love without weight, of a saffron flower
exposing all to the sun." !!!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 28, 2013 at 6:40 pm Edit

I love it!

"I would give my capsized house,

my bed, my favourite corner

just to feel the rise of their quickening tides

clap over my bones & spirit. To know the fury

of feathers skilfully slicing

the skin of clouds. I would say this

is worth my enemy's claw, worth a mouth

full of laughter. I could speak again

of love without weight, of a saffron flower

exposing all to the sun." !!!

What face?

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/13/what-face-2/>

Stunning! Allison Grayhurst shapes words like she shapes clay – with passion, compassion, wisdom and worth – making life sacred – time, human, shape and form.
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 24, 2013 at 11:33 am Edit

Stunning! Allison Grayhurst shapes words like she shapes clay – with passion, compassion, wisdom and worth – making life sacred – time, human, shape and form.

What face?

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/13/what-face-2/>

once again, I find myself semi-suddenly somewhere else, inside.

It's always a pleasure & welcome strain
to take you in/ Thanx again
namelessneed



namelessneed says:

May 15, 2013 at 7:40 am Edit

once again, I find myself semi-suddenly somewhere else, inside.
It's always a pleasure & welcome strain
to take you in/ Thanx again
G.

River

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/23/river-2/>

This a beautiful journey. I love this one!
Carl



Carl says:

May 26, 2013 at 12:11 am Edit

This a beautiful journey. I love this one!

River

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/23/river-2/>

OH MY GOD... this is sheer poetry – about one of the most sacred of human experiences FINALLY being done justice to in one of those rare instances when it is DONE JUSTICE TO. Thank you for your depth, your breadth, your breath, your words and your fleshly soul.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 23, 2013 at 12:13 pm Edit

OH MY GOD... this is sheer poetry – about one of the most sacred of human experiences FINALLY being done justice to in one of those rare instances when it is DONE JUSTICE TO. Thank you for your depth, your breadth, your breath, your words and your fleshly soul.

Perfect Love

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/15/perfect-love-2/>

Wow....you write just a beautifully under Jocelyn Kain as you do as Allison Grayhurst.

Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

May 15, 2013 at 2:12 pm Edit

Reblogged this on [The ObamaCrat.Com™](#) and commented:

Wow....you write just a beautifully under Jocelyn Kain as you do as Allison Grayhurst.

Perfect Love

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/15/perfect-love-2/>

An amazing story of love. I like the short chapters. Each with meaning and purpose.

johncoyote



johncoyote says:

May 15, 2013 at 10:19 am Edit

A amazing story of love. I like the short chapters. Each with meaning and purpose.

Morning Glory

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/26/morning-glory-2/>

I really enjoyed how this builds and builds, and the final lines are like an epiphany : 'I open a room ...'

Wonderful poem, and so appropriate for springtime too. 😊

I hope the sun shines for you today, Allison.

Anne



Anne says:

May 1, 2013 at 5:13 am Edit

I really enjoyed how this builds and builds, and the final lines are like an epiphany :

'I open a room ...'

Wonderful poem, and so appropriate for springtime too. 😊

I hope the sun shines for you today, Allison.

Morning Glory

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/26/morning-glory-2/>

Oh my god, how beautiful.

“And from the beginning the miracle
sat on our shoulder like a butterfly”

“I give no more from the side of my mouth,
for the seductive shadow and the running crowd.

Plain as the path to heaven, I kiss the dread

and let it drift down sea. I open a room

where the light catches my breath.

I am breathing a morning glory.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 26, 2013 at 9:43 pm Edit

Oh my god, how beautiful.
"And from the beginning the miracle
sat on our shoulder like a butterfly"
"I give no more from the side of my mouth,
for the seductive shadow and the running crowd.
Plain as the path to heaven, I kiss the dread
and let it drift down sea. I open a room
where the light catches my breath.
I am breathing a morning glory."

Morning Glory

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/26/morning-glory-2/>
a beautiful poem of release and openness, I receive it
Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

April 26, 2013 at 7:53 pm Edit

a beautiful poem of release and openness, i receive it

Sight at Zero

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/20/sight-at-zero-2/>
Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:
I Love this....thank you Allison. You brighten up a blog
dedicated to politics and current news events, which are not
always happy subjects, with your word magic. Thank you.
Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

April 20, 2013 at 4:03 pm Edit

Reblogged this on [The ObamaCrat.Com™](#) and commented:

I Love this....thank you Allison. You brighten up a blog dedicated to politics and current news events, which are not always happy subjects, with your word magic. Thank you.

Sight at Zero

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/20/sight-at-zero-2/>

Brilliant! Full of Meaning, feeling, reeling stunning language capturing the poignancy and complexity of exquisite, if not always comfortable, human emotion!

“lovers assassinate love
for the sensation of pride.”

“It is my jealousy
that has woken, generous
with hate.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 20, 2013 at 10:56 am Edit

Brilliant! Full of Meaning, feeling, reelingly stunning language capturing the poignancy and complexity of exquisite, if not always comfortable, human emotion!

★ Like

💬 Reply



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 20, 2013 at 10:58 am Edit

" lovers assassinate love

for the sensation of pride."

"It is my jealousy

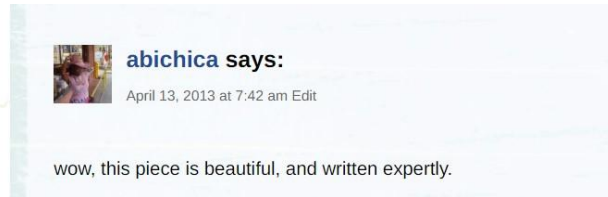
that has woken, generous

with hate."

By This Light

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/13/by-this-light-2/>

wow, this piece is beautiful, and written expertly.
abichica



By This Light

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/13/by-this-light-2/>

A CLASSIC – a true love poem not only to a personal breath-taking love, but to the love of humanity and to the articulation of our shared human landscape for glory.

Appreciating The Difficult



It's been months

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/06/its-been-months/>

Just wonderful, Allison. I hope you are still in that place.

Eric



It's been months

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/06/its-been-months/>

Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:

Like a fine expensive bottle of Merlot, Allison just gets better with time. Thank you for this

Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

April 6, 2013 at 2:56 pm Edit

Reblogged this on [The ObamaCrat.Com™](#) and commented:

Like a fine expensive bottle of Merlot, Allison just gets better with time. Thank you for this

It's been months

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/04/06/its-been-months/>

This says so many things to me, and I feel like I can identify with so much of it. I read a few times and I'm saving it to read some more. There's real beauty here.

Carl



Carl says:

April 9, 2013 at 1:03 am Edit

This says so many things to me, and I feel like I can identify with so much of it. I read a few times and I'm saving it to read some more. There's real beauty here.

Slice the pony

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/21/slice-the-pony/>

Brilliant, beautiful. Full of the power and majesty of the wholeness of life.

“Because of so many things

lost and remade, I have been left without a plan
but to lean without shame or resistance on
the bosom of God. That is the role, the flesh
and backbone combined.”

“Because I know it is all for you and all is given
by you – we sing, we paint our stories – this story
rich with surprises and laden with disappointments.
I sing and paint and wish for other things,
though I am satisfied with love and with the way
you see fit to carry me across.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 4, 2013 at 10:22 am Edit

Brilliant, beautiful. Full of the power and majesty of the wholeness of life.
"Because of so many things

lost and remade, I have been left without a plan

but to lean without shame or resistance on

the bosom of God. That is the role, the flesh

and backbone combined."

"Because I know it is all for you and all is given

by you – we sing, we paint our stories – this story

rich with surprises and laden with disappointments.

I sing and paint and wish for other things,

though I am satisfied with love and with the way

you see fit to carry me across."

Denial

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/22/poem-published-in-beatnik/>

Myself feeling torn, weighed down, distracted, pulled apart
by various pressures and desires of my own heart—I found
this very comforting...thank you for a good read.

Abigail Burhenne



Abigail Burhenne says:

March 25, 2013 at 8:40 pm Edit

Myself feeling torn, weighed down, distracted, pulled apart by various pressures
and desires of my own heart—I found this very comforting...thank you for a good
read.

Denial

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/22/poem-published-in-beatnik/>

The kind of adamant resistance you show to not being
caught by the dirge – I love you for it!

Appreciating The Difficult



The Holding On

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/23/the-holding-on/>
I LOVE this! Passionate, strong, solid, vital, instructive. BEAUTY. Wow.

"Over the highest evergreen I race
with my emblem. I lost
nearly everything I cared for to gain
a new soul. I lost a passion and gained
a rage against death and the wilderness outside.
I drink from the underground and am blessed."
Appreciating The Difficult



Daughter – almost five

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/17/daughter-almost-five/>

Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:
Beautiful tribute from a great poet to her daughter. Thank you Allison.
Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

March 17, 2013 at 1:55 pm Edit

Reblogged this on [The ObamaCrat.Com™](#) and commented:
Beautiful tribute from a great poet to her daughter. Thank you Allison.

Daughter – almost five

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/17/daughter-almost-five/>

Reads like a dream, like a song, like a touch – a tenderness
filling my heart like a strong feather.

“I live inside the gentleness of your mind.”

“In dreams I find you
beside me for always,”

AND OH MY GOD...

“your eyes rich as the colours of earth
and your rhythm, profoundly ancient
like the dance of a seabird upon water.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 20, 2013 at 8:08 pm Edit

Reads like a dream, like a song, like a touch – a tenderness filling my heart like a
strong feather.

“I live inside the gentleness of your mind.”

“In dreams I find you

beside me for always,”

AND OH MY GOD...

“your eyes rich as the colours of earth

and your rhythm, profoundly ancient

like the dance of a seabird upon water.”

Underline

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/18/underline/>

I LOVE IT! The power of myth, magic and mystery – like a
fairy tale!

“By the last leaf changing
and the voice of rivers calling,
by the presence of an

unwilling hero
a great light is born.”
“The aspirations never hooked up,
but neither
did they die.”
Appreciating The Difficult



Now You Know

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/19/now-you-know/>
Brilliant! Peppered with keeper lines like bullets of insight
in a gray world!
“Now you know the honeydew nectar
spread across the light – like a
limit – sweet but blurring.”
“agitated
like a mind unable to hold one clear sentence”
“You do not exist the way you once thought.”
“never finding the way out.
It has been this way.”
“Almost
your dream is gone.”
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 20, 2013 at 7:54 pm Edit

Brilliant! Peppered with keeper lines like bullets of insight in a gray world!
"Now you know the honeydew nectar
spread across the light – like a
limit – sweet but blurring."
"agitated
like a mind unable to hold one clear sentence"
"You do not exist the way you once thought."
"never finding the way out.
It has been this way."
"Almost
your dream is gone."

Preparing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/20/poem-published-in-gloom-cupboard/>

It's a beautiful poem, alluding to the marvels of a life's journey.

Carl



Carl says:

March 20, 2013 at 8:27 am Edit

It's a beautiful poem, alluding to the marvels of a life's journey.

Preparing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/20/poem-published-in-gloom-cupboard/>

Reblogged this on Eric M. Vogt: Life-Writings and commented:

What a great poem by Allison Grayhurst! If you haven't read her, you should. 😊 Eric



Eric says:

March 20, 2013 at 10:59 am Edit

Reblogged this on [Eric M. Vogt: Life-Writings](#) and commented:

What a great poem by Allison Grayhurst! If you haven't read her, you should. 😊

Eric

Preparing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/20/poem-published-in-gloom-cupboard/>

Love it! Crisp, feeling, spacious, promising in its beauty.

“I am waiting for motivation, for a clarity of purpose

I sunk under the St. Lawrence rapids. When I was a child,

I watched those rapids without fear,

stood close to the edge and never wondered about the

slippery underfoot,

never worried about the shadflies arriving like a plague of
river insects

or about my loneliness that turned into a ghost companion
comforting me in those grey Quebec afternoons.”

“But here, in this riverless realm,

I cannot place my hands down. I cannot stretch wide
enough

to feel whole.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 20, 2013 at 7:35 pm Edit

Love it! Crisp, feeling, spacious, promising in its beauty.
 "I am waiting for motivation, for a clarity of purpose
 that I once owned like a beautiful stone
 I sunk under the St. Lawrence rapids. When I was a child,
 I watched those rapids without fear,
 stood close to the edge and never wondered about the slippery underfoot,
 never worried about the shadflies arriving like a plague of river insects
 or about my loneliness that turned into a ghost companion
 comforting me in those grey Quebec afternoons."
 "But here, in this riverless realm,
 I cannot place my hands down. I cannot stretch wide enough
 to feel whole."

Just Believing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/16/just-believing/>

"I will turn while in my days of darkness
and feast upon fireflies."

I keep turning your opening words over and over in my mind, Allison. It sings like a mythical song. Closely identified with the theme of your piece.

Eric



Eric says:

March 16, 2013 at 7:59 am Edit

"I will turn while in my days of darkness
and feast upon fireflies."

I keep turning your opening words over and over in my mind, Allison. It sings like a mythical song. Closely identified with the theme of your piece.

Wish you the best with "Into My Mortal". 😊 Eric

Just Believing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/16/just-believing/>

BRILLIANT – and dead on! Glorious, poetically transporter!

“A new groove will capture my flight
and lift chairs from the floor.

I will be the one whose radio still sounds,
whose sandwich has been eaten
and whose telephone calls have meaning.

It is just a matter of believing in mercy
and not much more.

It is appreciating the smell of my baby’s neck
and the times when reading with my child.”

“The days will turn over
and the unexpected will enter
to bless then break
my fall.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 16, 2013 at 10:28 am Edit

BRILLIANT – and dead on! Glorious, poetically transportive!

“A new groove will capture my flight

and lift chairs from the floor.

I will be the one whose radio still sounds,

whose sandwich has been eaten

and whose telephone calls have meaning.

It is just a matter of believing in mercy

and not much more.

It is appreciating the smell of my baby’s neck

and the times when reading with my child.”

“The days will turn over

and the unexpected will enter

to bless then break

my fall.”

In Front

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/03/15/in-front/>

Very nice as always, you maintain quality as easy as gentle breathing – always a joy to read your work

Bruce



Bruce Ruston says:

March 15, 2013 at 9:22 am Edit

Very nice as always, you maintain quality as easy as gentle breathing – always a joy to read your work

Intimacy

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/23/poem-published-in-triage-monthly/>

That's fantastic! Well done! Your poems are always superb!

redplace



redplace says:

February 23, 2013 at 6:43 pm Edit

That's fantastic! Well done! Your poems are always superb!

Intimacy

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/23/poem-published-in-triage-monthly/>

Loved the cadence in this one Allison – beautiful

gingerfightback



gingerfightback says:

February 24, 2013 at 4:31 am Edit

Loved the cadence in this one Allison – beautiful

Intimacy

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/23/poem-published-in-triage-monthly/>

Congratulations – a breathtaking poem alluding to a breathtaking experience!

The rhythm of this poem seems to capture the moment and then release it. Beautifully written.

Anne



Anne says:

February 23, 2013 at 12:11 pm Edit

Congratulations – a breathtaking poem alluding to a breathtaking experience!
The rhythm of this poem seems to capture the moment and then release it.
Beautifully written. 😊

When Small Things Die

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/18/when-small-things-die/>

This poem really grabs me this evening. It has such agony in it and to have held it in your hands for its last breaths...the image of a “feeble resurrection” is one that has never occurred to me and I find it very striking. How can a resurrection be feeble except that somehow we bring our weakness into heaven...

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

February 22, 2013 at 9:45 pm Edit

This poem really grabs me this evening. It has such agony in it and to have held it in your hands for its last breaths...the image of a “feeble resurrection” is one that has never occurred to me and I find it very striking. How can a resurrection be feeble except that somehow we bring our weakness into heaven...

When Small Things Die

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/18/when-small-things-die/>

The beauty and the hardship of life paid tribute to in sharply emotive and compelling language art
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 20, 2013 at 8:11 am Edit

The beauty and the hardship of life paid tribute to in sharply emotive and compelling language art 😊

Green Haven and You

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/19/green-haven-and-you/>

I really enjoyed this. It was especially nice to close my eyes and listen, your voice I assume.

prewitt1970



prewitt1970 says:

February 20, 2013 at 3:42 am Edit

I really enjoyed this. It was especially nice to close my eyes and listen, your voice I assume.

Green Haven and You

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/19/green-haven-and-you/>

Beautiful, breath-taking, powerful tribute to one gone – and how life is not in this dimension or another, but both, through the poetic painting of our true consciousness.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 20, 2013 at 8:14 am Edit

Beautiful, breath-taking, powerful tribute to one gone – and how life is not in this dimension or another, but both, through the poetic painting of our true consciousness.

Green Haven and You

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/19/green-haven-and-you/>

This is a great piece. I felt as though I was floating with the scenes.

Carl



Carl says:

February 19, 2013 at 11:31 pm Edit

This is a great piece. I felt as though I was floating with the scenes.

Altered Behind City Gardens

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/17/altered-behind-city-gardens/>

OH MY GOD – I love this! Beautiful, breath-taking – true, true love – soul love, soul mates.
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 20, 2013 at 8:08 am Edit

OH MY GOD – I love this! Beautiful, breath-taking – true, true love – soul love, soul mates.

Turtle

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/16/turtle/>

So intimately and grandly connected to this small animal life. A true gift to be able to sense at this level.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 16, 2013 at 8:58 am Edit

So intimately and grandly connected to this small animal life. A true gift to be able to sense at this level.

What Hands Can Hold

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/15/what-hands-can-hold/>

A classic. One of my favorite. Peaceful, brilliant in its beauty.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 15, 2013 at 6:28 am Edit

A classic. One of my favorite. Peaceful, brilliant in its beauty.

Making Love

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/14/making-love/>

This is a great piece. I love the flow and the arc of it.

Carl



Carl says:

February 14, 2013 at 2:56 pm Edit

This is a great piece. I love the flow and the arc of it.

Making Love

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/14/making-love/>

Stunningly beautiful! True Eros – on the perfect Day!

“I hold you. You are my language

dying to be born.

You are the one I will never recover from,

the only companion my heart has known.

I cannot envy the stars, or

the soft-spoken trees.

For there is landscape

enough, here beside you,

where all of heaven’s disguises

glow bright,

transparent.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 14, 2013 at 10:37 am Edit

Stunningly beautiful! True Eros – on the perfect Day!

“I hold you. You are my language

dying to be born.

You are the one I will never recover from,

the only companion my heart has known.

I cannot envy the stars, or

the soft-spoken trees.

For there is landscape

enough, here beside you,

where all of heaven's disguises

glow bright,

transparent.”

Miles Without Grace

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/13/miles-without-grace/>

Profound and deep and majestic as usual.

“Falling clouds, falling shadows

into the heart-nests

into the white morning flame.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 14, 2013 at 10:52 am Edit

Profound and deep and majestic as usual.

"Falling clouds, falling shadows

into the heart-nests

into the white morning flame."

Germination

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/12/germination/>

this is splendid! I loved every line! 😊

abichica



abichica says:

February 12, 2013 at 12:28 pm Edit

this is splendid! i loved every line! 😊

Germination

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/12/germination/>

Beauty, Beauty, Beauty! Of a rare Heart, Eye and Depth of Love and Eros!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 14, 2013 at 10:48 am Edit

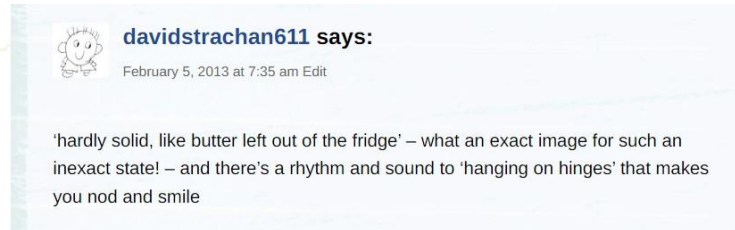
Beauty, Beauty, Beauty! Of a rare Heart, Eye and Depth of Love and Eros!

The Book

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/01/the-book/>

hardly solid, like butter left out of the fridge' – what an exact image for such an inexact state! – and there's a rhythm and sound to 'hanging on hinges' that makes you nod and smile

davidstrachan611



The Book

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/01/the-book/>

Breath-taking – luxurious!

Appreciating The Difficult

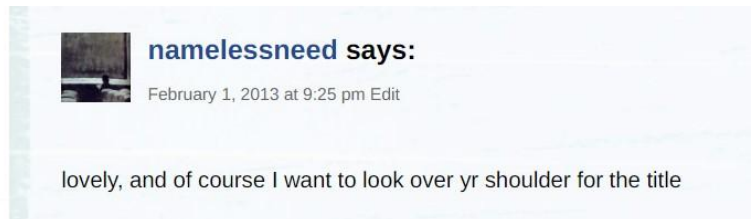


The Book

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/02/01/the-book/>

lovely, and of course I want to look over yr shoulder for the title

namelessneed



Change

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/01/11/poem-published-in-the-poetry-jar/>

Allison, this is a powerful poem about change with many very salient and tangible images that tug and tug at what the change means, what it feels like, how it assaults our senses and every part of our lives. I enjoyed it very much.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

January 12, 2013 at 6:04 pm Edit

Allison, this is a powerful poem about change with many very salient and tangible images that tug and tug at what the change means, what it feels like, how it assaults our senses and every part of our lives. I enjoyed it very much.

Change

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/01/11/poem-published-in-the-poetry-jar/>

The poetry continues to grow and writhe into shine after shine in its depth, passionate cry and beauty.

“Let it come like the wave with
the salty foam. Let it reflect
my insides like a face held towards
new cutlery. Let it take my rhythm for
its own, express it in the wings of angry crows
and the trees in communion with the wind.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 12, 2013 at 9:22 am Edit

The poetry continues to grow and writhe into shine after shine in its depth, passionate cry and beauty.

“Let it come like the wave with
the salty foam. Let it reflect
my insides like a face held towards
new cutlery. Let it take my rhythm for
its own, express it in the wings of angry crows
and the trees in communion with the wind.”

Path

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/01/06/poem-published-in-lit-up-magazine-2/>

that's a very 'touching' and exact image of tenderness and trust in the last 2 lines

davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

January 9, 2013 at 9:41 pm Edit

that's a very 'touching' and exact image of tenderness and trust in the last 2 lines

Path

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/01/06/poem-published-in-lit-up-magazine-2/>

very nice, there is always something personally spiritual about your poetry. It is somewhat calming

Bruce Ruston



Bruce Ruston says:

January 6, 2013 at 6:34 pm Edit

very nice, there is always something personally spiritual about your poetry. It is somewhat calming

We sorrowed far when the sky tore,

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/09/we-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore/>

Brilliant! Soaring! Delicious!

Complex sophistication. Love it!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 3, 2013 at 7:40 pm Edit

Brilliant! Soaring! Delicious!

Complex sophistication. Love it!

We sorrowed far when the sky tore,

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/09/we-sorrowed-far-when-the-sky-tore/>

O, Allison, I do not usually follow a poet after reading just one poem, but you have the gift and I must see your next masterpiece or two or three...

Eric



ericmvogt says:

December 26, 2012 at 10:01 pm Edit

O, Allison, I do not usually follow a poet after reading just one poem, but you have the gift and I must see your next masterpiece or two or three... 😊 Eric

Fill the ghosts with upward rejoicing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/23/fill-the-ghosts-with-upward-rejoicing/>

Ripe with the depth of life – language substance beyond measure Allison soars in her acing of the surf.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

December 25, 2012 at 8:55 am Edit

Ripe with the depth of life – language substance beyond measure Allison soars in her acing of the surf.

Fill the ghosts with upward rejoicing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/23/fill-the-ghosts-with-upward-rejoicing/>

Very nice sad and a dark ending I think

Bruce Ruston



Bruce Ruston says:

December 24, 2012 at 3:30 am Edit

Very nice sad and a dark ending I think

Back

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/18/poem-published-in-pocket-thoughts/>

his poem is incredible – like a rich gentle fierce painting – wow:

“Carelessly moving from place to place
but changeless as a brick under a porch
and strong as that brick”

“Take this mortal thinning and give nothing to regrets:
We sing for each other and you are free. I feel it
in the sparrows lined along the roofline and in
your tired features morphing into winter branches – richer
brown,
moist – like just before a spring bloom.”
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

December 19, 2012 at 10:04 am Edit

This poem is incredible – like a rich gentle fierce painting – wow:

“Carelessly moving from place to place

but changeless as a brick under a porch

and strong as that brick”

“Take this mortal thinning and give nothing to regrets:

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in the sparrows lined along the roofline and in

your tired features morphing into winter branches – richer brown,

moist – like just before a spring bloom.”

Back

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/18/poem-published-in-pocket-thoughts/>

Congratulations Allison – this is one of your most powerful
yet translucent pieces.

gingerfightback



gingerfightback says:

December 19, 2012 at 4:20 am Edit

Congratulations Allison – this is one of your most powerful yet translucent
pieces.

Back

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/18/poem-published-in-pocket-thoughts/>

I am happy and thrilled at Grayhurst's success and even more amazed with the depth and scope of her talent. Check out her work.

Jueseppi



Jueseppi B. says:

December 18, 2012 at 2:00 pm Edit

Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:

I am happy and thrilled at Grayhurst's success and even more amazed with the depth and scope of her talent. Check out her work.

Pingback: My Picks For 2012's Most Influential Blogs « The ObamaCrat.Com™ Edit

Pingback: The REALITY Blog Award « The ObamaCrat.Com™ Edit

Pingback: The Very Inspiring Blogger Award « The ObamaCrat.Com™ Edit

Pingback: You've Been Nominated For The Very Inspiring Blogger Award « The ObamaCrat.Com™ Edit

Pingback: The "Shine On Award" From Ms. Emily Guido « The ObamaCrat.Com™ Edit

Pingback: The 2013 Reader Appreciation Award « The ObamaCrat.Com™ Edit

Open Book Toronto Interview for new Chapbook

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/14/open-book-toronto-interview-for-new-chapbook/>

I can also really connect with the quote, "Reading it fills me the strongest with my own voice — which I think all great

art and true inspiration, should do.” I have yet to find my list of poets who do this for me...I can think of one.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

December 15, 2012 at 8:04 am Edit

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In Labour

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/12/13/in-labour/>

She just keeps getting better and better – language like a banquet, emotion like a symphony!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

December 14, 2012 at 2:03 pm Edit

She just keeps getting better and better – language like a banquet, emotion like a symphony!

Endure

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/10/endure/>

here are some lovely lines in here; the way you capture ‘that one hour’ and the simplicity and complexities of love. I think the image at the end is wonderful.

poetrydiary



poetrydiary says:

October 5, 2012 at 6:08 pm Edit

There are some lovely lines in here; the way you capture ‘that one hour’ and the simplicity and complexities of love. I think the image at the end is wonderful.

Endure

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/10/endure/>

Your writing is remarkable.



Moriah LaChapell says:

October 2, 2012 at 10:53 am Edit

Your writing is remarkable.

Endure

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/05/10/endure/>

OH MY GOD!

I LOVE THIS!

Powerful here, there and everywhere!

The circuitry of Experience and hallowed insight of the human heart amidst the unflinching Eye!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 2, 2012 at 9:10 am Edit

OH MY GOD!

I LOVE THIS!

Powerful here, there and everywhere!

The circuitry of Experience and hallowed insight of the human heart amidst the unflinching Eye!

The Stone

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/05/the-stone/>

I check regularly for the possibility of recent work/ miss you & yr imaginable “nowness”

but yr powerful symbols plow on

namelessneed



namelessneed says:

October 8, 2012 at 9:52 am Edit

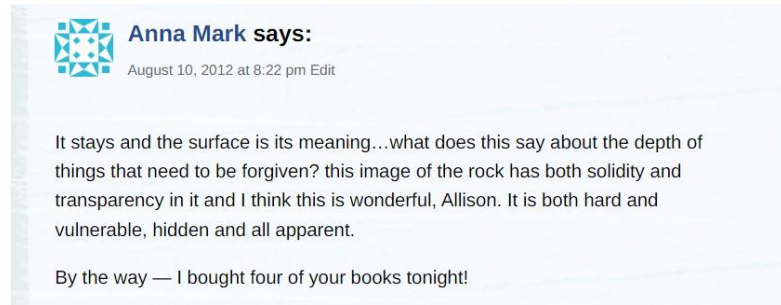
I check regularly for the possibility of recent work/ miss you & yr imaginable “nowness”

but yr powerful symbols plow on

The Stone

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/05/the-stone/>

It stays and the surface is its meaning...what does this say about the depth of things that need to be forgiven? this image of the rock has both solidity and transparency in it and I think this is wonderful, Allison. It is both hard and vulnerable, hidden and all apparent.
By the way — I bought four of your books tonight!
Anna Mark



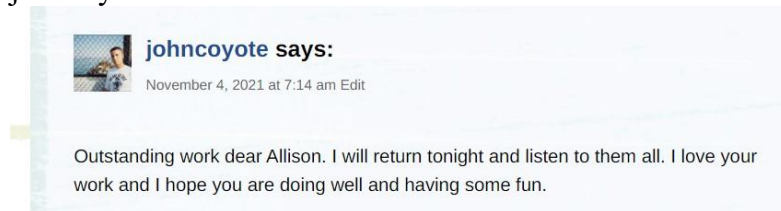
Illusions Burned, Radiant Light Restored

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/illusions-burned-radiant-light-restored/>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2021/11/03/illusions-burned-radiant-light-restored-part-1-of-25-youtube-poem/>

Outstanding work dear Allison. I will return tonight and listen to them all. I love your work and I hope you are doing well and having some fun.

johncoyote



Dance

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/09/01/dance/>

The whole thing is brilliant and graphic and dances – and especially like:

“I could ride a train, take it across the border.

I could be like the young woman who fell – was she dancing on the bridge’s rail and forgot the distance? or simply

bloated on drugs and insanity’s youthful wake?

How strange that her asymmetrical face
and lithe beauty remain, so you think of her
as one of the fortunate – because of the fall,
because she fell while dancing, and you have forgotten how
to surrender.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

September 18, 2012 at 1:25 pm Edit

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to surrender.”

Dance

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/09/01/dance/>

wooww!! great write... I always love your poetry.. 😊

abichica



abichica says:

September 14, 2012 at 5:19 am Edit

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The poetry of Allison Grayhurst

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/07/27/allison-grayhursts-latest-poetry-books-for-sale/>

Over the last year you have challenged, stimulated and
delighted me daily. I love your shimmering, mercurial

metaphor, and your spirit wisdom. Thank you. I wish you deep wells of creativity, and delight in your work.

Clare Flourish



Clare Flourish says:

September 7, 2012 at 9:28 am Edit

Over the last year you have challenged, stimulated and delighted me daily. I love your shimmering, mercurial metaphor, and your spirit wisdom. Thank you. I wish you deep wells of creativity, and delight in your work.

The poetry of Allison Grayhurst

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Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:
Allison Grayhurst is a magician with the written word, I suggest you buy or read her books. They will leave you uplifted.

Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

July 27, 2012 at 8:16 am Edit

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Wow! What a host of Masterpieces – so hard won and Labours of Love — FOR YEARS! We are thrilled and give you great congratulations as your readers!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

July 27, 2012 at 11:27 am Edit

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To Wait Without Drowning

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/27/to-wait-without-drowning/>

Phenomenal

michael mcguirt



To Wait Without Drowning

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/27/to-wait-without-drowning/>

The last verse is exquisite.

I want to be there too

Anne



Why have I died

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/10/why-have-i-died/>

woow!! so much power in your words.. :-)

abichica



Why have I died

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/08/10/why-have-i-died/>

Your words speak so profoundly. Words beyond words. I love your writing!

Redplace



redplace says:

August 10, 2012 at 6:29 pm Edit

Your words speak so profoundly. Words beyond words. I love your writing!

Learning Temperance

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/07/28/learning-temperance/>

That makes your poetry so special, Allison, is the way you marry language to idea so that both the language and idea become surprising or unique. The start of this poem

Cradle the handle under the sleeve
and watch as the sun changes shadows.

reminds me of that magic you have. The first line is mysterious when you first read it. What handle? Under a sleeve, and then the second line, watching the sun as it changes shadows. Then the word, “Blue,” to start the second line, blue as related to shadows, but also blue related to

...the private everafter with
the future under my fingernails and an orange seed
in my throat...

This is not just the everafter that we all must face in our everyday lives and at the end of life, but the private everafter, the handle under the sleeve, the shadow on the sun, where the future is under your fingernails and an orange seed—which is a symbol of fertility in some cultures—in your throat. Given your recent publishing feat this symbol or orange seed and throat, indicative of speech out of the throat, seems appropriate.

Then the questions:

Will it happen or will it always be ‘the wait’?

Waiting in the moment just before bloom
but never arriving into full colour? Or is it only
a long pause, gathering breath for the final
swing that will bury all dullness that has gone before?

Each question queries the self, as I read this, or your personal life. Ethel once wrote a poem with a line that went something like,

Is it to be a woman?

To always look on windows instead of doors?

*(*please see below, this is actually a quote from a Theodore Roethke poem called Fourth Meditation)*

These questions seem to strike the same poignancy, the wondering about life and what it means in its fulfillment.

These strike to the heart of who all of us are in confronting ourselves as human beings.

Then the answer to the questions and the poem's powerful denouement:

I see a tree I have walked by many times before. This time I noticed it and smiled.

Maybe this is not darkness at all,

but a line to follow and focus on

like a child watching rain drops – one at a time.

Perhaps if we learn temperance, patience, and only look at a tree we've walked past before and notice it and smile, then we will find that we are not in darkness, in dullness, in the everafterlife's end. Perhaps, the tree and life is a line to follow and focus on "Like a child watching rain drops—one at a time."

This is absolutely wonderful magnificent.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

July 28, 2012 at 11:35 pm Edit

What makes your poetry so special, Allison, is the way you marry language to idea so that both the language and idea become surprising or unique. The start of this poem

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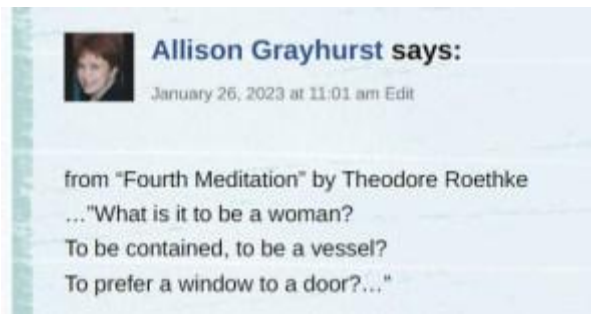
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This is absolutely wonderfulmagnificent.



When the last tie is broken

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/23/when-the-last-tie-is-broken/>

...timeless moments oblivious to thought...Like being at the place where
water and earth are like fingers massaging mud
into a vision – a weight
unattainable to the cerebral mind

These are beautiful descriptions. I think they are describing faith or belief, and the mystery of forming and being and creating.

Anna Mark



When the last tie is broken

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/23/when-the-last-tie-is-broken/>

This poem REALLY helped me TODAY.

I memorized the passion and dedication lines.

Thank you!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 23, 2012 at 10:13 am Edit

This poem REALLY helped me TODAY.

I memorized the passion and dedication lines.

Thank you!

Like A Wave

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/11/like-a-wave/>

Beauty is curved like the wave of a rapid river

Great line!

davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

June 12, 2012 at 5:16 am Edit

Beauty is curved like the wave of a rapid river

Great line!

Like A Wave

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/11/like-a-wave/>

beautiful amazing piece.. touched my heart!! 😊

abichica



abichica says:

June 12, 2012 at 2:40 am Edit

beautiful amazing piece.. touched my heart!! 😊

Like A Wave

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/06/11/like-a-wave/>

Beautiful. The journey down is indeed sacred!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 11, 2012 at 8:44 am Edit

Beautiful. The journey down is indeed sacred!

In The Day

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/30/in-the-day/>

Again, you set and assure a sure tone/ a listener & reader
feels a soul's downshift/

Yr trustworthy words reach a hand back..to lead us
solemnly on to yr declarations

Oddly, my favorite lines were introductory to yr messages,
but I like 'em

"In the evening, close to dark,
hair-clipping all dishevelled expectations,
pin-pointing a place to lay down, to rest and witness the
uneventful view"

Thanx again & Keep on, friend,
namelessneed



namelessneed says:

May 30, 2012 at 7:43 am Edit

Again, you set and assure a sure tone/ a listener & reader feels a soul's downshift/
Yr trustworthy words reach a hand back..to lead us solemnly on to yr declarations

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Thanx again & Keep on, friend, G

In The Day

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/30/in-the-day/>

floats on a sea of light sadness and resignation...truly tells a
tale

David



David says:

May 30, 2012 at 6:08 am Edit

floats on a sea of light sadness and resignation...truly tells a tale

In The Day

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/30/in-the-day/>

Just the right level of allusion for me. Atmosphere of claimed contentment, seeing things positively, punctured by “One more day without”. Bathe in blessings is beautiful, and then- afterall no matter. Those last two lines bring the sense of loss crashing in on me, Saying what the person was without would puncture it. More anguish would lessen the effect for me. Without “no matter” I would forget the “without”: just quiet content, no harmonic of Anguish. I love the way you have put this together, I take a lot from it.

Clare



Clare Flourish says:

May 30, 2012 at 5:38 am Edit

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In The Day

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/30/in-the-day/>

Another masterpiece – I adore it!

“In the early afternoon,
assembling the fragments of my faith
like the bones of a bird and then giving it the key
to fly.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 30, 2012 at 5:54 pm Edit

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“In the early afternoon,

assembling the fragments of my faith

like the bones of a bird and then giving it the key

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elegy of this day

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/12/elegyof-this-day-being/>

Allison, once again, I find your responses to darkness quite atypical. How is “exposure” and vulnerability and such (almost surgical) light the answer to our nightmares? to the darkness in us? It is quite the opposite from what you want — to hide. Freedom comes from being known, I do know that, from allowing your darkness to be seen and loved even, yes even loved.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

May 15, 2012 at 8:02 pm Edit

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<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/12/elegyof-this-day-being/>

wonderful, again/ I intend to enter an american bookstore
sometime soon and
plop down my filthy lucre for clean & sure words in a book
of poetry
good job, Allison

namelessneed



namelessneed says:

May 14, 2012 at 4:17 am Edit

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plop down my filthy lucre for clean & sure words in a book of poetry
good job, allison

You who saw

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/05/you-who-saw/>

This is a wonderful poem, Allison. The start of it is mysterious:

You who saw the
morning fall on leaves
all rotted and brown but
kissed this darkest turn
and threw your coins to the sun.

Part of its mystery comes from the fact that it is incomplete sentence. The stanza leaves us hanging in the air—who is you? There is some sense to it. The you is a person when morning fell on leaves all rotted and brown, kissed the darkest turn and then turned around and threw coins (your coins) meaning special coins, wealth, into the sun.

As we read on we find out a lot more about “you”:

You who loved and always learned
that love is nothing earned.

You who opened your heart to a child
and let her wed and weave her own.

There is a wonderful truth about love in these lines, the idea that love is nothing earned, but is a gift that you then have to let go so that the child to which a human’s heart is opened, can then go on to weave her life.

Then the darkness:

You who felt the wanting grave
when you felt the skeleton hand of a friend
unchained.

The wanting grave, the skeleton hand of a friend unchained (from life?), the sorrow that happens even in the midst of love and goodness. The unchaining of life from death, the last remains of a friend even if they are still a friend with a skeleton hand...

Somberness leads to my favorite lines, as you might suspect of me:

You who beheld your wife like a sunrise
and gave her everyday a new light to live for.

I have failed to achieve this ideal, but I have beheld Ethel like a sunrise, and I have tried to give her light, even though I am afraid that my attempts have not always met the mark. But what wonderful thoughts—that giving her everyday a new light to live for might be possible even in the face of the darker moments in life, the losses we face in life.

A person who could achieve that central blessing deserves the next lines:

You who are so beautiful and always beginning,
like a band of circling swallows, like a whale
first seen in the wild, like the scent of home.

They are like the glory of the earth, beautiful, and always beginning, and a you that the poet describes is the sum of a thousand good men on a walk, like a chapel bell awakening, a man

...sweet and deep
as the true belief in miracles.

This is not the most powerful poem of those I just finished reading, but it is the most wonderful, Allison, and therefore I felt like picking it out for comment. There is goodness and an observation of goodness in this poem, and though I deal with trials and tribulations of people everyday at the college as they try to deal with complex lives, I still appreciate goodness when I run across it and believe I should notice it when I encounter its presence.

Thank you for this poem. It made my day.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

May 5, 2012 at 10:59 pm Edit

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You Who Saw

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/05/you-who-saw/>

Very powwwerful poem. Thanks for sharing it.

randalldeanscott



randalldeanscott says:

May 5, 2012 at 11:01 pm Edit

Very powwwerful poem. Thanks for sharing it.

Edified

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/23/edified/>

I'd like to know...did you really hear a voice? This poem is like a testimony. "Into the dictates of a personal command..." This line raises the hairs on my neck. I once saw freedom in such "personal commands" and "dictates"...but now, just not so sure. This poem seems clearly about an awakening, a calling into a new kind of way of being, away from cerebral justifications that lead to loneliness and despair.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

May 1, 2012 at 8:34 pm Edit

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Edified

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/23/edified/>

Allison, I just read the poems I hadn't read since my last comment. I always do that, then choose one or two on which to write a comment.

I actually found this to be a difficult poem. It starts with two questions;

"Was I bound by the artificial?

Driftwood down an interceding flow?"

Are you real? Or just driftwood flowing from a direction you cannot control? Then the poem takes a leap:

“Horse stance, back muscles rolling, lines of twine, and fishing.”

almost as if you see yourself in a great river like the Columbia out in the current tossing lines over and over again into roiling waters. This is an answer to the questions about how you really are. Then the poem leaps again with two declarative statements:

“I will not fish or tighten my spinal cord for the appearance of strength.

I will not bask relaxed in hot spring nobility or lick the nose of prey I someday plan to devour.”

At this point you seem to be defining yourself by denial, contradicting the vision of “Horse stance, back muscles rolling...”

You will not give the appearance of strength through strenuous action or bask in the hot spring of nobility or lick the nose of prey you may someday devour in order to be who you are.

Then the poem leaps again, telling us of a 2:30 a.m. dream that fits into this contemplation of self and who you are:

“Loudly, my name was spoken. It was God, I am sure of that. And it was angry, pressing, urging me to wake and take nothing lightly or so hard.”

This “angry, pressing” voice lifted you “from the gardens of my despair.”

And when you understood the voice, you had inside yourself “a permit to build, to trap the past inside the future...” to “absolved by the fact/that nothing can escape the impact of eternity.” This last quotation, as an aside, is a powerful line.

The reason for including igloo before mansions escapes me, but the next part of the poem essentially says that mansions you once erected inside yourself, “cerebral justifications of indignant loneliness,” are natural and cannot be dismantled. Then comes the affirmation in answer to the questions at the beginning of the poem:

“I heard my name spoken, calling me to dart alert from a shrinking sleep, to walk the hallway, carve myself an inclusive center, to answer boldly, unconditionally step into the dictates of a personal command.”

The voice in the dream gave you permission to be active in life, carve a center that is inclusive of life, the world, others, inside yourself, “to answer boldly,” to follow the personal commands from your inner voice, your self.

This is clearly mystic poetry as opposed to the confessional poetry of Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, et al. It is closer to what William Blake wrote than it is to much of the contemporary canon and thus has a tone that is commanding while, at the same time, giving an answer to the self about its reasons for existence. This takes a careful reading to “fish” out its multiple meanings. The word fish, for instance, in the early lines is not only there for image, but for the idea that you are not going to fish for who you are or for the meaning of life, leading to the vision that you describe in the poem. But a little effort gives substantial rewards.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

April 23, 2012 at 5:43 pm Edit

Allison, I just read the poems I hadn't read since my last comment. I always do that, then choose one or two on which to write a comment.

I actually found this to be a difficult poem. It starts with two questions;

"Was I bound by the artificial?

Driftwood down an interceding flow?"

Are you real? Or just driftwood flowing from a direction you cannot control? Then the poem takes a leap:

"Horse stance, back muscles rolling, lines of twine, and fishing."

almost as if you see yourself in a great river like the Columbia out in the current tossing lines over and over again into roiling waters. This is an answer to the questions about how you really are. Then the poem leaps again with two declarative statements:

"I will not fish or tighten my spinal cord for the appearance of strength.

I will not bask relaxed in hot spring nobility or lick the nose of prey I someday plan to devour."

At this point you seem to be defining yourself by denial, contradicting the vision of

"Horse stance, back muscles rolling..."

You will not give the appearance of strength through strenuous action or bask in the hot spring of nobility or lick the nose of prey you may someday devour in order to be who you are.

Then the poem leaps again, telling us of a 2:30 a.m. dream that fits into this contemplation of self and who you are:

"Loudly, my name was spoken. It was God, I am

sure of that. And it was angry, pressing, urging me to wake and take nothing lightly or so hard."

This "angry, pressing" voice lifted you "from the gardens of my despair."

And when you understood the voice, you had inside yourself "a permit to build, to trap the past inside the future..." to "absolved by the fact/that nothing can escape the impact of eternity." This last quotation, as an aside, is a powerful line.

The reason for including igloo before mansions escapes me, but the next part of the poem essentially says that mansions you once erected inside yourself, "cerebral justifications of indignant loneliness," are natural and cannot be dismantled.

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The voice in the dream gave you permission to be active in life, carve a center that is inclusive of life, the world, others, inside yourself, "to answer boldly," to follow the personal commands from your inner voice, your self.

This is clearly mystic poetry as opposed to the confessional poetry of Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, et al. It is closer to what William Blake wrote than it is to much of the contemporary canon and thus has a tone that is commanding while, at the same time, giving an answer to the self about its reasons for existence. This takes a careful reading to "fish" out its multiple meanings. The word fish, for instance, in the early lines is not only there for image, but for the idea that you are not going to fish for who you are or for the meaning of life, leading to the vision that you describe in the poem. But a little effort gives substantial rewards.

Edified

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/23/edified/>

Awesome...charged, clear, sharp to the point!

YES, THIS IS THE HEROIC JOURNEY STARING FEAR
IN THE FACE!

"I heard my name spoken, calling me to dart alert
from a shrinking sleep, to walk the hallway, carve
myself an inclusive center, to answer boldly,
unconditionally step
into the dictates of a personal command."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 23, 2012 at 1:57 pm Edit

Awesome...charged, clear, sharp to the point!

YES, THIS IS THE HEROIC JOURNEY STARING FEAR IN THE FACE!

"I heard my name spoken, calling me to dart alert

from a shrinking sleep, to walk the hallway, carve

myself an inclusive center, to answer boldly,

unconditionally step

into the dictates of a personal command."

Edified

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/23/edified/>

Inspiring poetry Allison.

David. L

davidlandgrebe



davidlandgrebe says:

April 23, 2012 at 8:35 am Edit

Inspiring poetry Allison.

David. L

End

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/01/end/>

“I have been the caterpillar/Not for one more day.” These two lines say it all. Metamorphosis. The way everlasting...though, I grapple with these things (as far as not knowing, not deeply experiencing whether or not I “believe” in the sewer anymore...but, I understand it. Yes. Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

May 1, 2012 at 7:49 pm Edit

“I have been the caterpillar/Not for one more day.” These two lines say it all. Metamorphosis. The way everlasting...though, I grapple with these things (as far as not knowing, not deeply experiencing whether or not I “believe” in the sewer anymore...but, I understand it. Yes.

End

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/01/end/>

Brilliant! Love it!

“I see the darkness fully. I face the sword
to slice clean the cancer blotting my soul.
I dive in the sewer, side by side with bacteria,
holding my face straight up. I let my fingertips be
severed so I can free the rest of my body.
I am frightened, looking beyond
the murky fear into a faith, small but glowing.”
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 1, 2012 at 7:22 am Edit

Brilliant! Love it!

"I see the darkness fully. I face the sword

to slice clean the cancer blotting my soul.

I dive in the sewer, side by side with bacteria,

holding my face straight up. I let my fingertips be

severed so I can free the rest of my body.

I am frightened, looking beyond

the murky fear into a faith, small but glowing."

End

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/05/01/end/>

A wonderful ending, Alison, really paints the picture.

Eve Redwater



Eve Redwater says:

May 1, 2012 at 3:29 pm Edit

A wonderful ending, Alison, really paints the picture. 😊

When This Is Over

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/27/when-this-is-over/>

This is incredibly beautiful, Allison. It does not need a long scan to understand it, so I will refrain from doing that and will come back tomorrow if I can and try to do a proper comment, but I could not leave this evening without letting you know how wonderful this poem is.

The start of the poem, with its formal phrasing, leaves me breathless:

At the end of the day, the pears will be ripe
and the ones I loved and died will float before me
in waves of growing beauty.

The formal solemnity of this gives it an unearthly beauty that I'm sure you meant, brewing contemplation and making us remember back on all those we have loved who have died.

Then you talk about yourself,

At the end, when all of this leaves, then I will breathe an owl breath, still in my tranquil sky.

"I will breathe an owl breath..." wow! What an idea.

Then the poem gets more complex, stating your intent to find someone who left you in chaos, a garden hit by storm.

The whorl of these two lines leads to:

I will give life again to the little birds, insects that have no use or concept of glory. I will return with you

to the Buddha waters, happy to know so much love.

and an expression of love that wraps all of us up in Buddha waters...and the beauty of your thoughts. Then you say that you...

will walk out my door and there will be summer,

and you and your love will

...will walk into the warmth:

ultimately loved, unequivocally whole.

Beautiful poetry! Even though it still has that complex whorl in it that gives us pause and thought.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

April 28, 2012 at 11:11 pm Edit

This is incredibly beautiful, Allison. It does not need a long scan to understand it, so I will refrain from doing that and will come back tomorrow if I can and try to do a proper comment, but I could not leave this evening without letting you know how wonderful this poem is.

The start of the poem, with its formal phrasing, leaves me breathless:

At the end of the day, the pears will be ripe
and the ones I loved and died will float before me
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and an expression of love that wraps all of us up in Buddha waters...and the beauty of your thoughts. Then you say that you...

will walk out my door and there will be summer,

and you and your love will

...will walk into the warmth:

ultimately loved, unequivocally whole.

Beautiful poetry! Even though it still has that complex whorl in it that gives us pause and thought.

When This Is Over

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/27/when-this-is-over/>

This is so very lovely Allison, the comparison to birds, the pear, the garden, and the ending – like a sweep through nature. 😊

Eve Redwater



Eve Redwater says:

April 27, 2012 at 3:37 pm Edit

This is so very lovely Allison, the comparison to birds, the pear, the garden, and the ending – like a sweep through nature. 😊

When This Is Over

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/27/when-this-is-over/>

A classic. BROUGHT TEARS TO MY EYES. Thank you.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 27, 2012 at 9:05 am Edit

A classic. BROUGHT TEARS TO MY EYES. Thank you.

Seamless

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/24/seamless/>

Strange rhythms are risked, foreheads pressed,
giving way

to beautiful unadulterated disclosure.”

a perfect and beautiful image of unity

nicolasguywilliams



nicolasguywilliams says:

April 28, 2012 at 7:59 pm Edit

“Strange rhythms are risked, foreheads pressed,

giving way

to beautiful unadulterated disclosure.”

a perfect and beautiful image of unity

Seamless

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/24/seamless/>

I loved how you conveyed your emotions in this piece
coined perfectly with such beautiful imagery. Lovely!

redplace



redplace says:

April 24, 2012 at 6:37 am Edit

I loved how you conveyed your emotions in this piece coined perfectly with such
beautiful imagery. Lovely!

Faith

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/20/faith/>
and when it is found there is also a sense that it has always
been there, waiting.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

April 23, 2012 at 7:27 pm Edit

...and when it is found there is also a sense that it has always been there, waiting.

Faith

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/20/faith/>

OH MY GOD – I love it!

“It is an emblem of uncharted kindness
that cannot fade even when I falter.

It is a name on a wall
that changes but is always mine.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 20, 2012 at 8:26 am Edit

OH MY GOD – I love it!

“It is an emblem of uncharted kindness

that cannot fade even when I falter.

It is a name on a wall

that changes but is always mine.”

Faith

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/20/faith/>

Beautiful Alison.

gingerfightback



gingerfightback says:

April 23, 2012 at 5:15 am Edit

Beautiful Alison.

Will you keep me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/17/will-you-keep-me/>

Especially like:

“so I would have no choice

but to lean on hefty roots, sleep at the bottom, wide as earth.

Will you keep me, stop me from compromising a cold solution,

from peddling the fruits of my incandescent plateau with weak convictions?

Or will you turn me wooden just to protect what is soft, and not,

interchangeable?”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 17, 2012 at 7:20 am Edit

Especially like:

“so I would have no choice

but to lean on hefty roots, sleep at the bottom, wide as earth.

Will you keep me, stop me from compromising a cold solution,

from peddling the fruits of my incandescent plateau with weak convictions?

Or will you turn me wooden just to protect what is soft, and not,

interchangeable? “

Will you keep me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/17/will-you-keep-me/>

You have real conviction in your words. Nice work.

David. L

davidlandgrebe



davidlandgrebe says:

April 17, 2012 at 10:03 am Edit

You have real conviction in your words. Nice work.

David. L

Silence

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/14/silence/>

It feels classic to me from the first lines onward.

I lift the bullfrog from the waters.

Bread, parables and staying close to a legend -
these are things of joy...

If I heard that at night around a campfire beneath a shining silver moon, I would say, softly, amen, amen. But of course this is a poem of grief, of the grave by the willow tree, a sailing ship with no port, and it gains part of its power from the contrast between the opening lines and the following lines. There are so many metaphors and such limbic power in the early lines of this poem that you could almost write a book about the poem and how metaphors relate to its emotional content and the human heart..

My father, I dream of your flame. I miss the woods
and your kind goodbyes. Tomorrow is a keyhole
that shapes my hopes with tiny possibilities.

These lines are so meaningful, telling us so much about
your father in his kindness expressed through goodbyes, and
how time has shrunk to a tomorrow of key holes that is left
with only tiny possibilities.

The ifs at the end are exquisite in their expression,
reminding us that inside grief there are always ifs, but they
are not the ifs of possibility and hope, but impossibilities
that fill us up with remembering.

This is a great poem.

Tom Davis



Thomas Davis says:

April 15, 2012 at 1:05 pm Edit

It feels classic to me from the first lines onward.

I lift the bullfrog from the waters.

Bread, parables and staying close to a legend –
these are things of joy...

If I heard that at night around a campfire beneath a shining silver moon, I would say, softly, amen, amen. But of course this is a poem of grief, of the grave by the willow tree, a sailing ship with no port, and it gains part of its power from the contrast between the opening lines and the following lines. There are so many metaphors and such limbic power in the early lines of this poem that you could almost write a book about the poem and how metaphors relate to its emotional content and the human heart..

My father, I dream of your flame. I miss the woods
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that shapes my hopes with tiny possibilities.

These lines are so meaningful, telling us so much about your father in his kindness expressed through goodbyes, and how time has shrunk to a tomorrow of key holes that is left with only tiny possibilities.

The ifs at the end are exquisite in their expression, reminding us that inside grief there are always ifs, but they are not the ifs of possibility and hope, but impossibilities that fill us up with remembering.

This is a great poem.

Silence

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/14/silence/>

In the spoken version 'the hollow log' becomes 'death' and woods becomes 'words' ...?

"Tomorrow is a keyhole/ that shapes my hopes with tiny possibilities" – I just like that for the way it sounds and flows and changes meaning as it goes

davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

April 14, 2012 at 7:19 pm Edit

In the spoken version 'the hollow log' becomes 'death' and woods becomes 'words' ...?

"Tomorrow is a keyhole/ that shapes my hopes with tiny possibilities" – I just like that for the way it sounds and flows and changes meaning as it goes

Watchman Of The Night

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/11/watchman-of-the-night/>

Love it! What a majestic imaginal realm!
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 14, 2012 at 6:13 pm Edit

Love it! What a majestic imaginal realm!

Wingbeats

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/09/wingbeats/>

Your poem has uniformly short lines which cleverly mimic the wingbeat rhythm suggested by your title.

davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

April 9, 2012 at 7:09 pm Edit

Your poem has uniformly short lines which cleverly mimic the wingbeat rhythm suggested by your title.

Wingbeats

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/09/wingbeats/>

A wonderful piece/ through & through

namelessneed



namelessneed says:

April 9, 2012 at 7:18 am Edit

A wonderful piece/ through & through

★ Like

Wingbeats

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/09/wingbeats/>

so beautiful.. 😊

abichica



Wingbeats

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/09/wingbeats/>

This is lovely. It has shades of Dylan Thomas, and believe me that is a compliment.

Romantic Dominant



I Know That

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/06/i-know-that/>

What a wonderful prayer to read on Easter morning! No matter what faith tradition anyone might follow. The two poems I've read today, Allison, are as clear and fresh as water tumbling over stones out of the San Juan Mountains. Achieving that clarity is as difficult as any other task a writer might take during that lifetime. It is not a necessary component of poetry. The puzzles spun out by Jim Heinz, ExtraSimilie, have their place in the body of poetry as do more complex poems that are not as challenging as those done by Jim. You are a true poet. These two poems are worth celebrating, although the truth is that much of what you write is worth celebrating.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

April 8, 2012 at 10:16 am Edit

What a wonderful prayer to read on Easter morning! No matter what faith tradition anyone might follow. The two poems I've read today, Allison, are as clear and fresh as water tumbling over stones out of the San Juan Mountains. Achieving that clarity is as difficult as any other task a writer might take during that lifetime. It is not a necessary component of poetry. The puzzles spun out by Jim Heinz, ExtraSimilie, have their place in the body of poetry as do more complex poems that are not as challenging as those done by Jim. You are a true poet. These two poems are worth celebrating, although the truth is that much of what you write is worth celebrating.

I Know That

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/06/i-know-that/>

I am really digging the soul and feel of this, I get it! great expression!

renokingswordsnpoetry



renokingswordsnpoetry says:

April 7, 2012 at 10:40 am Edit

I am really digging the soul and feel of this, I get it! great expression!

this prevails

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/03/this-prevails/>

Sheer Beauty, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, move over :)

“We lift up our shirts, place ears over navels,
dwarfing any future with instinctual immediacy.”

PS – Yes, this is so true:

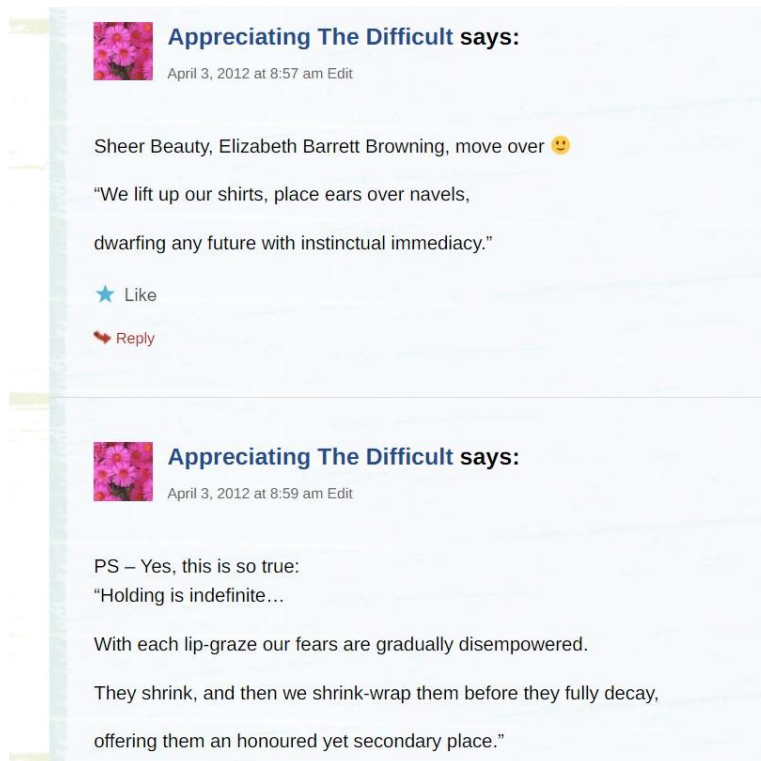
“Holding is indefinite...

With each lip-graze our fears are gradually disempowered.

They shrink, and then we shrink-wrap them before they
fully decay,

offering them an honoured yet secondary place.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Hard Time Singing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/31/hard-time-singing/>

Poetry does not have to stir hymns and hosannas to be poetry. Sometimes poetry gets under the skin and smashes the reader in the face and forces confrontation that is not to be quickly forgotten:

The ground that grows
 the wasteful blight and
 estranges the kiss and hiss of wildlife
 is in me like a slaughtered tribe
 that has no face.

Whew! This is one powerful description of a blackness that has descended singing angrily into the spirit.

I am in the nightmare cloud, wrapped
 in tar and rotted wood. I hide
 beneath the blanket, undone.

But poetry, if it is any good never stands still, but moves:
 Sickness has walked around me, mile
 around mile and names me this stone chiselled
 in two. It is the beginning, but it is midnight

and I am marked to be unmoved.

There is a hint here that there is a "beginning..." of sickness, of stone chiselled in two," but a stirring beneath the blackness even though "it is midnight/and I am marked to be be unmoved."

This is not the poetry of dazzling light, but of the spirit's darkness. Still, there has to be a beginning out of darkness even though it cannot move and the spirit hides under a blanket, trying to be unseen. Sylvia Plath wrote powerful poetry that sizzled with emotion. We feel the fire in her lines, but, in the end, she needed to find a new beginning, a path out of despair and the darker emotions. This has the power of Plath, but I see in it more hope even if the hope is lightly stated and perhaps half meant. I recognize you as a poet, Allison. A significant poet.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

April 1, 2012 at 5:48 pm Edit

Poetry does not have to stir hymns and hosannas to be poetry. Sometimes poetry gets under the skin and smashes the reader in the face and forces confrontation that is not to be quickly forgotten:

The ground that grows
the wasteful blight and
estranges the kiss and hiss of wildlife
is in me like a slaughtered tribe
that has no face.

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Hard Time Singing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/31/hard-time-singing/>

I like your use of language. . .very effective I think.

Reminds me of Ferlinghetti and his Beat Poetry in the 60's.

Also (for me) has a Dylan quality to it. I really like your poetry!

paranoide4life



paranoide4life says:

April 2, 2012 at 3:48 am Edit

I like your use of language. . .very effective I think. Reminds me of Ferlinghetti and his Beat Poetry in the 60's. Also (for me) has a Dylan quality to it. I really like your poetry!

Hard Time Singing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/31/hard-time-singing/>

HO-LEE! WOW! No one can write this stuff like you!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 2, 2012 at 10:59 am Edit

HO-LEE! WOW! No one can write this stuff like you!

As One

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/01/as-one/>

Intimate, throbbing, present:

Love:

“under blankets, more at ease

with the coming of private sleep than with trying.”

You capture moments in life with great intimacy.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 2, 2012 at 10:06 am Edit

Intimate, throbbing, present:

Love:

"under blankets, more at ease

with the coming of private sleep than with trying."

You capture moments in life with great intimacy.

As One

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/01/as-one/>

This is a love poem, Allison, but has both angst and sadness mixed in with the love. There is beautiful, original language, as in all of your poetry, sorrow like a grey October morn stretches between us, leaves us each alone watching out the same window.

fascinating ideas:

We are locked like the shore to the sea, perfectly different and merging in natural rhythm – each shell and struggling fish exposed, until we hide in separate elements, bonded to our own.

"each shell and struggling fish/exposed," talking about the inner being of human beings! An idea that stops you in your tracks and makes you think about what the poet is really saying. Each of the lovers expose themselves to the other, and then they "hide in separate elements...", trying to escape the exposure.

and the counterpoint of a complex relationship:

Often I am bruised by your laughter, counting pennies on the table with fierce concentration.

Though you with your hands, hold all the mystery my heart can fathom, pressing with gentleness my folded brow, or blending your legs with mine, sure and warm as the summer earth.

where the laughter of the lover bruises and causes a retreat into the "counting of pennies on the table with fierce

concentration,” but also presents hands that “hold all the mystery my heart can fathom...”

What I get out of this is that the mental/emotional part of the relationship is difficult, but the physical part is “sure and warm/as the summer earth.”

The questions raised by the poem are the old ones: Can the physical excitement of love last? Is that enough? Or does the physicalness of human beings translate into a rhythm powerful enough to overcome the emotional/mental difficulties we all face? Can love of any kind break through the “separate elements” and build a bonding that is strong and lasting? What is the nature of love?

This is, as usual, powerful poetry with a sting that makes the reader examine his/her universe.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

April 1, 2012 at 5:36 pm Edit

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The questions raised by the poem are the old ones: Can the physical excitement of love last? Is that enough? Or does the physicalness of human beings translate into a rhythm powerful enough to overcome the emotional/mental difficulties we all face? Can love of any kind break through the "separate elements" and build a bonding that is strong and lasting? What is the nature of love?

This is, as usual, powerful poetry with a sting that makes the reader examine his/her universe.

As One

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/04/01/as-one/>

I've seen a lot of insipid, clichéd "love poetry" on Word Press but this I like. Tender and honest, with some beautiful lines, "blending your legs with mine, sure and warm etc- I hope your loved one appreciates it.

reverendhellfire



reverendhellfire says:

April 3, 2012 at 3:10 am Edit

I've seen a lot of insipid, clichéd "love poetry" on Word Press but this I like. Tender and honest, with some beautiful lines, "blending your legs with mine, sure and warm etc-
I hope your loved one appreciates it.

Traces

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/23/traces/>

Allison, this poem starts with a dark, dark vision that is almost frightening:

In the whisper of tomorrow
the wood is burning and the trees
have died.

You then take the hinges off the door, doors being the instruments we humans use to keep the outside away from our inner lives while allowing us to go outside.

...waiting as my hunger works like
midnight in my stomach, dictating
the flavour of the coming stars.

These are powerful lines! You are waiting to see what "outside" comes through the door, not afraid, filled with hunger, letting that hunger dictate the flavour of the coming stars.

Then you ask a powerful question:

...will the answer come before the grave
or will obscurity greet me every new dawn
like a hand unheld or a gate torn down?

A question which probably drives all of those who become poets.

It is humming, the sound of this underground sorrow.

It hums of poetry and the earth and the bug eaten leaves.

It burns and cannot bloom in bookstores, will not bloom in the silence of a single decade or in the darkness of a closed drawer.

The craft of poetry in these lines, with the repetition of the It, is wonderful. The question, and the feared answer, humming an underground sorrow: It burns and cannot bloom in bookstores...

(poetry, of course, not matter how great the poet, seldom does)

But then your triumphant ending, at triumphant from where I sit:

Outside, the children go inside, readying for sleep.

I tread waterways in my mind

and send my kisses mid-air.

For in spite of the eternal question you have asked, you watch the children inside, reading for sleep, and send your kisses to them—and perhaps all of us, “mid-air.”

The previous poem deserves comment to, but when I read this one I could not help myself. I had to comment on it.

Ahh, for only more time during the day.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

March 24, 2012 at 5:29 pm Edit

Allison, this poem starts with a dark, dark vision that is almost frightening:
In the whisper of tomorrow
the wood is burning and the trees
have died.

You then take the hinges off the door, doors being the instruments we humans use
to keep the outside away from our inner lives while allowing us to go outside.
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The previous poem deserves comment to, but when I read this one I could not help
myself. I had to comment on it. Ahh, for only more time during the day.

Traces

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/23/traces/>

Beautiful... I especially like:

"Outside, the children go inside, readying for sleep.

I tread waterways in my mind
and send my kisses mid-air."

Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

March 24, 2012 at 8:29 am Edit

Beautiful... I especially like:

"Outside, the children go inside, readying for sleep.

I tread waterways in my mind

and send my kisses mid-air."

Traces

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/23/traces/>

"I often feel that your words start with a trickle and end with a down pouring, and end again with a trickle but with the sense of a "sigh" or "breath". Reading your poems usually has this feeling of oncoming rush and then a pause...

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

March 23, 2012 at 8:59 pm Edit

I often feel that your words start with a trickle and end with a down pouring, and end again with a trickle but with the sense of a "sigh" or "breath". Reading your poems usually has this feeling of oncoming rush and then a pause...

Far and Here

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/20/far-and-here/>

Yes! Witness consciousness! Fearlessly seeing and feeling it all, not dissociating.

Especially like:

"I am far from a solid core,
far from the plane ride to paradise,
far from the sodium dream,
but I am here
and here

I am looking around."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 20, 2012 at 8:47 am Edit

Yes! Witness consciousness! Fearlessly seeing and feeling it all, not dissociating.
Especially like:
"I am far from a solid core,
far from the plane ride to paradise,
far from the sodium dream,
but I am here
and here
I am looking around."

Far and Here

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/20/far-and-here/>

I understand you are not into accepting awards, and that this blog is all about the work, and not you, that aside, since you inspire me and my blog, I nominated you for The Very Inspiring Blogger Award. What you do with this award is entirely your business....but you have been given this based on how your words effect me....which is what writing is all about, reaching someone.

Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

March 20, 2012 at 7:35 am Edit

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Only One

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/19/only-one/>

Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:
Allison Grayhurst at the self named blog: "Allison Grayhurst" has done it again folks....another elegant yet simple group of words arranged in such a way to make me think. I love that about her poetry.

Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

March 19, 2012 at 7:42 am Edit

Reblogged this on [The ObamaCrat.Com™](#) and commented:

Allison Grayhurst at the self named blog: "Allison Grayhurst" has done it again folks....another elegant yet simple group of words arranged in such a way to make me think. I love that about her poetry.

Only One

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/19/only-one/>

"on the rafters a single flower is born"...to me, this poem is all here in this one line. That flower emerging from the rafters is the unborn fetus in the woman who cannot find her seat...and holding on when the world is pale with grief...the rain in the rafters, the flower...beautiful.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

March 19, 2012 at 8:42 pm Edit

"on the rafters a single flower is born"...to me, this poem is all here in this one line. That flower emerging from the rafters is the unborn fetus in the woman who cannot find her seat...and holding on when the world is pale with grief...the rain in the rafters, the flower...beautiful.

Only One

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/19/only-one/>

"What speaks of holding on when the world is pale/ with grief..." though there's no description of color, and it's a stripped down idea, there's really striking imagery in there. The first commenter said it..

J.B. O'Shea



J.B. O'Shea says:

March 19, 2012 at 1:05 pm Edit

"What speaks of holding on when the world is pale/ with grief..." though there's no description of color, and it's a stripped down idea, there's really striking imagery in there. The first commenter said it..

Only One

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/19/only-one/>

Beautiful...Especially like:
"On the rafters a single flower is born.
I look to that single flower, like I look to spending
the afternoon with the ones who have endeared,
like the pulse and turn of my infant within
or a brief morning solitude –
open for interpretation."
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 19, 2012 at 9:42 am Edit

Beautiful...Especially like:
"On the rafters a single flower is born.
I look to that single flower, like I look to spending
the afternoon with the ones who have endeared,
like the pulse and turn of my infant within
or a brief morning solitude –
open for interpretation."

Matrimony

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/12/matrimony/>

I sense a merging here with God as well as man. I think about John Donne's Holy Sonnet 14. In fact, in many of your "love" poems I find myself floating in and out of flesh to spirit, what can be a love relationship with a person is also, somehow, one with God. At least this is my sense in your poems. They carry an intensity which feels to me like the kind of longing or love one has for God, but this intensity is also in our home, in our beds.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

March 15, 2012 at 6:58 am Edit

I sense a merging here with God as well as man. I think about John Donne's Holy Sonnet 14. In fact, in many of your "love" poems I find myself floating in and out of flesh to spirit, what can be a love relationship with a person is also, somehow, one with God. At least this is my sense in your poems. They carry an intensity which feels to me like the kind of longing or love one has for God, but this intensity is also in our home, in our beds.

Matrimony

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/12/matrimony/>

Intense, rich and many layered as usual – feels good knowing it's to your Muse.

What a vocation being a passionate poet is!

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 12, 2012 at 8:37 pm Edit

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What a vocation being a passionate poet is!

Matrimony

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/12/matrimony/>

Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:

Allison Grayhurst is a poet. She has emotions uncharted.

She uses words to guide me from darkness into revelation.

That is what a good poet does well. Stop by her blog:

"Allison Grayhurst".

Jueseppi B.



Jueseppi B. says:

March 12, 2012 at 7:42 am Edit

Reblogged this on The ObamaCrat.Com™ and commented:

Allison Grayhurst is a poet. She has emotions uncharted. She uses words to guide me from darkness into revelation. That is what a good poet does well. Stop by her blog: "Allison Grayhurst".

Rain in the morning

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/13/rain-in-the-morning/>

How we'd like the world to stop spinning, for even a moment, just a moment, to show us that our pain matters...as a child when I experienced a great loss, a death, I wondered why the world didn't stop. At such a young age, I felt the passing endlessness of days.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

March 15, 2012 at 6:48 am Edit

How we'd like the world to stop spinning, for even a moment, just a moment, to show us that our pain matters...as a child when I experienced a great loss, a death, I wondered why the world didn't stop. At such a young age, I felt the passing endlessness of days.

Rain in the morning

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/13/rain-in-the-morning/>

I think we humans are always affected by weather, rain or snow, as the post office says, but also by

...spiders

that creep and curl along the ceiling, hovering with the stillness of death...

and our troubles and this is all true:

...To watch a love-one suffer is worse than shame, worse than feeling futility collapse on your throat or a weapon held at the head...

at least in my life. It is also true that

Little by little the terror rises, and the world outside remains unchanged.

For all the world encroaches into our head and leaves us with our troubles, the world does remain unchanged, moving from season to season, year to year, decade to decade, century to century in its endless circles. As usual, Allison, this is really good poetry.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

March 13, 2012 at 10:10 pm Edit

I did not talk to a single person today that did not tell me here in New Mexico that they had trouble sleeping last night. We have finally had a couple of nice, reasonably warm days, but mostly days of rain, snow, and cold, and they're predicting more of the same for this weekend.

I think we humans are always affected by weather, rain or snow, as the post office says, but also by

...spiders

that creep and curl along the ceiling, hovering with the stillness of death...

and our troubles and this is all true:

...To watch a love-one suffer is worse

than shame, worse than feeling

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Rain in the morning

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/13/rain-in-the-morning/>

What cathartic comfort for angst!

You are the queen of cathartic comfort!

Certain lines should go down in Bartlett's Quotations.

They boom like thunderous sharp true insight!

"I drink necessity's authority."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 7, 2012 at 10:45 am Edit

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You are the queen of cathartic comfort!

Certain lines should go down in Bartlett's Quotations.

They boom like thunderous sharp true insight!

"I drink necessity's authority."

I wait for you

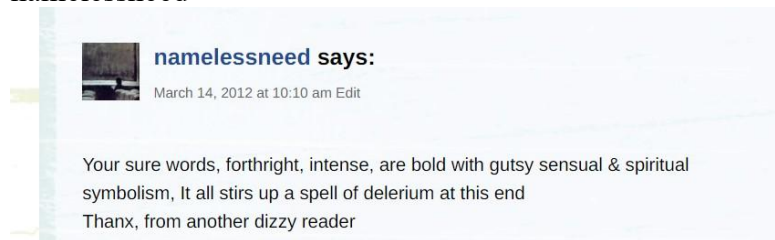
<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/14/i-wait-for-you/>

Beautiful and intense, a salty fire.
Anna Mark



I wait for you

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/14/i-wait-for-you/>
Your sure words, forthright, intense, are bold with gutsy
sensual & spiritual
symbolism, It all stirs up a spell of delirium at this end
Thanx, from another dizzy reader
namelessneed



I heard a poet say

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/09/i-heard-a-poet-say/>
Wow. Especially like:
” I have known death’s jolts, have known its harrowing
cripple
and crack, and know it cannot revert humanity back to that
interval
before God exhaled, altering the playing field, resulting in
such a mighty fusion.”
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 12, 2012 at 8:11 pm Edit

Wow. Especially like:

" I have known death's jolts, have known its harrowing cripple
and crack, and know it cannot revert humanity back to that interval
before God exhaled, altering the playing field, resulting in
such a mighty fusion."

I heard a poet say

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/09/i-heard-a-poet-say/>

A wonderful exploration of what poetry, beneath words, rhythm, rhyme, lines, and even meaning, is.

... it is being intoxicated with the fullness of seeing God there

with every thought – in the swimming pool while treading water,

or at the hair dresser, drinking coffee, waiting for a turn.

... True intensity is subtle,

is equal in its magnitude as it is to its intricacy – It commands exploration.

Even death, sometimes your sister,

cannot revert humanity back to that interval

before God exhaled, altering the playing field, resulting in such a mighty fusion.

The themes in this poem are so large they seem to encompass both the self and the self in God. In the end the poet, you, all humanity, is part of the mighty fusion that the poet sees when they see God with every thought during every moment of the day no matter how mundane the moment.

Life begets life:

a forceful synergy of the round and the sharp,
splicing, splitting, until more splicing and splitting until dependency on oxygen is born.

begets what the poet who sees the self subsumed by poetry misses in their concentration on self and self subsumed.

This is fascinating, vital poetry.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

March 9, 2012 at 10:09 pm Edit

A wonderful exploration of what poetry, beneath words, rhythm, rhyme, lines, and even meaning, is.

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Plastic

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/03/07/plastic/>

The creativity within this poem affects me in a strong way:

Plastered with glue,
sticking like betrayal like a spider's eggsack
to a branch. I watch your gorgeous
pontificating, watch you mourn just a little. The injury
rips only part of your body, fragments you. Grief becomes a
tremor,
an uncontrolled twitch under your left eye.

The poem starts out as a startling portrait, then develops a counterpoint to the portrait, describing in wonderful language how the poet wants to let go and rid themselves of the domination of the one drawn so skillfully in the proceeding stanza. The it becomes a powerful love poem, ending in a stanza as impressionistic as the art of Van Gogh:
...but you
are still in my mind

pushing, ploughing through and through,
saving me a plot beside your plot
beside the potpourri covering a stranger's grave.
The whole angst of the modern age seems stirred up in this stanza, negating, but confirming, emphatically, the love part of the poem and the poet-self part of the poem in the same breath.

You are a wonderful writer.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

March 7, 2012 at 10:43 pm Edit

The creativity within this poem affects me in a strong way:

Plastered with glue,
sticking like betrayal like a spider's eggsack
to a branch. I watch your gorgeous
pontificating, watch you mourn just a little. The injury
rips only part of your body, fragments you. Grief becomes a tremor,
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You are a wonderful writer.

Little Bell

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/29/little-bell/>

Speaking the complexity and simplicity that lies within!

Appreciating The Difficult

Revisiting this poem now 2 years later:

This poem is BRILLIANT. Full of words and images and moments so accurately captured, it takes my breath away to think my own moments and experiences can be so known and shared by another.

“The bell is amputated from its string.

There will be no more ringing, no more
 afternoons of speaking my confidences,
 smoking them out from my private interior, onto
 lips and into this stark atmosphere.”
 “that leaves a bloodstain of legendary proportions,
 that turns everything into a symphony, never stops
 electrifying the loins as well as
 the imagination.
 I am on the street and things are moving –
 ten gulls circling in the sky, two bluejays in a tree, and
 people
 I say hi to, smile at so strong, that for a time I am distracted
 from my solitude.”
 Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 3, 2012 at 10:41 am Edit

Speaking the complexity and simplicity that lies within!



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 12, 2014 at 10:03 am Edit

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This poem is BRILLIANT. Full of words and images and moments so accurately captured, it takes my breath away to think my own moments and experiences can be so known and shared by another.

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 the imagination.

I am on the street and things are moving –
 ten gulls circling in the sky, two bluejays in a tree, and people
 I say hi to, smile at so strong, that for a time I am distracted
 from my solitude.”

Almost There

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/28/almost-there/>

It's like a sonnet without the rhymes and without the stanzas – no, it's like a piece of music – crescendo, diminuendo, largo, andante..... I can see and hear its shape and then that sublime ending: " There will be raspberries and grapes on every corner. Someone, will say your name. "

Makes me smile!

David



davidstrachan611 says:

February 28, 2012 at 7:18 pm Edit

It's like a sonnet without the rhymes and without the stanzas – no, it's like a piece of music – crescendo, diminuendo, largo, andante..... I can see and hear its shape and then that sublime ending: " There will be raspberries and grapes on every corner. Someone, will say your name. "

Makes me smile!

What it is I want

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/22/what-it-is-i-want/>

I, too, want to be exposed as a lighthouse, to tear at the tendon heels of uncertainty/

gosh, you're pleasing, as the sun comes 'round again, and one is trying to get one's bearings abit. Thanx again
namelessneed



namelessneed says:

February 22, 2012 at 8:17 am Edit

I, too, want to be exposed as a lighthouse, to tear at the tendon heels of uncertainty/
gosh, you're pleasing, as the sun comes 'round again, and one is trying to get one's bearings abit. Thanx again

New Era

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/17/changing-eras/>

It is time to love the gargoyles...fabulous. I will go there.
Stare down the throat of darkness.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

February 21, 2012 at 5:35 pm Edit

It is time to love the gargoyles...fabulous. I will go there. Stare down the throat of darkness.

New Era

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/17/changing-eras/>

From the start I believed

in never bending, but now I am a weather-vane,
guided by singing.

Starting from here you end up living by impulse and the
pity of God...It is time to love the gargoyles and create/a
new form of beauty."

This seems to be to be a poem of metamorphosis, moving
from rigidity to extreme flexibility to a place where
gargoyles can be loved and new beauty created. Again, this
is wonderful poetry.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

February 18, 2012 at 3:33 pm Edit

From the start I believed
in never bending, but now I am a weather-vane,
guided by singing.

Starting from here you end up living by impulse and the pity of God...It is time to
love the gargoyles and create/a new form of beauty."

This seems to be to be a poem of metamorphosis, moving from rigidity to extreme
flexibility to a place where gargoyles can be loved and new beauty created. Again,
this is wonderful poetry.

New Era

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/17/changing-eras/>

You are so on target with my experience of the spiritual
journey.

Especially love:

" I put away my grown-up philosophy
to live by impulse and the pity of God.

The task is done, the ice is swallowed.

It is time to love the gargoyles and create

a new form of beauty.”
Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

February 17, 2012 at 11:06 am Edit

You are so on target with my experience of the spirirtual journey.

Especially love:

” I put away my grown-up philosophy

to live by impulse and the pity of God.

The task is done, the ice is swallowed.

It is time to love the gargoyles and create

a new form of beauty.”

Seeking the Balanced Degree

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/21/seeking-the-balanced-degree/>

Stunning as usual – your eye for the DETAIL of life’s phenomena and the using of it as metaphor is ... stunning and often uncomfortably visceral in its power to put forward the intensity of the pain which makes the release all the more potent. Thank you.

I especially like:

“An enemy is at my table.

A horse is buried under American sands.

My heart is water:

It longs to quench the hot summer skin of sparrows.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Holly Hope says:

February 21, 2012 at 8:22 am Edit

Stunning as usual – your eye for the DETAIL of life's phenomena and the using of it as metaphor is ... stunning and often uncomfortably visceral in it's power to put forward the intensity of the pain which makes the release all the more potent. Thank you.

I especially like:

"An enemy is at my table.

A horse is buried under American sands.

My heart is water:

It longs to quench the hot summer skin of sparrows."

Seeking the Balanced Degree

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/21/seeking-the-balanced-degree/>

I loved this one. So intense.

Janet



Janet says:

February 21, 2012 at 11:00 pm Edit

I loved this one. So intense.

Seeking the Balanced Degree

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/21/seeking-the-balanced-degree/>

beautiful poem.. 😊 love it

abichica



abichica says:

February 21, 2012 at 8:18 am Edit

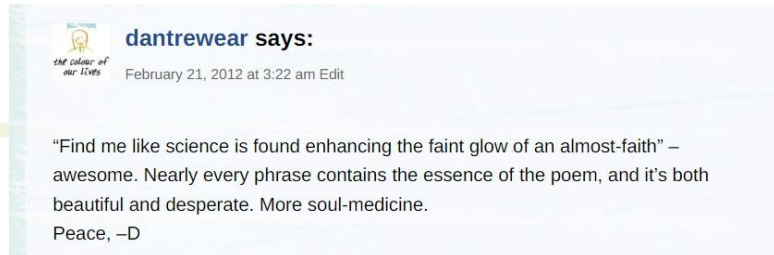
beautiful poem.. 😊 love it

Find me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/20/find-me/>

“Find me like science is found enhancing the faint glow of an almost-faith” – awesome. Nearly every phrase contains the essence of the poem, and it’s both beautiful and desperate. More soul-medicine.

Dantrewear



Find me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/20/find-me/>

Fantastic – I need to read this again and again..

scotianightpoetry



Find me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/20/find-me/>

“Gravity like glue
or something more substantial like
the sigh of a sick child.”

is excellent!

Eve Redwater



Eve Redwater says:

February 20, 2012 at 9:03 am Edit

"Gravity like glue
or something more substantial like
the sigh of a sick child."
is excellent!

Find me

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/20/find-me/>

The pain of life so perfectly articulated
and then I love:

"Will you find me, honour the primrose on my veranda,
maybe even snip one, take it to your table and dream of a
voice
other than your own?"

Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

February 20, 2012 at 7:47 am Edit

The pain of life so perfectly articulated
and then I love:
"Will you find me, honour the primrose on my veranda,
maybe even snip one, take it to your table and dream of a voice
other than your own?"

Emptied

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/16/emptied/>

Your voice in this poem is so strong that it shouts to the
mountaintops. The center of the poem is in the line
God, I am getting older, younger
somehow then when I started.

This is a poem of aging in conversation with God.
I need you (God)

final in my palm
But, of course, you have
only
this spoonful and a house too quiet in the
early mornings, not enough connection – a wave
that never crests, metal made into nothing.
while you long to
soak myself in this feral blizzard
approaching, always just approaching.
Why is your love so tenuous, powerful
sometimes, and then, wispy, hardly registering?
You remember, and this is the most powerful part of the
poem, a planet
spiked, clustered
grass, almost blue
filled with rawness you want back, but instead age has taken
you
away from sensual flavours and the mountains' pulse.
You are getting older, younger than when I started.
Then the prayer/wish:
Put salt on my lips, paint me, now, please
in turquoise.
Good Lord, what a poem!
Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

February 18, 2012 at 3:44 pm Edit

Your voice in this poem is so strong that it shouts to the mountaintops. The center of the poem is in the line
 God, I am getting older, younger
 somehow then when I started.
 This is a poem of aging in conversation with God.
 I need you (God)
 final in my palm
 But, of course, you have
 only
 this spoonful and a house too quiet in the
 early mornings, not enough connection – a wave
 that never crests, metal made into nothing.
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 Why is your love so tenuous, powerful
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 You remember, and this is the most powerful part of the poem, a planet
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 You are getting older, younger than when I started.
 Then the prayer/wish:
 Put salt on my lips, paint me, now, please
 in turquoise.
 Good Lord, what a poem!

Without

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/15/without/>

wow. finely crafted and disturbing, I guess intentionally;
 hope the madness did indeed become medicine...
 dantrewear



dantrewear says:

February 15, 2012 at 11:41 pm Edit

wow. finely crafted and disturbing, I guess intentionally; hope the madness did
 indeed become medicine...

Without

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/15/without/>

I like ‘let the mad ones go to India’; I like ‘congealed thoughts’ I like the hesitation between ‘You can be anyone’ and ‘you want’; I’m not sure whether ‘Without’ means ‘outside’ or ‘not having’ and whether it is the title or the first word or both but I like it enough to think about it.

davidstrachan



davidstrachan says:

February 15, 2012 at 6:34 pm Edit

I like 'let the mad ones go to India'; I like 'congealed thoughts' I like the hesitation between 'You can be anyone' and 'you want'; I'm not sure whether 'Without' means 'outside' or 'not having' and whether it is the title or the first word or both but I like it enough to think about it.

Without

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/15/without/>

Raw power, magnificent.

Juessepi B.



Juessepi B. says:

February 15, 2012 at 5:05 pm Edit

Raw power, magnificent.

Without

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/15/without/>

Especially love:

“You should let the mad-ones go to India,
trace a path up Tibetan mountains. You should be pleased to
see them go,
away from your boarding school, not there to tug your
pierced ears
or point out your visceral smothering of the gentle
dreamers. They will go
anyway. They will stand in front. Not because they want to
but because they are not soldiers like that, forming their
destinies
in boxes. You can stay in corridors, make trenches by
pacing the patterns
of your congealed thoughts. You can be anyone
you want.”
Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

February 15, 2012 at 7:34 am Edit

Especially love:

"You should let the mad-ones go to India,
trace a path up Tibetan mountains. You should be pleased to see them go,
away from your boarding school, not there to tug your pierced ears
or point out your visceral smothering of the gentle dreamers. They will go
anyway. They will stand in front. Not because they want to
but because they are not soldiers like that, forming their destinies
in boxes. You can stay in corridors, make trenches by pacing the patterns
of your congealed thoughts. You can be anyone
you want."

Days Without Water

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/14/days-without-water/>

You certainly make words work in a new way for you!
davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

February 14, 2012 at 10:10 am Edit

You certainly make words work in a new way for you!

Days Without Water

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/14/days-without-water/>

this has a hidden power, beautifully written. The last stanza
is stunning.

dantrewear



dantrewear says:

February 15, 2012 at 11:38 pm Edit

this has a hidden power, beautifully written. The last stanza is stunning.

Days Without Water

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/14/days-without-water/>

Oh, my god... the beauty...
Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

February 14, 2012 at 9:08 am Edit

Oh, my god... the beauty...

Better

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/12/better/>

Amazing poem. The dark undertones are brilliant. My favourite: Like a crinkled cloth left on the subway floor, I waited – dry, malformed, avoided. So incredible.
Janet



Janet says:

February 12, 2012 at 2:11 pm Edit

Amazing poem. The dark undertones are brilliant. My favourite: Like a crinkled cloth left on the subway floor, I waited – dry, malformed, avoided. So incredible.

Better

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/12/better/>

For me, this was an unsettling kind of moving/ thank you again
namelessneed



namelessneed says:

February 12, 2012 at 9:55 am Edit

For me, this was an unsettling kind of moving/ thank you again

Better

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/12/better/>

amazing!! 😊

abichica



abichica says:

February 12, 2012 at 10:04 am Edit

amazing!! 😊

Better

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/12/better/>

My own heart let me have more pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet
davidstrachan611

*(quote from 'My own heart let me more have pity on' by
Gerard Manley Hopkins)*



davidstrachan611 says:

February 12, 2012 at 9:17 am Edit

My own heart let me have more pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet

Stay

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/10/stay/>

Brilliant. Brought me to tears.

I love especially:

“It is much more than an idealized place or perfect pillow.
It is what we made here, heroes to our own love,
bypassing blame, slaughtering resentments, screaming
through headlocks or when kneeling on the bathroom floor,
bonded to the midnight turn and years of heavy lifting.

My love, remember us again, don't be acid or an orchard
of terrible ivy, fill yourself with renewed determination."
Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

February 11, 2012 at 8:47 am Edit

Brilliant. Brought me to tears.

I love especially:

"It is much more than an idealized place or perfect pillow.

It is what we made here, heroes to our own love,

bypassing blame, slaughtering resentments, screaming

through headlocks or when kneeling on the bathroom floor,

bonded to the midnight turn and years of heavy lifting.

My love, remember us again, don't be acid or an orchard

of terrible ivy, fill yourself with renewed determination."

Stay

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/10/stay/>

do you know Beethoven's late quartets where you (or I certainly) don't know where the music is going to but it grows and develops and you follow this process, listening without understanding...

it's like listening to his mind, especially since he was deaf.

ANYWAY sorry about such a long roundabout comment but I read (then listen) to your poems in the same sort of way

davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

February 10, 2012 at 10:30 am Edit

do you know Beethoven's late quartets where you (or I certainly) don't know where the music is going to but it grows and develops and you follow this process, listening without understanding...

it's like listening to his mind, especially since he was deaf.

ANYWAY sorry about such a long roundabout comment but I read (then listen) to your poems in the same sort of way

Stay

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/10/stay/>

“stroked the molten skin of treason”- every word moves the image forward, reveals a new facet of it.

Clare Flourish



Clare Flourish says:

February 10, 2012 at 7:44 am Edit

“stroked the molten skin of treason”- every word moves the image forward, reveals a new facet of it.

I would not thirst

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/08/i-would-not-thirst/>

Excellent. Some of your wording, for whatever reason, reminded me of Seamus Heaney. Very strong and certain – I think that’s why, come to think of it.

James Brandon O'Shea



James Brandon O'Shea says:

February 8, 2012 at 1:20 pm Edit

Excellent. Some of your wording, for whatever reason, reminded me of Seamus Heaney. Very strong and certain – I think that’s why, come to think of it.

I would not thirst

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/08/i-would-not-thirst/>
so much to begin to take in and savor this very early morning.

Thanx again for sharing, my hero
namelessneed



namelessneed says:

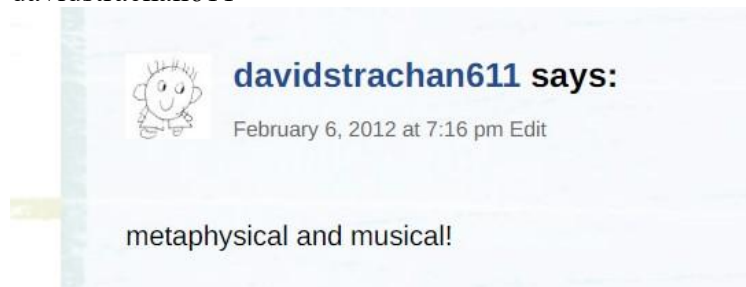
April 28, 2014 at 3:34 am Edit

so much to begin to take in and savor this very early morning.
Thanx again for sharing, my hero

Samples of Allison Grayhurst’s poetry

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/allison-grayhursts-poetry/>
metaphysical and musical!

davidstrachan611



Samples of Allison Grayhurst's poetry

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/allison-grayhursts-poetry/>

Excellent writings Allison. well penned.

zaroffpoetry



Samples of Allison Grayhurst's poetry

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/allison-grayhursts-poetry/>

OH MY GOD...

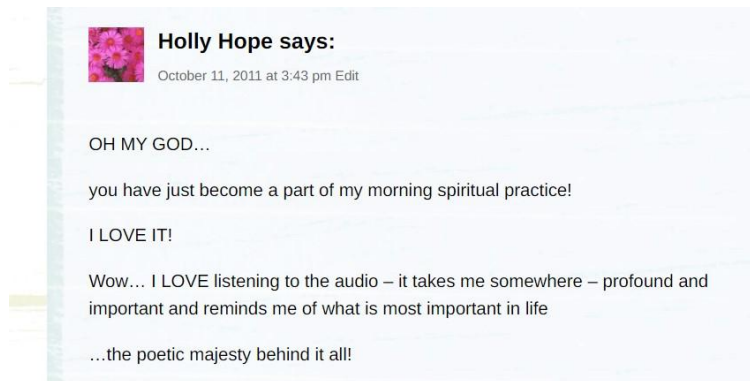
you have just become a part of my morning spiritual practice!

I LOVE IT!

Wow... I LOVE listening to the audio – it takes me somewhere – profound and important and reminds me of what is most important in life

...the poetic majesty behind it all!

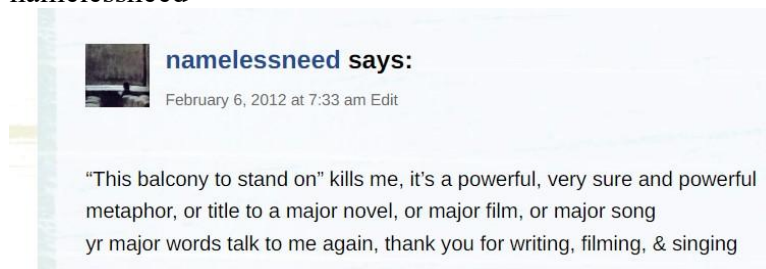
Holly Hope



Until The Ladder Shows

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/06/until-the-ladder-shows/>

“This balcony to stand on” kills me, it’s a powerful, very sure and powerful metaphor, or title to a major novel, or major film, or major song
yr major words talk to me again, thank you for writing, filming, & singing
namelessneed



Crowned

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/05/crowned/>

This is really a good poem to read. Awakenings from periods of great pain are hard to come by and sometimes take a long time, but, as the poet David Agnew said in one of my favorite poems by him, “That is where I found the poems.” where the light of healing and a new path opens up the spirit. It is brave of you to post this series of poems, but the journey through them is powerful.

Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

February 5, 2012 at 2:19 pm Edit

This is really a good poem to read. Awakenings from periods of great pain are hard to come by and sometimes take a long time, but, as the poet David Agnew said in one of my favorite poems by him, "That is where I found the poems." where the light of healing and a new path opens up the spirit. It is brave of you to post this series of poems, but the journey through them is powerful.

Linked

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/02/linked/>
powerful, and disturbing. "...one of those feathery few /
who long to burn in your backdraft." – brilliant
dantrewear



dantrewear says:

February 2, 2012 at 9:34 pm Edit

powerful, and disturbing. "...one of those feathery few / who long to burn in your
backdraft." – brilliant

Rapture When Walking

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/31/rapture-when-walking-2/>

Allison, you are carving out for yourself an indelible place in searing, profound social commentatorship, as well as being an eloquent poetic voice of the inner world:

"I know all animals are naked and people think themselves clothed, but vanity and the undercurrent of striving are photographs etched on their exposed arms, necklines."

Stunning description of the unconscious, abusive lover and the patriarchal model of lover relations enacted by either gender – as we make our way slowly to a partnership consciousness society (neither matriarchal or patriarchal) – thank Goodness she is speaking to the Universe, Spirit, God.

"Sometimes, I feel you like a prying lover, impatient with our differences, anguished by the things that separate us. You have no use for me, alone. You claim victory, destroy my shell

and make us join, make me not so small but swallowing
everything that is you, like smoke inhaled or
perfume on the tongue.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 19, 2014 at 12:22 pm Edit

Allison, you are carving out for yourself an indelible place in searing, profound
social commentary, as well as being an eloquent poetic voice of the inner
world:

“I know all animals are naked and people
think themselves clothed, but vanity and the undercurrent
of striving are photographs etched on their exposed arms,
necklines.”

Stunning description of the unconscious, abusive lover and the patriarchal model
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differences, anguished by the things that separate us. You have
no use for me, alone. You claim victory, destroy my shell
and make us join, make me not so small but swallowing
everything that is you, like smoke inhaled or
perfume on the tongue.”

Rapture When Walking

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/01/31/rapture-when-walking-2/>

The divine is both enticing and terrifying, and this captures
both powerfully.
gingerfightback

Coiled

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/20/coiled/>

It's inventive yet still offers such a profoundly clear
message – I love it – Thanks Alison! Best wishes
gingerfightback



gingerfightback says:

January 21, 2012 at 7:37 am Edit

It's inventive yet still offers such a profoundly clear message – I love it – Thanks Allison! Best wishes

Coiled

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/20/coiled/>

Wow! You come up with word combinations that are so evocative, I wish I'd thought of them myself :)

David Eric Cummins



David Eric Cummins says:

January 20, 2012 at 8:58 am Edit

Wow! You come up with word combinations that are so evocative, I wish I'd thought of them myself :)

Coiled

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/20/coiled/>

I feel like I learn new ways of using such beautiful words when I read your poetry. Thank you for sharing :)

Redplace



redplace says:

January 20, 2012 at 7:47 am Edit

I feel like I learn new ways of using such beautiful words when I read your poetry. Thank you for sharing 😊

Coiled

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/20/coiled/>

I particularly liked that jerky coming-to-a-halt ending...

Shiva-Shakti

davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

January 24, 2012 at 8:26 pm Edit

I particularly liked that jerky coming-to-a-halt ending...
Shiva-Shakti

Pathway

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/06/pathway/>

Really reached deep down into my soul and heart plucking
at emotions and slivers of dreams ~ we are so very blessed
by your gift ~ Thank You!
angelslightworldwide



AngelsLightWorldwide says:

January 6, 2012 at 12:44 pm Edit

Really reached deep down into my soul and heart plucking at emotions and slivers
of dreams ~ we are so very blessed by your gift ~ Thank You!

Pathway

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/06/pathway/>

I love this one, Allison. I've been looking for yr more recent
work, and I feel as though I've hit the jackpot.
Yr site here is quite unique w/ the sound of yr voice belting
'em out
(strong, sure, sharings is more like it) Thanx for yr bold
intimacies.
namelessneed



namelessneed says:

January 6, 2012 at 10:05 am Edit

I love this one, Allison. I've been looking for yr more recent work, and I feel as
though I've hit the jackpot.
Yr site here is quite unique w/ the sound of yr voice belting 'em out
(strong, sure, sharings is more like it) Thanx for yr bold intimacies. G.R.

Pathway

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/01/06/pathway/>

OH my God...

I especially like:
“my child-grip is short, as are
my obsessive desires.
Too far down is the raging river’s floor -
I am carried off. This time I will not panic,
but sink and imagine I am growing gills. I will relax the
burning in my mind and enjoy the end and then give in
to the continuous flow.”
Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

January 6, 2012 at 9:27 am Edit

OH my God...

I especially like:

“my child-grip is short, as are

my obsessive desires.

Too far down is the raging river’s floor –

I am carried off. This time I will not panic,

but sink and imagine I am growing gills. I will relax the

burning in my mind and enjoy the end and then give in

to the continuous flow.”

Lesson Learned

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2011/12/05/lesson-learned/>

Awesome! I love especially:

“I should just learn to not be real, maybe
see a psychiatrist for all my pent-up disappointment,
for the way I want to shake the unshakable sea...”

“It will be a challenge to learn detachment where there
should have been
connection and accountability.

I will not be connected, but be sweet, swallow
the stone in my throat and close the shop
with a smile.”

Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

December 31, 2011 at 12:14 pm Edit

Awesome! I love especially:

"I should just learn to not be real, maybe

see a psychiatrist for all my pent-up disappointment,

for the way I want to shake the unshakable sea..."

"It will be a challenge to learn detachment where there should have been
connection and accountability.

I will not be connected, but be sweet, swallow

the stone in my throat and close the shop

with a smile."

Whitewashing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2011/12/29/whitewashing/>
making art from the things that hurt – beautifully done.

James Brandon O'Shea



James Brandon O'Shea says:

December 29, 2011 at 2:37 pm Edit

making art from the things that hurt – beautifully done.

Whitewashing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2011/12/29/whitewashing/>
brilliant cathartic description of devastation and loss...

Holly Hope



Holly Hope says:

December 29, 2011 at 11:54 am Edit

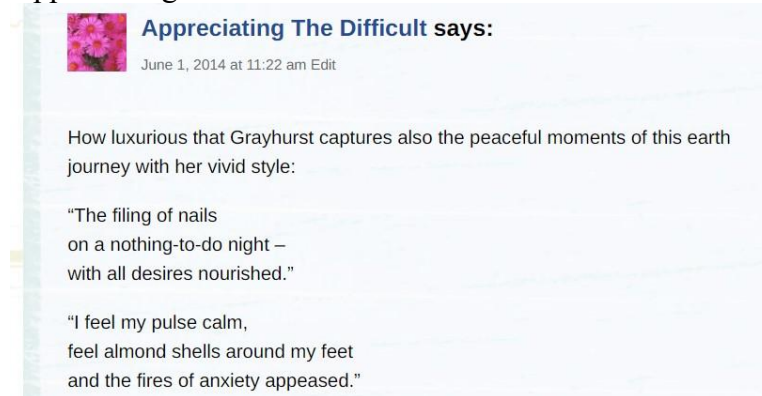
brilliant cathartic description of devastation and loss...

A Day For My Own

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/24/a-day-for-my-own-2/>

I love this... and especially the line: my eyes are strong with imagination.

Appreciating The Difficult



Things I Must Learn

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/31/things-i-must-learn-2/>

...there is much here...and as in many of your poems a tender yearning...

one1poet4man

Desire

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2011/09/24/desire/>

“does not come

like tolerance, learned,
worked for”

How true and observant. Wonderful.

kjpgarcia



kjpgarcia says:

September 24, 2011 at 8:36 am Edit

"does not come

like tolerance, learned,

worked for"

How true and observant. Wonderful.

Desire

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2011/09/24/desire/>
the soul's great yolk is a beautiful image...desire/longing
grows until all gestures reveal it. I can relate to that
statement, too.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

September 28, 2012 at 7:37 pm Edit

the soul's great yolk is a beautiful image...desire/longing grows until all gestures
reveal it. I can relate to that statement, too.

There are names

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/03/there-are-names/>
Stunning insights articulated with precision. Twists and
turns of perspective. Creaking, and then with the crack of a
whip, a crack of light thunders through.

"I have loved badly,
pessimistic"

"the steady rapture that only comes with patience"

"I sat on the bus and I was alone.

Did I know how fragile sanity was"

The power of intention and speaking it aloud.

This is a mainstay of my spiritual growth practice:

"There are names.

and allegiances that triumph

when spoken aloud."

This is where I so beautifully am right now – learning sweet surrender. Listening with focused intent, and the intention to follow the inspired action:

“before my shelter broke
and I could be saved by surrender”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

December 8, 2014 at 9:04 am Edit

Stunning insights articulated with precision. Twists and turns of perspective. Creaking, and then with the crack of a whip, a crack of light thunders through.

“I have loved badly,
pessimistic”

“the steady rapture that only comes with patience”

“I sat on the bus and I was alone.
Did I know how fragile sanity was”

The power of intention and speaking it aloud.
This is a mainstay of my spiritual growth practice:

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and allegiances that triumph
when spoken aloud.”

This is where I so beautifully am right now – learning sweet surrender. Listening with focused intent, and the intention to follow the inspired action:

“before my shelter broke
and I could be saved by surrender”

There are names

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2019/11/03/there-are-names-2/>
Beautiful and thought-provoking. A medley of language and thoughts, images that intersect the body of the poem. Truly beautiful.

Elisa Rendon



Elisa Rendon says:

November 3, 2019 at 10:58 am Edit

Beautiful and thought-provoking. A medley of language and thoughts, images that intersect the body of the poem. Truly beautiful.

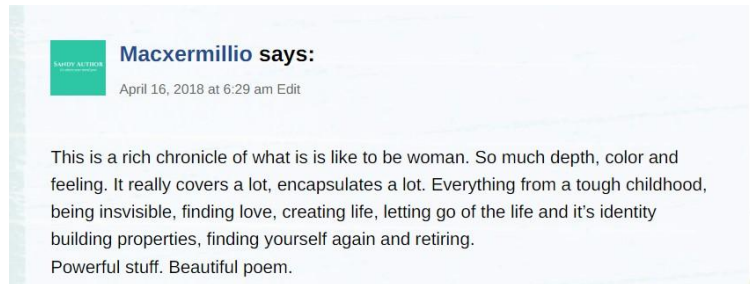
It is a strange dream

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/04/16/its-a-strange-dream/>

This is a rich chronicle of what it is like to be woman. So much depth, color and feeling. It really covers a lot, encapsulates a lot. Everything from a tough childhood, being invisible, finding love, creating life, letting go of the life and its identity building properties, finding yourself again and retiring.

Powerful stuff. Beautiful poem.

Macxermillio



It is a strange dream

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/04/16/its-a-strange-dream/>

I adore this poem ❤️

PrettyKoolDame



Broken Window

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/04/03/broken-window/>

I love love love this to bits. Both the poem itself (the last stanza is absolutely delicious, I bow to you), and the spoken poem. Thank you for sharing Allison.

Johnny



Johnny says:

April 3, 2018 at 9:21 am Edit

I love love love this to bits. Both the poem itself (the last stanza is absolutely delicious, I bow to you), and the spoken poem. Thank you for sharing Allison.

The Path Before

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2018/03/25/the-path-before-2/>
Thank you Allison. I felt each and every word on extremely deep levels.

Léa



Léa says:

March 25, 2018 at 8:31 am Edit

Thank you Allison. I felt each and every word on extremely deep levels.

Sculptures

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/sculptures-by-allison-grayhurst/>

Compelling sculptures! I can't tell if some of them are dead or sleeping but somehow it is as if it doesn't matter. It's only a matter of degree, after all.

OwnShadow



OwnShadow says:

November 4, 2017 at 2:16 pm Edit

Compelling sculptures! I can't tell if some of them are dead or sleeping but somehow it is as if it doesn't matter. It's only a matter of degree, after all.

If I Get There

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/07/19/26016/>

Lovely, hopeful, and this time achingly true for me & this canvas here/ thanx again, Allison
I still dream of "the greatest step"
namelessnee



namelessneed says:

July 19, 2017 at 8:43 am Edit

Lovely, hopeful, and this time achingly true for me & this canvas here/ thanx again,
Allison
I still dream of "the greatest step"

The fault of sages

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/07/12/the-fault-of-sages/>

Thank you dear Poet for your amazing poetry. Always a pleasure to find your site.

Reblogged this on [johncoyote](#) and commented:

Allison is amazing. Please read and listen to her outstanding poetry and thoughts.

[johncoyote](#)



johncoyote says:

July 13, 2015 at 6:30 am Edit

Thank you dear Poet for your amazing poetry. Always a pleasure to find your site.

★ Like

💬 Reply



johncoyote says:

July 13, 2015 at 6:31 am Edit

Reblogged this on [johncoyote](#) and commented:

Allison is amazing. Please read and listen to her outstanding poetry and thoughts.

The fault of sages

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2016/11/13/the-fault-of-sages-2/>

OK... deep breath! I hadn't realized I read it without breathing so as not to break my concentration. Do I "get it" - me, the poetry challenged? I'm going to have to re-read several times, then I'll likely come up with a personal image, or interpretation. So far, you've given me a jumble of feelings that are literally all over the map. Key words that make my heart jump. Fear, anger, doubt, and choking. Not bad for a single poem. At least I had been

"prepared" as I've been reading some of your material on
"Mr. Militant Negro!"

Sha'Tara



Sha'Tara says:

November 13, 2016 at 2:29 pm Edit

OK... deep breath! I hadn't realized I read it without breathing so as not to break my concentration. Do I "get it" – me, the poetry challenged? I'm going to have to re-read several times, then I'll likely come up with a personal image, or interpretation. So far, you've given me a jumble of feelings that are literally all over the map. Key words that make my heart jump. Fear, anger, doubt, and choking. Not bad for a single poem. At least I had been "prepared" as I've been reading some of your material on "Mr. Militant Negro!"

love is love

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2017/05/27/25347/>

Wow, your poem is amazing. So beautifully written and powerful. I can definitely relate to this. Well done!

speak766



speak766 says:

May 28, 2017 at 5:30 pm Edit

Wow, your poem is amazing. So beautifully written and powerful. I can definitely relate to this. Well done!

Unharmed

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2022/06/24/unharmed/>

Wonderful sadness that ends with the power of the mind that can free us from reality of now.

Nolan P Holloway Jr



Nolan P Holloway Jr says:

June 24, 2022 at 6:23 am Edit

Wonderful sadness that ends with the power of the mind that can free us from reality of now.

Riverstones

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/11/riverstones/>

What poignancy. A feel, a tapestry of experience. Showing us how life works - all the impressions, all the input, all the

images, all the sensory stimulation, all the feeling experiences, all the emotions connected to imagery - all the poetry around us all the time, that makes up a life, that makes up life, that makes up a memory, that makes up the stunning wonder of memory.
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

December 14, 2014 at 10:54 am Edit

What poignancy. A feel, a tapestry of experience. Showing us how life works – all the impressions, all the input, all the images, all the sensory stimulation, all the feeling experiences, all the emotions connected to imagery – all the poetry around us all the time, that makes up a life, that makes up life, that makes up a memory, that makes up the stunning wonder of memory.

Swim

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/04/swim/>
your poems are very beautiful
occultoantonio



occultoantonio says:

February 4, 2012 at 8:28 am Edit

your poems are very beautiful

Swim

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/04/swim/>
Wow! Powerful and beautiful.
Thomas Davis



Thomas Davis says:

February 5, 2012 at 2:21 pm Edit

Wow! Powerful and beautiful.

Swim

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/04/swim/>

Wow... truly wow, what a 'story' – what a spectacle of feeling and caring and the heartbreak of feeling and caring, and how we are left to survive, to make sense of or simply to survive some experiences on earth.

“She told him of her duty and how love is for another place. She looked straight ahead, as if their hands clasping was a weakness better to forget.

He gathers his breath and dives into the rapids like one fierce, in flight, one who has left his peace forever behind.”



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 7, 2014 at 9:50 am Edit

Wow... truly wow, what a 'story' – what a spectacle of feeling and caring and the heartbreak of feeling and caring, and how we are left to survive, to make sense of or simply to survive some experiences on earth.

“She told him of her duty and how love is for another place. She looked straight ahead, as if their hands clasping was a weakness better to forget.

He gathers his breath and dives into the rapids like one fierce, in flight, one who has left his peace forever behind.”

Lament

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/12/10/lament/>

I adore this! It is deeply healing to me to read these words this morning. Thank you, Allison, for your healing balm in the world.

"It is lonely to be loved by God,
stretched beyond capacity by laws
of magnets, hunger and inevitable reality,
to hold open a hand and have even that
security taken...

It is hard to keep
trembling with service and acceptance, to be at ease
and know the gift will come just when it is needed – God
will
choose the music, choose which danger is real and what
must

depart. It is hard to not cry, sometimes...I am free but time is thick..."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

December 20, 2014 at 9:38 am Edit

I adore this! It is deeply healing to me to read these words this morning. Thank you, Allison, for your healing balm in the world.

"It is lonely to be loved by God,
stretched beyond capacity by laws
of magnets, hunger and inevitable reality,
to hold open a hand and have even that
security taken..."

It is hard to keep
trembling with service and acceptance, to be at ease
and know the gift will come just when it is needed – God will
choose the music, choose which danger is real and what must
depart. It is hard to not cry, sometimes...I am free but time is thick..."

Wounded

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/13/wounded/>

Beautiful symmetry - so aware, so caring, so honest. Such a work of the observant eye. The one who SEES far beyond the exterior scenery and happenings around us. A thoughtful mind, a timeless time within this soul. Thank you.

"Still prayers are heard and sometimes answered with an overflowing 'yes!'"

Sometimes angels are asked to reach down and bring daylight to the 2 a.m. dark, to honour the burial kick and ring the warning bell.

Sometimes soulmates are photographed.

There is no magic outside of God – there is no love that remains love without faith."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 13, 2015 at 10:11 am Edit

Beautiful symmetry – so aware, so caring, so honest. Such a work of the observant eye. The one who SEES far beyond the exterior scenery and happenings around us. A thoughtful mind, a timeless time within this soul. Thank you.

"Still prayers are heard and sometimes answered
with an overflowing 'yes!'

Sometimes angels are asked to reach down
and bring daylight to the 2 a.m. dark, to honour
the burial kick and ring the warning bell.

Sometimes soulmates are photographed.
There is no magic outside of God – there is
no love that remains love without faith."

Effie

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/17/effie/>

Reblogged this on [johncoyote](#) and commented:

A amazing blog and writer. Please read and enjoy.

[johncoyote](#)



johncoyote says:

January 26, 2015 at 7:23 am Edit

Reblogged this on [johncoyote](#) and commented:
A amazing blog and writer. Please read and enjoy.

Effie

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/17/effie/>

This is amazing!

[willowdot21](#)



willowdot21 says:

January 26, 2015 at 6:24 pm Edit

This is amazing!

Effie

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/01/17/effie/>

Breath-taking! What a profound and beautiful witness to one of the heart-breaking expressions of the mystery of life. Thank you for your compassionate witness to Life and Death.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

January 17, 2015 at 12:20 pm Edit

Breath-taking! What a profound and beautiful witness to one of the heart-breaking expressions of the mystery of life. Thank you for your compassionate witness to Life and Death.

Where I Stand

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2015/04/08/where-i-stand/>

Profound with a sense of vulnerability. I love the line 'my house was a wound bandaged by prayers and a struggling purpose'...excellent. D

daveyoungpoet



daveyoungpoet says:

April 9, 2015 at 6:37 am Edit

Profound with a sense of vulnerability. I love the line 'my house was a wound bandaged by prayers and a struggling purpose'...excellent. D

The bells

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/05/the-bells/>

This piece is colossal. Glinting, sparkling jewels that are blinding in their treasure - sentences that shine and wink in their light of depth and meaning. What a treasure Allison Grayhurst is. Her gift? To unfold for us life at this intensity of feeling and revelation. Who knew truth and beauty could be so intertwined and so passionate?

"The bells speak of a hurt
that is mounting the circumference
of a life"

"Begging to the stars to tell

a colossal fable, a majestic myth to solve this boring
condition
of being here, away from the infinite sky, swallowing
mounds of dirt where many others have had their
footprints."
"There is ringing in my ears and a sorrow
triumphant ... It is what I have chosen - to not pretend and to
kindle
a primal inspiration."
"Desire like a ceremony -
days of meditation long past, but trances and
swaying and throwing words out, guttural,
epidemic with desire, those days are here."
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 10, 2014 at 9:14 am Edit

This piece is colossal. Glinting, sparkling jewels that are blinding in their treasure – sentences that shine and wink in their light of depth and meaning. What a treasure Allison Grayhurst is. Her gift? To unfold for us life at this intensity of feeling and revelation. Who knew truth and beauty could be so intertwined and so passionate?

"The bells speak of a hurt
that is mounting the circumference
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"Begging to the stars to tell
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a primal inspiration."

"Desire like a ceremony –
days of meditation long past, but trances and
swaying and throwing words out, guttural,
epidemic with desire, those days are here."

Our children are orchards

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/09/our-children-are-orchards/>

Rich, fraught with depth, relief and instruction:
"Leaves and feathers we collect with our children,
graveyards we visit to look at lost names,
where our hands seed deeper into the Earth,
rise higher than the hawk-bird into the stratosphere of grace,
grace as wind we depend upon to navigate our footsteps,

to quilt together our four-way love,
cooling the cut of arduous days and pilgrimage."
Yes, I have experienced this and it is so challenging to do in
our culture which
preaches the opposite everywhere except places like here:
"Risk that comes out of despair
as a last ditch effort to not give up
has been told in chronicles, as surrendering stories
that rain away dust and heal the hunt of weighted hunger,
nourishing spiritual belonging."
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 13, 2014 at 10:32 am Edit

Rich, fraught with depth, relief and instruction:

"Leaves and feathers we collect with our children,
graveyards we visit to look at lost names,
where our hands seed deeper into the Earth,
rise higher than the hawk-bird into the stratosphere of grace,

grace as wind we depend upon to navigate our footsteps,
to quilt together our four-way love,
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Our children are orchards

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/09/our-children-are-orchards/>

"Leaves and feathers we collect with our children,
graveyards we visit to look at lost names,
where our hands seed deeper into the Earth,
rise higher than the hawk-bird into the stratosphere of
grace,"

I agree with your thoughts in the amazing poetry. Our
children are like flowers. We water them with knowledge,
protect them against the cold and we love them. Thank you
for the outstanding poetry.

johncoyote



johncoyote says:

April 16, 2014 at 6:40 am Edit

"Leaves and feathers we collect with our children,
graveyards we visit to look at lost names,
where our hands seed deeper into the Earth,
rise higher than the hawk-bird into the stratosphere of grace,"
I agree with your thoughts in the amazing poetry. Our children are like flowers. We
water them with knowledge, protect them against the cold and we love them.
Thank you for the outstanding poetry.

The Quenchable Drain Within

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/07/the-quenchable-drain-within/>

I haven't read this one/very strong symbol deliverance/mean shadows, thick vanity(& louder than prayer),distractions dissolving, & thread-bare desires/ continued love,g namelessneed



namelessneed says:

April 7, 2014 at 6:58 am Edit

I haven't read this one/very strong symbol deliverance/mean shadows,thick vanity(& louder than prayer),distractions dissolving, & thread-bare desires/ continued love,g

The Quenchable Drain Within

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/07/the-quenchable-drain-within/>

This poem helps me to name my darkness which helps me to move away from it:

"I see how poor
my devotion is.

I see my mind entranced
by frivolous difficulties
and mean shadows that drown
my lover's heart."

I love the combination of 'frivolous difficulties' and 'mean shadows' to describe

EXACTLY the pitfalls my mind becomes 'entranced' with!
So true!

And then there is the way out! The healing:

"I am comforted through
every break and self-betrayal.
Forgiveness drives out the ache
that keeps me immobilized,
where all is stultified by guilt."
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 27, 2014 at 1:14 pm Edit

This poem helps me to name my darkness which helps me to move away from it:

"I see how poor
my devotion is.
I see my mind entranced
by frivolous difficulties
and mean shadows that drown
my lover's heart."

I love the combination of 'frivolous difficulties' and 'mean shadows' to describe
EXACTLY the pitfalls my mind becomes 'entranced' with! So true!

And then there is the way out! The healing:

"I am comforted through
every break and self-betrayal.
Forgiveness drives out the ache
that keeps me immobilized,
where all is stultified by guilt."

As We Walk

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/06/as-we-walk-3/>

Revisiting this poem, I comment again:

This is one of those Grayhurst masterpieces. Strong with
the scent of sound
philosophy and insight.

I learned greatly from reflecting on this line and owned how
they each show up in me:

"We are but gestures sown
by particles of love, desire and greed."

This next line is so true and so important for me not to fall
into. My expectations
about what is possible and my emotional faith in my desires
is paramount to my
well being. Following my inner intuition and outer
synchronicity toward that
which I think I next want - is vital to keeping my life force
alive.

"There was a plague in my eyes
that has thinned my expectations, but
I am better."

Amazing way of capturing what it's like to dance with the
various parts of oneself
and one's partner over time:

"Being in love this long is like a voyage
underwater, swarming with glorious and
dangerous beings."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 6, 2014 at 9:42 am Edit

Revisiting this poem, I comment again:

This is one of those Grayhurst masterpieces. Strong with the scent of sound
philosophy and insight.

I learned greatly from reflecting on this line and owned how they each show up in
me:

"We are but gestures sown
by particles of love, desire and greed."

This next line is so true and so important for me not to fall into. My expectations
about what is possible and my emotional faith in my desires is paramount to my
well being. Following my inner intuition and outer synchronicity toward that which I
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Amazing way of capturing what it's like to dance with the various parts of oneself
and one's partner over time:

"Being in love this long is like a voyage
underwater, swarming with glorious and
dangerous beings."

One Wing

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/06/on-wing/>

What images! What images indeed to describe something
so familiar to so many of us - especially during adolescence
- a state of being, an emotional experience - that can be so
vague and confusing when we are actually in it - put to such
vivid detail and concrete illustration. Thank you, Allison
Grayhurst.

"I don't know how long I will ride
upstream with my arms around this waning moon"

"Hope is a hair strand I lost in the waters,

far from any net or shore."

Wow! How many of us feel this way about our sense of vocation in the world!

What will I be when I grow up? Who am I really? What actually warms my heart?

Illustrated eloquently and viscerally as this:

"I travel this way, cold to my own heart – a piece of rock in space, a business card wet in the gutter."

"By light I try to commune, but like a thin cloud that forms then fades, I have no idea how long I will stay"

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 11, 2014 at 10:49 am Edit

What images! What images indeed to describe something so familiar to so many of us – especially during adolescence – a state of being, an emotional experience – that can be so vague and confusing when we are actually in it – put to such vivid detail and concrete illustration. Thank you, Allison Grayhurst.

"I don't know how long I will ride
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"I travel this way, cold to my own heart – a piece
of rock in space, a business card wet in the gutter."

"By light I try to commune, but like a thin cloud
that forms then fades, I have no idea how long I will stay"

In My Corner

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/12/in-my-corner/>

I don't know how she does it - but through disparate images she nails the feeling, the testimony, the inner music of the hero's journey-challenge upward:

"Living here

in elementary wealth - nothing but
old-world, nothing but chaos.

Will the angels sing to me? I have been waiting
on their love."

Our galactic history-herstory intimated so often - no wonder
the intensity of the
soul's anguish, shock, hope, longing and triumph.

"So heavy is the window I look through. Brick by brick
I count my way up. My memories belong
to another world."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

May 18, 2014 at 11:42 am Edit

I don't know how she does it – but through disparate images she nails the feeling, the testimony, the inner music of the hero's journey-challenge upward:

"Living here
in elementary wealth – nothing but
old-world, nothing but chaos.
Will the angels sing to me? I have been waiting
on their love."

Our galactic history-herstory animated so often – no wonder the intensity of the soul's anguish, shock, hope, longing and triumph.

"So heavy is the window I look through. Brick by brick
I count my way up. My memories belong
to another world."

I Long To Know

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/03/i-long-to-know/>

When I read your poem 'I long to know' a sense of nostalgia flooded me, for 23 years I have not been back to my homeland-when I sit by the lakeside or go on trail working anywhere in North America- I literally touch and count rocks, and wonder... why am I in a strange land? What is my connection here? I love the symbols of 'fingers and soul' I see fingers as my flesh-longing to touch, to feel, also trying to understand 'the connecting thread' and my soul searching for the answers of whatever binds me to this place...thank you! jjf

Apphiaone



Apphiaone says:

May 28, 2014 at 4:01 am Edit

When I read your poem 'I long to know' a sense of nostalgia flooded me, for 23 years I have not been back to my homeland- when I sit by the lakeside or go on trail working anywhere in North America- I literally touch and count rocks, and wonder... why am I in a strange land? What is my connection here? I love the symbols of 'fingers and soul' I see fingers as my flesh-longing to touch, to feel, also trying to understand 'the connecting thread' and my soul searching for the answers of whatever binds me to this place... thank you! jjf

"I sit beside the narrow rocks
and count each weathered stone.
I hope for love inside a stranger
and long to feel with fingers and soul
the connecting thread
that binds me to my enemy's door."

I Long To Know

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/03/i-long-to-know/>

One of the most profound and simply put and sensually imaged longings I have ever read ... the river, the stones, the desire.

"I sit beside the narrow rocks
and count each weathered stone.
I hope for love inside a stranger
and long to feel with fingers and soul
the connecting thread
that binds me to my enemy's door."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 29, 2014 at 9:40 am Edit

One of the most profound and simply put and sensually imaged longings I have ever read ... the river, the stones, the desire.

"I sit beside the narrow rocks
and count each weathered stone.
I hope for love inside a stranger
and long to feel with fingers and soul
the connecting thread
that binds me to my enemy's door."

Things I Must Learn

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/31/things-i-must-learn-2/>

I really like this expression. It reaches outward, like the spiderweb that if it was only outside we would leave to the delicate world of art in nature. But because it is in our home, we feel a need to tidy up. We need more outward in our lives. I know I do.

Eric



Eric says:

June 1, 2014 at 7:24 pm Edit

I really like this expression. It reaches outward, like the spiderweb that if it was only outside we would leave to the delicate world of art in nature. But because it is in our home, we feel a need to tidy up. We need more outward in our lives. I know I do. 😊

Things I Must Learn

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/05/31/things-i-must-learn-2/>

I LOVE THIS. It says so much that to even comment on it doesn't do it justice! This is brilliant. I love the wording, the love the imagery! So well said:

“to

hold your hand when the shelf cracks
and the books are all read, when the fridge
carries only last week's fruit.”

“To lean my head on your heart and
let you speak your need, instead of curling
under the blankets like an angry, disturbed thing.”

“To be kinder than I've been,
to wrap a hand around the back of your cold,
delicate neck.”

“loving you better
when darkness inevitably descends.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 5, 2014 at 2:01 pm Edit

I LOVE THIS. It says so much that to even comment on it doesn't do it justice! This is brilliant. I love the wording, the love the imagery! So well said:

"to
hold your hand when the shelf cracks
and the books are all read, when the fridge
carries only last week's fruit."

"To lean my head on your heart and
let you speak your need, instead of curling
under the blankets like an angry, disturbed thing."

"To be kinder than I've been,
to wrap a hand around the back of your cold,
delicate neck."

"loving you better
when darkness inevitably descends."

Regret

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/04/regret/>

A classic. What word and meaning use! Weaving metaphor and psychological insight together like a braided pastry that is potent and goes down well. The voice of the poet remaining present in it's unique and consistent tone of passion and forthright addressing the situation throughout.

"I should have held it in -

a nut within its shell,
prolonged its freshness to ward-off
its rotting."

"the strike has torn, though
it was meant to mend. And the night moves on
as sleep beckons me
further into isolation, lacking the promise
of rest or resolution."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

June 6, 2014 at 8:56 am Edit

A classic. What word and meaning use! Weaving metaphor and psychological insight together like a braided pastry that is potent and goes down well. The voice of the poet remaining present in it's unique and consistent tone of passion and forthright addressing the situation throughout.

"I should have held it in –
a nut within its shell,
prolonged its freshness to ward-off
its rotting."

"the strike has torn, though
it was meant to mend. And the night moves on
as sleep beckons me
further into isolation, lacking the promise
of rest or resolution."

Crossroads

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/05/crossroads/>

This is a very sensitively written description of an inner transformation, psychologically strong but written so gently and humbly. I relate to this poem and enjoyed it very much.

Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

June 6, 2014 at 9:02 pm Edit

This is a very sensitively written description of an inner transformation, psychologically strong but written so gently and humbly. I relate to this poem and enjoyed it very much.

Crossroads

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/05/crossroads/>

I like your stops and starts and pauses and changes of direction

davidstrachan611



davidstrachan611 says:

June 6, 2014 at 5:37 am Edit

I like your stops and starts and pauses and changes of direction

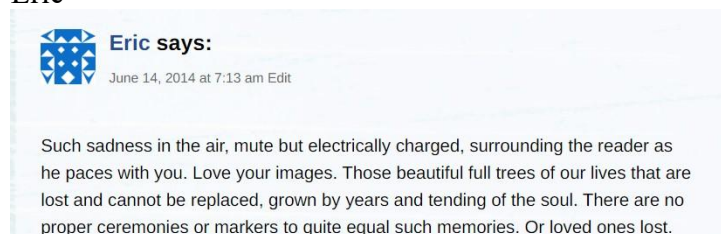
Crossroads

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/05/crossroads/>
BRILLIANT. One of the greatest and most relevant nuggets of poetic psychological insight ever. Thank you!
"I never opened my mouth to alleviate the darkness, but instead I took offence at the lack in others, not seeing that offence as my own withdrawal."
How profoundly and beautifully put:
"But I am changing. I am ending like childhood ends, and I am not so sure of myself anymore."



Voice

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/14/voice/>
Such sadness in the air, mute but electrically charged, surrounding the reader as he paces with you. Love your images. Those beautiful full trees of our lives that are lost and cannot be replaced, grown by years and tending of the soul. There are no proper ceremonies or markers to quite equal such memories. Or loved ones lost.
Eric



Voice

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/14/voice/>

Oh, my god – this is incredible – Grayhurst’s observation and insight into life’s intricacies is stunning. The subtleties and motivations and consequences she comprehends in her poems is remarkable:

“You are trying to reach me with an old painter’s words of resignation and reluctant wisdom – words I cannot make use of.”

I am there, next to that delicate dance of the breeze through tree leaves in that shimmering moment:

“a shimmering sensation or a delicate fluttering of nature’s delicate best”

Appreciating The Difficult

**Appreciating The Difficult says:**
June 28, 2014 at 9:39 am Edit

Oh, my god – this is incredible – Grayhurst's observation and insight into life's intricacies is stunning. The subtleties and motivations and consequences she comprehends in her poems is remarkable:

“You are trying to reach me with an old painter’s words of resignation and reluctant wisdom – words I cannot make use of.”

I am there, next to that delicate dance of the breeze through tree leaves in that shimmering moment:

“a shimmering sensation or a delicate fluttering of nature's delicate best”

Changing Skins

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/03/changing-skins/>

Very beautiful piece, Allison! Your last line wraps the feeling up in a bright colored bow. 😊

Eric

**Eric says:**
June 3, 2014 at 11:37 am Edit

Very beautiful piece, Allison! Your last line wraps the feeling up in a bright colored bow. 😊

Changing Skins

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/03/changing-skins/>
Sheer poetry, magic and brilliance in words. Another one of those Grayhurst masterpieces that goes below cerebral into heart, hope, light, body, being resonating with a signature of truth, comfort and joy - like a well-aimed, in-sync down hill ski triumph at top speed in perfect symmetry.

"virtues that have kept me solid"

"knowing passion like

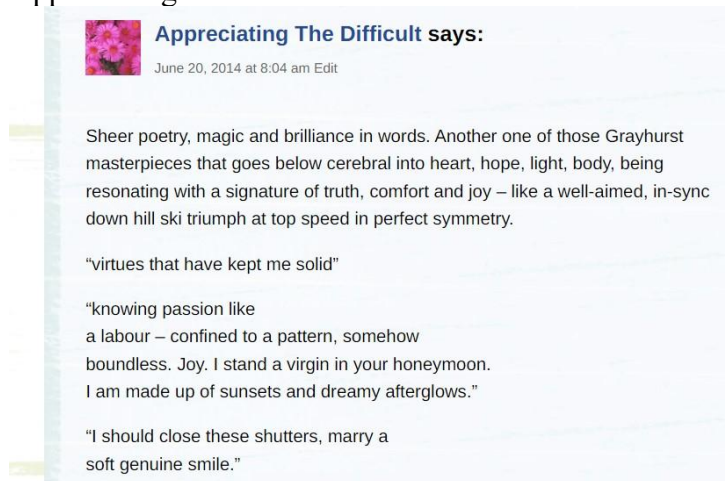
a labour – confined to a pattern, somehow

boundless. Joy. I stand a virgin in your honeymoon.

I am made up of sunsets and dreamy afterglows."

"I should close these shutters, marry a
soft genuine smile."

Appreciating The Difficult



Days That Dismantle

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/06/07/days-that-dismantle/>

First of all, I must comment on the powerful sculptures on the side of this writing by Grayhurst. I love the lighting and the camera angles that bring out so much in these expressions of Allison's human appreciation sculptures. I feel a delight of creativity, hope and optimism in my chest upon reading this, and a warm smile comes to my face:

"angels under the bed sheets
and smiles in the afternoons,
of dreams that form, fade, then form

again”

I remember when this took gargantuan effort on my part,
and I remember once imaging in my head stoning a negative
voice within – which is all that would hold it at bay, and did
indeed extinguish it:

“Days I will try to treasure like a
jar full of fireflies,
when I will not give in, not
give space to the dark pit within.”

This says it all in a world where god is money and the mall
is the temple:

“Days that mean more than money, and more
than the power that it yields.”

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

August 1, 2014 at 9:57 am Edit

First of all, I must comment on the powerful sculptures on the side of this writing by
Grayhurst. I love the lighting and the camera angles that bring out so much in
these expressions of Allison's human appreciation sculptures.

I feel a delight of creativity, hope and optimism in my chest upon reading this, and
a warm smile comes to my face:

“angels under the bed sheets
and smiles in the afternoons,
of dreams that form, fade, then form
again”

I remember when this took gargantuan effort on my part, and I remember once
imaging in my head stoning a negative voice within – which is all that would hold it
at bay, and did indeed extinguish it:

“Days I will try to treasure like a
jar full of fireflies,
when I will not give in, not
give space to the dark pit within.”

This says it all in a world where god is money and the mall is the temple:

“Days that mean more than money, and more
than the power that it yields.”

Walkways

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/10/26/walkways-the-poem-part-5-of-16/>

I love this whole piece, the little I have been able to read so
far. It reminds me of a very visceral childhood memory -
and as a child we can be so much more PRESENT to all of

creation, every nuance and that is what Grayhurst's work does for me - sharpens my senses to "all this is" to be seen, heard, felt, noticed.

"Light that drips down the turnpike, onto roads
and ways far away from any window.
Blocks to build shelters and shields. Flags on flimsy poles.
A neutral breeze busting cardoors and
personalized licence plates.
Paved over, I see a carcass dripping, a little yellow flower,
smaller than a thumbprint.
Rust-coloured shawl, poncho that holds
great sentimental significance holds
me to a memory, old now as a ten-year-old untended garden
or pavement cracks grown into fissures."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 26, 2014 at 10:11 am Edit

I love this whole piece, the little I have been able to read so far. It reminds me of a very visceral childhood memory – and as a child we can be so much more PRESENT to all of creation, every nuance and that is what Grayhurst's work does for me – sharpens my senses to "all this is" to be seen, heard, felt, noticed.

"Light that drips down the turnpike, onto roads
and ways far away from any window.
Blocks to build shelters and shields. Flags on flimsy poles.
A neutral breeze busting cardoors and
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Paved over, I see a carcass dripping, a little yellow flower,
smaller than a thumbprint.
Rust-coloured shawl, poncho that holds
great sentimental significance holds
me to a memory, old now as a ten-year-old untended garden
or pavement cracks grown into fissures."

Walkways

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/10/27/walkways-the-poem-part-6-of-16/>

This poetry is so rich - so transcendent - I can barely catch my breath to wrap concepts around it.

Rather, it is beyond words.

It uses words, to go beyond words.

I get transported, instead, to another realm.

I am catapulted to an understanding of earth experience that does justice to its layered potency.

Grayhurst gives us a place to refresh ourselves - in a cool, green valley - hidden from the dominant wasteland - where keeping head, heart, body and spirit together are seen, felt and experienced as being normal.

"Come upon me like a feather-stick -
sectioning my abdomen like a fruit. Suddenly
toddlers are conversing and the grey cat
takes in the morning. Bundle of weeds,
bundle of flowers. An opening
under the burning canopy. Lifetimes spent
collecting synergy, male rhythms and fixed lines.
God is coming down to hide in your loose-change-pocket.
I dreamt of owning your praise. Swinging from the rafters
in a game of hide-and-seek, I sought your breath,
hand of destined chores.

I played along inside the circle, inside a sack
I could hardly breathe out of. Languishing. A round bruise
forming on my left arm. Place me here. Crown me
or stake me on a tall spike. I am sand thrown mid-air.
No place to collect and land, not even a wave, a bucket,
the forelock of a horse. Not even
thinking in a straight continuation, but there, there, a pebble
between paw pads, then, a minor note locked
in perpetual repetition."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 27, 2014 at 8:53 am Edit

This poetry is so rich – so transcendent – I can barely catch my breath to wrap concepts around it.

Rather, it is beyond words.

It uses words, to go beyond words.

I get transported, instead, to another realm.

I am catapulted to an understanding of earth experience that does justice to its layered potency.

Grayhurst gives us a place to refresh ourselves – in a cool, green valley – hidden from the dominant wasteland – where keeping head, heart, body and spirit together are seen, felt and experienced as being normal.

"Come upon me like a feather-stick –
sectioning my abdomen like a fruit. Suddenly
toddlers are conversing and the grey cat
takes in the morning. Bundle of weeds,
bundle of flowers. An opening
under the burning canopy. Lifetimes spent
collecting synergy, male rhythms and fixed lines.
God is coming down to hide in your loose-change-pocket.
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hand of destined chores.
I played along inside the circle, inside a sack
I could hardly breathe out of. Languishing. A round bruise
forming on my left arm. Place me here. Crown me
or stake me on a tall spike. I am sand thrown mid-air.
No place to collect and land, not even a wave, a bucket,
the forelock of a horse. Not even
thinking in a straight continuation, but there, there, a pebble
between paw pads, then, a minor note locked
in perpetual repetition."

Walkways

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/walkways-the-poem/>

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/10/29/walkways-the-poem-part-8-of-16/>

This is brilliant! Brilliant. Reminds me of when I first read Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass". And I wanted to stand up on the city bus and exclaim aloud: "Listen to this!" A comprehensive capturing of human earthly experience in all it's dimensions without missing a beat - beyond the conscious mind - dancing with the levels of our knowing and sensing - that we feel but do not always recognize, and

rarely, oh so rarely articulate. Clearly, Grayhurst's poetic journey has taken her to the mountain top.

"Paved paths, brisk

storm of senses, an old

opening, endless as a dug-in arrow -

head in the weeping jungle, the coolness

of autumn air brushing tombstones,

the thin necks of geese.

So much night in a single glass, body

and name together, replacing

existence with this inheritance and no other.

Rows of ships crowding the edge of the lake -

docked and bearing down for winter. The distance

grinds, gravel on my belly, cracked shells

in subterranean pages writing down dawns and victories

never experienced, only imagined.

Is it right to receive the bitter strawberry?

Drink its flesh like juice and

kneel before reality's dictatorship?

Is it clarity? Or forgetting?"

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

October 30, 2014 at 9:30 am Edit

This is brilliant! Brilliant. Reminds me of when I first read Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass". And I wanted to stand up on the city bus and exclaim aloud: "Listen to this!" A comprehensive capturing of human earthly experience in all it's dimensions without missing a beat – beyond the conscious mind – dancing with the levels of our knowing and sensing – that we feel but do not always recognize, and rarely, oh so rarely articulate. Clearly, Grayhurst's poetic journey has taken her to the mountain top.

"Paved paths, brisk
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head in the weeping jungle, the coolness
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in subterranean pages writing down dawns and victories
never experienced, only imagined.
Is it right to receive the bitter strawberry?
Drink its flesh like juice and
kneel before reality's dictatorship?
Is it clarity? Or forgetting?"

Days To Break The Richest Dream

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/11/17/days-to-break-the-richest-dream/>

This smacks of the kind of hope of the human spirit above the drudgery of this world - that I had to regularly engage as a young woman kind of lost in a big city and not with a lot of spiritual tools - boy - do I love his spirit!

"But he does not fade like some do into
masculine despair which is anger,
which is not the saddle he mounts,
but perseveres with a steady pace,
his long fingers waving in perfect rhythm
inside a room, where hardships reach living
but mild."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

November 17, 2014 at 9:38 am Edit

This smacks of the kind of hope of the human spirit above the drudgery of this world – that I had to regularly engage as a young woman kind of lost in a big city and not with a lot of spiritual tools – boy – do I love his spirit!

"But he does not fade like some do into
masculine despair which is anger,
which is not the saddle he mounts,
but perseveres with a steady pace,
his long fingers waving in perfect rhythm
inside a room, where hardships reach living
but mild."

Now I am Two

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/06/10365/>

A poem to take my breath away - especially knowing it is written after years of marriage.

Such an accurate description and tribute to how true love through the 'friction and harmony' works:

"Always

miraculous, unexpected, awakening. Always
us, vanishing and then re-emerging with these things
of harmony and friction engulfing our scent and path."

Profound - right through the heart - so well described - can feel it deeply:

"It is what was prayed for, what years and hardship has not diluted, but has fused into an unbreakable bond – us -
the summoning of all our parts – ancient, immediate
so that even when death comes or fate and terrible sobbing,
neither of us will ever be again
without the other

alone."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 18, 2014 at 10:34 am Edit

A poem to take my breath away – especially knowing it is written after years of marriage.

Such an accurate description and tribute to how true love through the 'friction and harmony' works:

"Always

miraculous, unexpected, awakening. Always

us, vanishing and then re-emerging with these things

of harmony and friction engulfing our scent and path."

Profound – right through the heart – so well described – can feel it deeply:

"It is what was prayed for, what years and hardship has not

diluted, but has fused into an unbreakable bond – us –

the summoning of all our parts – ancient, immediate

so that even when death comes or fate and terrible sobbing,

neither of us will ever be again

without the other

alone."

Complete, but

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/24/complete-but/>

One of the most magical fantasy-reality, beautiful imaginings I've come across in a long time - pure, innocent, dynamic, deep:

"If I was a young starling neck deep in uncut grass,
pecking at exposed roots, I would be
sky, downspout, bush, tip of a cross on a steeple,
cured of isolation, taking flight and landing when I choose
and

I would choose a fenced-in backyard
where a boy's imagination owns the splintered bench,
weeds
and a dug-up secret hole. I would watch that boy plot his
course
and leap, knowing no separation,
I would spread, sing
and fold."

Again, a master picture-maker ... just goes to show Grayhurst's ability to splendidly portray the easily seen and understood - even while she attempts to conjure recognition of the more subtle and complex layers of life she is usually tackling in her poems:

"f I had claimed myself a calling
as a chaplain – ritualized pacing in university halls, my arm
around youth, accompanying my affection
with a spiritual smile, then I would have
the certainty of some kind of career..."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

February 25, 2014 at 11:37 am Edit

One of the most magical fantasy-reality, beautiful imaginings I've come across in a long time – pure, innocent, dynamic, deep:

"If I was a young starling neck deep in uncut grass,
pecking at exposed roots, I would be
sky, downspout, bush, tip of a cross on a steeple,
cured of isolation, taking flight and landing when I choose and
I would choose a fenced-in backyard
where a boy's imagination owns the splintered bench, weeds
and a dug-up secret hole. I would watch that boy plot his course
and leap, knowing no separation,
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and fold."

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"f I had claimed myself a calling
as a chaplain – ritualized pacing in university halls, my arm
around youth, accompanying my affection
with a spiritual smile, then I would have
the certainty of some kind of career..."

Son - almost one

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/02/son-almost-one/>

I pick out this line, but really, every line shines like the sheer glory that is this poem. O, thank you for your heart.

"Through your eyes
of blue infant glory, fresh
as a yawning bird, I see
heavenly bodies turning
and the last of summer's flowers
appear."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 2, 2014 at 11:24 am Edit

I pick out this line, but really, every line shines like the sheer glory that is this poem.
O, thank you for your heart.

"Through your eyes
of blue infant glory, fresh
as a yawning bird, I see
heavenly bodies turning
and the last of summer's flowers
appear."

Heaven must be active (not inert)

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/21/heaven-must-be-active-not-innate/>

Incredible the ways in which we learn mercy and humility through the rawness of wounds. And we are invincible through it all - for what is preserved preserves us, as Grayhurst implies at her end in this poem.

"Life is raw
as a just-made wound. It is raw
so it is open to acts of mercy
and the beginning of true humility."

"Life is raw
as a just-made wound. It is raw
so it is open to acts of mercy
and the beginning of true humility."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 3, 2014 at 9:17 am Edit

Incredible the ways in which we learn mercy and humility through the rawness of wounds. And we are invincible through it all – for what is preserved preserves us, as Grayhurst implies at her end in this poem.

"Life is raw

as a just-made wound. It is raw

so it is open to acts of mercy

and the beginning of true humility."

Train

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/05/train/>

What an image - what a statement - reminds me of the horse running toward the train headlight coming toward it on the track - Grayhurst's poems are like paintings - I wish someone would paint this:

"until I can sleep and stop

kneeling - head neither turned up nor down."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 5, 2014 at 10:55 am Edit

What an image – what a statement – reminds me of the horse running toward the train headlight coming toward it on the track – Grayhurst's poems are like paintings – I wish someone would paint this:

"until I can sleep and stop

kneeling – head neither turned up nor down."

In Doubt

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/11/in-doubt/>

I LOVE THIS. Another one that sings like water. I am swerving and gliding down a ski hill - it's meaning ahead of me - but feeling it's pristine symmetry in my veins as I descend - knowing I am going to a good place.

"Under the guise

of do or die

the heart's mystery is born."

"Because faith came like it did
 from the tape recorder and other
 underrated things,"
 "the dreams that drove me to love
 nor appease the breath of death on
 my clothes."
 "The nail is in the wood and still I wonder
 why I am, on my own
 on the world's platform
 - a gift"

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 11, 2014 at 10:59 am Edit

I LOVE THIS. Another one that sings like water. I am swerving and gliding down a ski hill – it's meaning ahead of me – but feeling it's pristine symmetry in my veins as I descend – knowing I am going to a good place.

"Under the guise

of do or die

the heart's mystery is born."

"Because faith came like it did

from the tape recorder and other

underrated things,"

"the dreams that drove me to love

nor appease the breath of death on

my clothes."

"The nail is in the wood and still I wonder

why I am, on my own

on the world's platform

– a gift"

Animal Sanctuary

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2013/12/01/animal-sanctuary/>

This is how I feel about every animal caged in a zoo - I understand he is permanently wounded and hence needs to be in an animal hospital - whichever the reason - this poem speaks it brilliantly - the "human-made" perch - human's inhumanity to animal when it is for our pleasure and not to aid the animal - Thank you. Grayhurst has done it again -

captured in unavoidable embrace the piercing essence of the situation:

"Spring, he will never experience again, nor know
the scent of a pent-up life released like
sunflowers blooming, or the feel of the moon,
colder but more comforting than being touched.
He is without time or tribe,
and like fire, he haunts
by just being."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 17, 2014 at 8:44 am Edit

This is how I feel about every animal caged in a zoo – I understand he is permanently wounded and hence needs to be in an animal hospital – whichever the reason – this poem speaks it brilliantly – the "human-made" perch – human's inhumanity to animal when it is for our pleasure and not to aid the animal – Thank you. Grayhurst has done it again – captured in unavoidable embrace the piercing essence of the situation:

"Spring, he will never experience again, nor know
the scent of a pent-up life released like
sunflowers blooming, or the feel of the moon,
colder but more comforting than being touched.
He is without time or tribe,
and like fire, he haunts
by just being."

Circle

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/14/circle/>

This is an extremely powerful piece. It is terribly sad for me.

Carl



Carl says:

March 15, 2014 at 8:55 pm Edit

This is an extremely powerful piece. It is terribly sad for me.

Circle

Beautiful. I especially relate to the image at the end, age still desires, your phantom wings, still the same, touching

the tips of a cumulus cloud. I have been thinking about aging lately, also about arms, strangely enough and agency. I've also never mentioned this but I very much enjoy the sexuality in your poems. It is a strong flavour in many of your poems. Courageous, too...perhaps.
Anna Mark



Anna Mark says:

March 17, 2014 at 7:54 pm Edit

Beautiful. I especially relate to the image at the end, age still desires, your phantom wings, still the same, touching the tips of a cumulus cloud. I have been thinking about aging lately, also about arms, strangely enough and agency. I've also never mentioned this but I very much enjoy the sexuality in your poems. It is a strong flavour in many of your poems. Courageous, too...perhaps.

Sculptures

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2012/02/02/sculptures/>

Beautiful, soulful expressions of human and animal spirits - made by Grayhurst's hand - the heartfelt poetry of her soul showing up in the physical "flesh" of sculpture - the feeling and power of these beings translated through her fingertips.
Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 19, 2014 at 3:33 pm Edit

Beautiful, soulful expressions of human and animal spirits – made by Grayhurst's hand – the heartfelt poetry of her soul showing up in the physical "flesh" of sculpture – the feeling and power of these beings translated through her finger tips.

The means to obliterate

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/02/22/the-means-to-obliterate/>

What an image! What a point:

"what doldrums dictate
is in the pink sneakers of
winter blues and forcing hope into the mouth
even if it tastes like
stale candy."

Again, what an image describing such an incredible meaning!

"You pull the waves from a clear sky"

Meaning hidden so profound in such a simple statement within it's context:

"A toddler's game of hide-and-seek is worth smiling for."

And yet again - what amazing images making an amazing point:

"Your head is in a whisper - booby-traps revealed in the ridges and dips of your thoughts. You want to be put in a crockpot and left there, stirred like soup, leeks and lentils, seeping out an authentic aroma, arriving home."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 21, 2014 at 12:23 pm Edit

What an image! What a point:

"what doldrums dictate
is in the pink sneakers of
winter blues and forcing hope into the mouth
even if it tastes like
stale candy."

Again, what an image describing such an incredible meaning!

"You pull the waves from a clear sky"

Meaning hidden so profound in such a simple statement within it's context:

"A toddler's game of hide-and-seek
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And yet again – what amazing images making an amazing point:

"Your head is in a whisper – booby-traps
revealed in the ridges and dips of your thoughts.
You want to be put in a crockpot and left there,
stirred like soup, leeks and lentils, seeping out
an authentic aroma, arriving home."

In The Thighs

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/21/in-the-thighs/>

Profound images to describe the challenge of earth. The bowling ball and the chamber of the heart. The knowledge of the trees. The blessed slow moving worms who are up

against the pressure of concrete. And it is all etched into the blueness of Grayhurst's eyes.

"what everyone needs,
but the pavement is thick
and the ground beneath is rich,
saturated with worms,
moving,
thick
with worm motion
moving at worm speed.

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 23, 2014 at 11:26 am Edit

Profound images to describe the challenge of earth. The bowling ball and the chamber of the heart. The knowledge of the trees. The blessed slow moving worms who are up against the pressure of concrete. And it is all etched into the blueness of Grayhurst's eyes.

"what everyone needs,

but the pavement is thick

and the ground beneath is rich,

saturated with worms,

moving,

thick

with worm motion

moving at worm speed.

Serpent in my Shoe

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/03/24/serpent-in-my-shoe/>

Not to compare, but this is one of the most incredible of Grayhurst's creations to me in the creation of its illogical imagery that FEELS like it makes perfect sense, and beyond! Incredible that we can get language to do this - take us so beyond the left brain into the multidimensional truth of our world, accessed only by our expansive right hemisphere.

"Waves and lions under the
sink"

This is so true! Thank god for the existence of the
archetype of the Phoenix in our psyche!

"I rise like a rose
into bloom then lose all
my petals to the storm."

Somehow these images mean the world to me:

"I live with my drink and the smell
of too many ghosts warming themselves
over my vent."

Discernment! Perceiving clearly, making a choice, and
taking a stand!

"I hear
them talking about the petty thing that keeps
days turning and leaves no one free enough
to walk the plank.

I stand outside for a moment
and plunge all I know like a stake
into dry ground."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

March 25, 2014 at 8:55 am Edit

Not to compare, but this is one of the most incredible of Grayhurst's creations to me in the creation of its illogical imagery that FEELS like it makes perfect sense, and beyond! Incredible that we can get language to do this – take us so beyond the left brain into the multidimensional truth of our world, accessed only by our expansive right hemisphere.

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into dry ground."

"I hear
them talking about the petty thing that keeps
days turning and leaves no one free enough
to walk the plank.
I stand outside for a moment
and plunge all I know like a stake
into dry ground."

On this Dock

<https://allisongrayhurst.com/2014/04/01/on-this-dock/>

OH MY GOD, this is another one of those poems that is like skiing down a hill with swing and swerve of sheer elegance - the moves, the connections, the unlikely pairing

of words gliding us forward. This is one of those poems that makes me look forward to returning to these creations again eager for the next savouring of artistry and more.

"I listen for the perishing wind
and declare to it a vigil
of telltale strength."

I love this image and message:

"a belief
in the many shapes of heaven."

Poetry within poetry:

"The journey knows its evening
has come and all the beautiful clouds will drop
one by one from the sky."

Appreciating The Difficult



Appreciating The Difficult says:

April 2, 2014 at 12:02 pm Edit

OH MY GOD, this is another one of those poems that is like skiing down a hill with swing and swerve of sheer elegance – the moves, the connections, the unlikely pairing of words gliding us forward. This is one of those poems that makes me look forward to returning to these creations again eager for the next savouring of artistry and more.

"I listen for the perishing wind
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I love this image and message:

"a belief
in the many shapes of heaven."

Poetry within poetry:

"The journey knows its evening
has come and all the beautiful clouds will drop
one by one from the sky."

About the Author



Allison Grayhurst has been nominated six times for “Best of the Net” for her poems in 2024/2018/2017/2015.

She has over 1,400 poems published in more than 540 international journals and anthologies in Canada, United States, England, India, Ireland, China, Scotland, Wales, Italy, Bangladesh, Romania, Turkey, Austria, Zambia, Korea, New Zealand, Nepal, Kosovo, Colombia and Australia.

In 2018, her book *Sight at Zero*, was listed #34 on CBC’s “Your Ultimate Canadian Poetry List”.

In 2025, her work was translated into Italian and published in “International Web Post.” Eleven poems were translated into Portuguese and published on FaceBook.

In 2024, her work was translated into Italian and published in “Italia News Media – Alessandria Today”, in “Saturno Magazine” and in “Il Vischio e la Rosa” anthology, into Albanian in “Orfeu.AL” in “Gazeta Destinacioni”, and in “Ciceroni”, and also into Korean in “Jeju The Pen Literature”.

In 2023, her work was translated in Korean and published in “Jnuri Magazine”.

In 2020, her work was translated into Chinese and published in "Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly" and in “Poetry Hall”.

She has been interviewed eleven times in print, as well as a TV interview, with translations of her interviews in Italian and Albanian, published in Italy, England and Kosovo.

Her book *Somewhere Falling* was published by Beach Holme Publishers, a Porceplic Book, in Vancouver in 1995.

Since then, she has published twenty-one other books of poetry and twelve collections with Edge Unlimited Publishing.

Prior to the publication of *Somewhere Falling* she had a poetry book published, *Common Dream*, and four chapbooks published by The Plowman.

Her poetry chapbook *The River is Blind* was published by Ottawa publisher above/ground press December 2012.

In 2014 her chapbook *Surrogate Dharma* was published by Kind of a Hurricane Press, Barometric Pressures Author Series.

In 2015, her book *No Raft – No Ocean* was published by Scars Publications.

Also, her book *Make the Wind* was published in 2016 by Scars Publications.

As well, her book *Trial and Witness – selected poems*, was published in 2016 by Creative Talents Unleashed (CTU Publishing Group).

Her book *Tadpoles Find the Sun* was published in 2020 by Cyberwit.

More recently, her book *Running, lightwave riding* was published by Cyberwit 2023.

Collaborating with Allison Grayhurst on the lyrics, Vancouver-based singer/songwriter/musician Diane Barbarash has transformed eight of Allison Grayhurst's poems into songs, creating a full album entitled *River – Songs from the poetry of Allison Grayhurst*, released 2017.

Allison Grayhurst is an ethical vegan for the animals. She lives in Toronto with her family. She also sculpts, working with clay.

Some of the places her work has appeared in include Parabola (Alone & Together print issue summer 2012); SUFI Journal (Featured Poet in Issue #95, Sacred Space); Elephant Journal; Literary Orphans; Blue Fifth Review; The American Aesthetic; The Brooklyn Voice; Five2One; Agave Magazine; JuxtaProse Literary Magazine, Drunk Monkeys; Now Then Manchester; South Florida Arts Journal; Gris-Gris; The Muse – An International Journal of Poetry, Storm Cellar, morphrog (sister publication of Frogmore Papers); New Binary Press Anthology; Straylight Literary Magazine (print); Chicago Record Magazine, The Milo Review; Foliate Oak Literary Magazine; The Antigonish Review; Dalhousie Review; The New Quarterly; Wascana Review; Poetry Nottingham International; The Cape Rock; Ayris; Journal of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry (now called The Journal); The Toronto Quarterly; Fogged Clarity, Existere; Boston Poetry Magazine; Decanto; White Wall Review.

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Quotes

“Allison Grayhurst’s poetry combines the depth and dark intensity of Sylvia Plath, the layered complex imagery of Dylan Thomas and the philosophical insights of Soren Kierkegaard, taking the reader on a fearless journey through the human condition, delving with honesty into death, grief, loss, faith, commitment, motherhood, and erotic love. Grayhurst intertwines a potent spirituality throughout her work so that each poem is not simply a statement or observation, but a revelation that demands the reader’s personal involvement. Grayhurst’s poetic genius is profound and evident. Her voice is uniquely authentic, undeniable in its dignified vulnerability as it is in its significance,” *Kyp Harness*, legendary singer/songwriter, cartoonist, author of ‘Wigford Rememberies’ and ‘The Abandoned’, Nightwood Editions; www.kypharness.net

“Allison Grayhurst is the Queen of Catharsis. Her poems are like cathedrals witnessing and articulating in unflinching graphic detail the gritty angst and grief of life, while taking it to rare clarity, calm and comfort in an otherwise confusing world of deception, mediocrity and degradation. Allison Grayhurst takes the sludge of life, and with fearless sharpness of eye and heart she spins it free of maggots with the depth of honour and passion. Allison Grayhurst's work is haunting, majestic and cleansing, often leaving one breathless in the wake of its intelligence, hope, faith and love amidst the muck of life. Many of Allison Grayhurst's poems are simply masterpieces booming with thunderous insight begging to be in Bartlett's Quotations, lines such as "I drink necessity’s authority." Nothing is wishy-washy in the realm of Allison Grayhurst. Allison Grayhurst's work is sustaining, enriching, and deepening for the soul to read... a light of sanity in the world. As a poet, Allison Grayhurst is a lighthouse of intelligent honour... indeed, intelligence rips through her work like white water,” *Taylor Jane Green*, BA, RIHR, CHT, Registered

Spiritual Psychotherapist and author of *Swan Wheeler: A North American Mythology* and *The Rise of Eros*.

“Grayhurst’s rapturous outpouring of imagery makes her poems easily enjoyable ... Like a sear the poet seeks to fathom sensual and spiritual experience through the images of a dream,” *Canadian Literature*.

“Her poems read like the journal entries of a mystic – perhaps that what they are. They are abstract and vivid, like a dreamy manifestation of soul. This is the best way, in prose, one can describe the music which is ... the poetry of Allison Grayhurst,” *Blaise Wigglesworth*, *Oh! Magazine: Ryerson's Arts and Culture Voice*.

“Grayhurst’s poetry is a translucent, ethereal dream in which words push through the fog, always searching, struggling, and reaching for the powerful soul at its heart. Her work is vibrant and shockingly original,” *Beach Holme Publishers*.

"Allison Grayhurst's poetry appears visceral, not for the faint of heart, and moves forward with a dynamism, with a frenetic pulse. If you seek the truth, the physical blood and bones, then, by all means, open the world into which we were all born," *Anne Burke*, poet, regional representative for Alberta on the League of Canadian Poets' Council, and chair of the Feminist Caucus.

"Read at your peril. You will never look at this world in quite the same way again. Your eye will instinctively search the sky for eagles and scan the dark earth for the slightest movement of smallest ant, your heart will reach for tall mountains, bathe in the most intimate of passions and in the grain and grit of our earth. Such is Allison Grayhurst. Such is her poetry," *Eric M. Vogt*, poet and author.

"Grayhurst is a great Canadian poet. All of Allison Grayhurst's poetry is original, sometimes startling, and more often than not, powerful. Anyone who loves modern poetry that does not follow the common path will find Grayhurst complex, insightful, and as good a

poet as anyone writing in the world today. Grayhurst's poetry volumes are highly, highly recommended," *Tom Davis*, poet, novelist and educator.

"Biting into the clouds and bones of desire and devotion, love and grief, Allison Grayhurst basks the reader, with breathtaking eloquence, in an elixir of words. Like lace, the elegance is revealed by what isn't said. This is stunning poetry," *Angela Hryniuk*, author of 'no visual scars'.

"Allison Grayhurst is a poet whose work is characterized by startling imagery and uncompromising emotion, whose pieces have appeared in prestigious magazines. Lights, darks, colors, and passions intertwine throughout the pages of her work," *Louise E. Allin*, Literature and Language.

"When I read Allison Grayhurst's poetry, I am compelled by the intensity and strength of her spirituality. Her personal experience of God drives her poetry. With honesty and vulnerability, she fleshes out the profound mystery of knowing at once both the beauty and terror of God's love, both freedom and obedience, deep joy and sorrow, both being deeply rooted in but also apart from the world, and lastly, both life and death. Her poems undulate through these paradoxes with much feeling and often leave me breathless, shaken. Allison Grayhurst's poems are both beautiful and difficult to behold," *Anna Mark*, poet and teacher.

"The breath of roles covered in Allison Grayhurst's poetry is exceptional. Even poems covering similar perspectives express subtle distinctions, distinctions which add depth to the poet's larger themes. The cohesive psychology of the poet is clear, allowing for long reads and re-reads." says author *Patrick Linsenmeyer*.

"Allison Grayhurst's poetry has a tribal and timeless feeling, reminiscent of the Biblical commentary in

Ecclesiastes,” *Cristina Deptula*, editor of **Synchronized Chaos.**

Books by Allison Grayhurst

Paperbacks with Edge Unlimited Publishing:

- Book 1: Journey of the Awakening, 1997, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CH6WO5Y; ISBN-10: 1478189339; ISBN-13: 978-1478189336**
- Book 2: The Longing to Be, 1998, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CH94ZNK; ISBN-10: 1478197684; ISBN-13: 978-1478197683**
- Book 3: Death and Other Possibilities, 2000, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CHB8M0K; ISBN-10: 1478208163; ISBN-13: 978-1478208167**
- Book 4: Outliving the Inevitable, 2002, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CHBYD1W; ISBN-10: 1478220295; ISBN-13: 978-1478220299**
- Book 5: Into My Mortal, 2004, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CHFGOB0; ISBN-10: 147822858X; ISBN-13: 978-1478228585**
- Book 6: Red thread - Black thread, 2006, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CHQOJFW; ISBN-10: 1478244186; ISBN-13: 978-1478244189**
- Book 7: The Many Lights of Eden, 2008, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CHTR6IQ; ISBN-10: 1478249153; ISBN-13: 978-1478249153**
- Book 8: Pushing Through The Jelly Fire, 2010, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CHXZYOA; ISBN-10: 1478256567; ISBN-13: 978-1478256564**
- Book 9: The River is Blind, 2012, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CICVQ6K; ISBN-10: 1478280131; ISBN-13: 978-1478280132**
- Book 10: Seamless – A Collection of Love Poems, 2012, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CIFTU0G; ISBN-10: 1479304816; ISBN-13: 978-1479304813**
- Book 11: If I Get There – Poems of Faith and Doubt, a collection, 2012, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00CIZQGI0; ISBN-10: 1479348740; ISBN-13: 978-1479348749**

Book 12: Wallpaper Stars, 2013, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00DQBDZAW; ISBN-10: 1490499172; ISBN-13: 978-1490499178

Book 13: For Every Rain - a collection of early poems, 2013, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00E6Y47OQ; ISBN-10: 1491065656; ISBN-13: 978-1491065655

Book 14: Jumana and Perfect Love - two poetic prose pieces, 2013, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00E74B45A; ISBN-10: 1491081465; ISBN-13: 978-1491081464

Book 15: Walkways, 2014, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00OR1VVH4; ISBN-10: 1502792133; ISBN-13: 978-1502792136

Book 16: As My Blindness Burns - three long poems, 2014, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00OS7HFZY; ISBN-10: 1502838265; ISBN-13: 978-1502838261

Book 17: Our Children Are Orchards – collected poems about animals, children and pregnancy, 2015, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B00TZDDP5K; ISBN-10: 1508582920 ISBN-13: 978-1508582922

Book 18: Fire and more, 2016, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B01BO7P7DM; ISBN-13: 978-1517327279; ISBN-10: 151732727X

Book 19: Currents- pastlife poems, 2016, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B01FV5EYTQ; ISBN-13: 978-1533311269; ISBN-10: 1533311269

Book 20: The Fault of Sages, 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B075JT6X6B; ISBN-13: 978-1544785646; ISBN-10: 154478564X

Book 21: Sight at Zero – selected poems (1988 to 2017), 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B075Q7TDJK; ISBN-13: 978-1975894016; ISBN-10: 1975894014

Book 22: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst - completed works from 1988 to 2017 (Volume 1 of 5), 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B076ZTQNX5; ISBN-13: 978-1978078833; ISBN-10: 1978078838

Book 23: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst - completed works from 1988 to 2017 (Volume 2 of 5), 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B076ZSMPMB; ISBN-13: 978-1978106642; ISBN-10: 1978106645

Book 24: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst - completed works from 1988 to 2017 (Volume 3 of 5), Edge

Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B076ZYQNHP; ISBN-13: 978-1978341272; ISBN-10: 197834127X

Book 25: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst - completed works from 1988 to 2017 (Volume 4 of 5), 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B076ZYG3HV; ISBN-13: 978-1978378766; ISBN-10: 1978378769

Book 26: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst - completed works from 1988 to 2017 (Volume 5 of 5), 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B076ZYBVLB; ISBN-13: 978-1978476127; ISBN-10: 1978476124

Book 27: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst - Collections from 1988 to 2017 (Volume 6), 2017, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B07713CLWC; ISBN-13: 978-1979275750; ISBN-10: 1979275750

Book 28: The Sculptures of Allison Grayhurst, 2018, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B078TJTY37; ISBN-13: 978-1983534270; ISBN-10: 1983534277

Book 29: Animal Culture (rules of commitment), 2018, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B07H1WRD5K; ISBN-13: 978-1719094962; ISBN-10: 1719094969

Book 30: If I Knew This Haunting, 2019, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B07VQWS6PZ; ISBN-13: 9781082365133; ISBN-10: 1082365130

Book 31: Snapshots (excerpts of poems on images), 2019, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B07PQZV4P4; ISBN-13: 978-1090605115; ISBN-10: 1090605110

Book 32: Ways of Mercy, 2021, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ASIN: B08YQR3ZQC; ASIN: B08YTRYMWW; ISBN-13: 9798720154585

Book 33: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst – completed works for 2018 to 2021 (Volume 7), 2021, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798740225913; ASIN: B0932GSD5C; ASIN: B093FW56NQ; ISBN: 9798773718482

Book 34: A Wish Alone, 2022, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798803463450; ASIN: B0B7GNMLW4; ISBN: 9798842289424; ASIN: B0B6XNQMFS

Book 35: Comments on The poetry of Allison Grayhurst (from 2011 to 2023), 2023, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798375947556; ASIN: B0BV49Y5B9

Book 36: The Light Given, 2023, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798378690404

Book 37: My Mother's Sky, 2024, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798329439182; ASIN: B0D81NNRMJ; ISBN: 9798329462050
Book 38: Walkways – the poem, 2024, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798329544190; ASIN: B0D85PX45K; ISBN: 9798329630152
Book 39: New Wheel – five long poems, 2024, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798329652871; ASIN: B0D8C2698N; ISBN: 9798329741797
Book 40: The Sparrow Wars, 2025, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798298279604; ISBN: 9798277686737; ASIN: B0G5LK3CG9
Book 41: The Poetry of Allison Grayhurst – completed works for 2022 to 2025 (Volume 8), 2025, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798277384428; ISBN: 9798277688502; ASIN: B0G5HVBXMZ
Book 42: Every Tree That Burns - a collection of poems about loss, grief and renewal, 2025, Edge Unlimited Publishing; ISBN: 9798241794024; ISBN: 9798241827555; ASIN: B0GD2L3DQY

Paperbacks by other publishers:

Running, lightwave riding, 2023, Cyberwit; ISBN-10:

8196316127; ISBN-13: 978-8196316129; ISBN-10:

8182539870; ISBN-13: 978-8182539877

Tadpoles Find the Sun, 2020, Cyberwit; ISBN-10:

9390202558; ISBN-13: 978-9390202553

Trial and Witness, selected poems, 2016, Creative

Talents Unleashed or CTU Publishing; ISBN-13: 978-

0692702529; ISBN-10: 0692702520; ASIN: B01H9O63G

Make the Wind, 2016, Scars Publications; ISBN-

10: 1530924995; ISBN-13: 978-1530924998

No Raft- No Ocean, 2015, Scars Publications; ISBN-

10: 1518842046; ISBN-13: 978-1518842047

Common Dream, 1991, Edge Unlimited; ISBN-

10: 0969542313

ISBN-13: 978-0969542315

Somewhere Falling, 1995, Beach Holme Publishers, a

Porcepic Book; ISBN-10: 0888783655; ISBN-13: 978-

0888783653

Chapbooks:

Surrogate Dharma, 2014, Barometric Pressures Author Series, Kind of a Hurricane Press

The River is Blind, 2012, above/ground press; ISBN-10: 1-897224-99-0; ISBN-13: 978-1-897224-99-1

Four chapbooks published under the pseudonym of Jocelyn Kain:

Jumana, 1989, The Plowman; ISBN: 0-929002-36-9

Perfect Love, 1989, The Plowman; ISBN: 0-929002-66-0

Before the Dawn, 1989, The Plowman; ISBN: 0-929002-11-3

Joshua's Shoulder, 1989, The Plowman; ISBN: 1-55072-025-2

Allison Grayhurst is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. Five times nominated for "Best of the Net," she has over 1375 poems published in over 525 international journals. She has 25 published books of poetry and 6 chapbooks. She lives in Toronto with her family. She also sculpts, working with clay.



"Allison Grayhurst's poetry is a translucent, ethereal dream in which words push through the fog, always searching, struggling, and reaching for the powerful soul at its heart. Her work is vibrant and shockingly original," Beach Holme Publishers.

"Allison Grayhurst's poetry has a tribal and timeless feeling, reminiscent of the Biblical commentary in Ecclesiastes," Cristina Deptula, editor of Synchronized Chaos.

"Allison Grayhurst's poetry appears visceral, not for the faint of heart, and moves forward with a dynamism, with a frenetic pulse. If you seek the truth, the physical blood and bones, then, by all means, open the world into which we were all born," Anne Burke, poet, representative for the League of Canadian Poets' Council.

